October 25c

1938

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY
SELINSGROVE, PA.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT ★ PAGE 4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hawaii welcomes you
as you've never been welcomed before . . . [unless you've been in Hawaii]

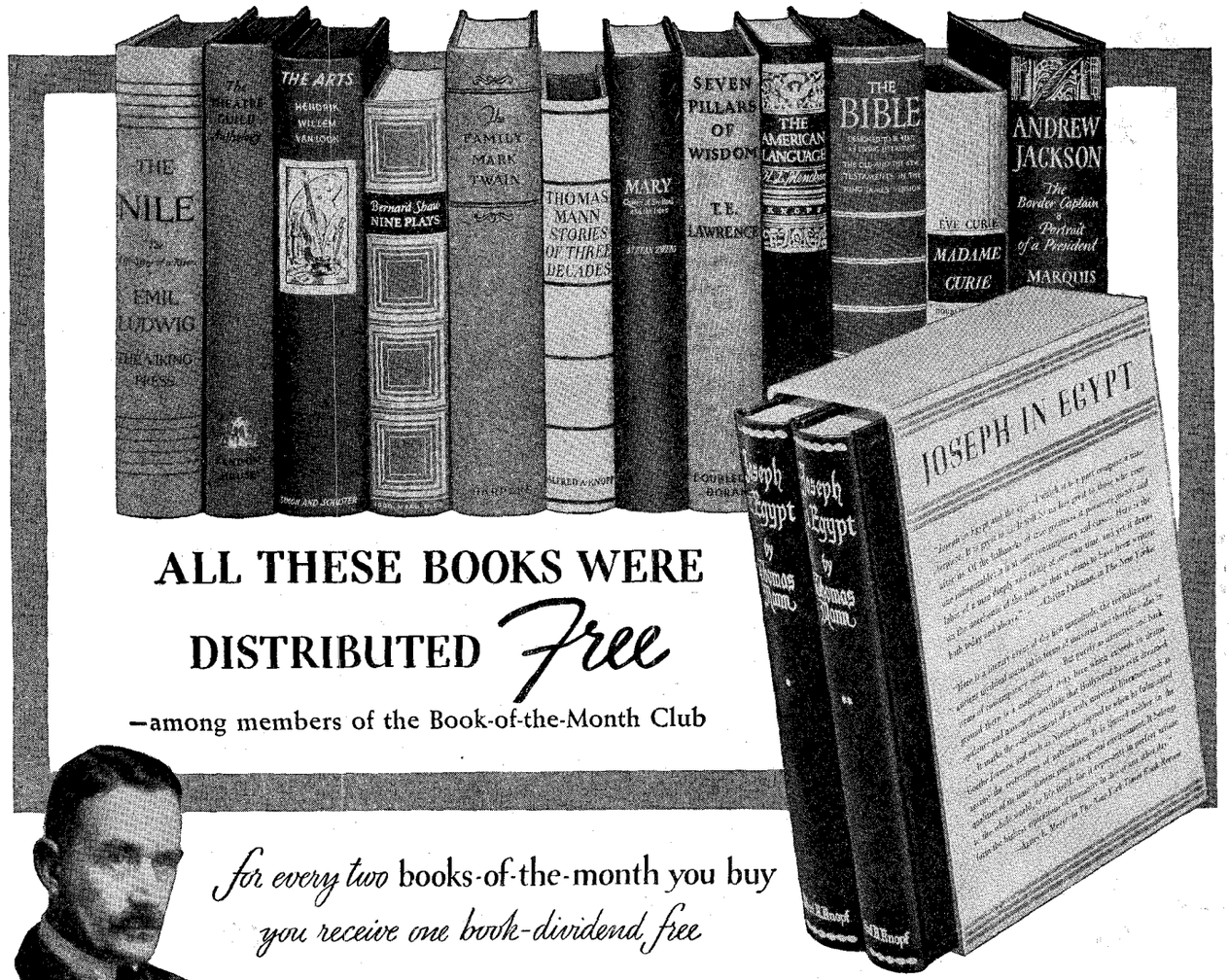
Matson Line to Hawaii . . .

NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA via Samoa • Fiji

Details of *Matson Cruises to Hawaii and South Seas,* also *reservations at Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels* in Honolulu, from Travel Agents or MATSON LINE offices at New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Seattle, Portland.

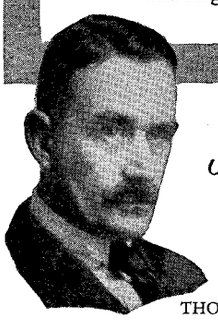
S. S. LURLINE • S. S. MARIPOSA • S. S. MONTEREY • S. S. MATSONIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ALL THESE BOOKS WERE DISTRIBUTED *Free*

—among members of the Book-of-the-Month Club



THOMAS MANN

for every two books-of-the-month you buy
you receive one book-dividend free

FREE...TO NEW MEMBERS

a novel more praised by critics than any work of fiction in 1938.

Joseph in Egypt

By *Thomas Mann*

IN TWO VOLUMES · BOXED
RETAIL PRICE $5.00

FEW works of literature have received more general praise than this novel, whose author is perhaps the world's leading man of letters today. JOSEPH IN EGYPT is the latest book-dividend selected for free distribution among Book-of-the-Month Club members, and one more striking example of how advantageous it is for book-lovers to belong to the Club. Mail the coupon at the right, if you are interested in joining.

EVERY two months the Book-of-the-Month Club distributes a valuable library volume free, as a book-dividend. Those above—a few of the many given in the past to members—are merely presented as an illustration of the kind of book given. As a member, you would receive a book-dividend *for every two books-of-the-month* you purchased.

If you watch best-seller lists, you will observe that the book-of-the-month is always among the most popular current books. Ordinarily it is a book you are anxious not to miss. Whenever this is the case, obviously you benefit enormously by buying it from the Club—because of the unique book-dividend system. Last year over $2,500,000 worth of books were distributed *free*—among the Club's members.

But, please understand, you are never obliged to take the book-of-the-month our judges choose. Nor are you expected to buy one book every month. All important new books are very carefully reported upon. As a member, you can do one of three things in any month: order the book-of-the-month; order some other new book you are particularly anxious not to miss; or, instruct the Club not to send you any book at all.

The simple offer we make here is this: mail the inquiry coupon below, and we will put aside a copy of JOSEPH IN EGYPT. We will then at once send you a booklet outlining what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for book-readers and how such enormous values can be given to you. There are no fees for joining, and you pay no fixed sum per year. All you need do is buy four books a year from the Club.

If, after reading the booklet, you decide to join the Club, we shall send you the two-volume edition of JOSEPH IN EGYPT being held for you. Over 175,000 book-reading families—composed of just such discerning but busy readers as yourself—now use this sensible, thorough and economical means of keeping up with the best new books.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A510
385 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join I will receive a free copy of JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

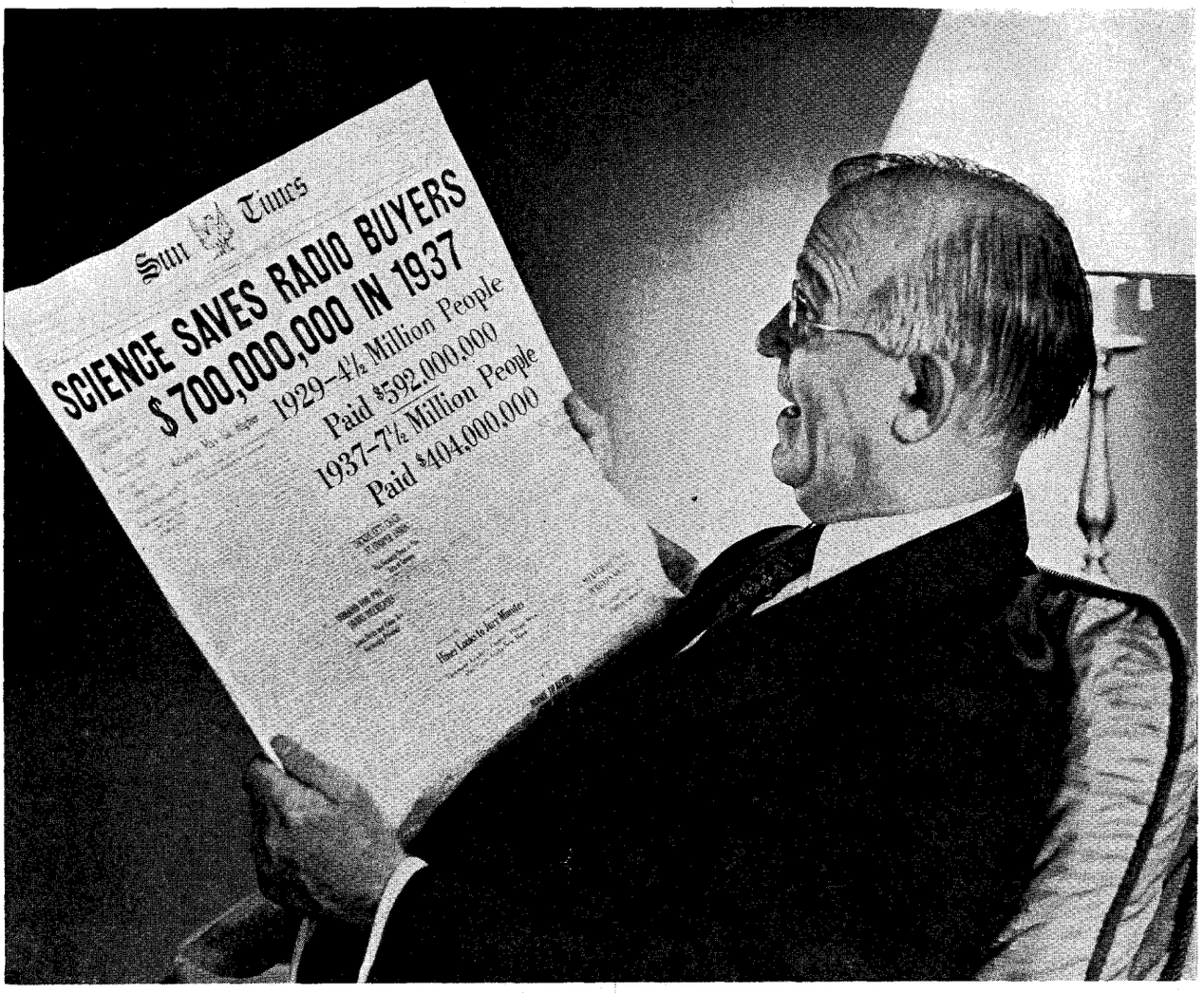
Name MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
Please print plainly

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Books shipped to Canadian members, DUTY PAID, thru Book-of-the-Month Club (Can.) Ltd.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



More Goods for More People at Less Cost

HAD the 7½ million people who bought new radio sets in 1937 been obliged to pay 1929 prices for them, the total cost to the public would have been $700,000,000 greater than it actually was. In fact, the 7½ million sets of 1937 cost the public *$188,000,000 less* than the 4½ million sets of 1929. And because radios cost less, more people could buy them, and the purchasers had more money to buy additional comforts and conveniences.

This is but one of many cases where industry has found ways to make better products at less cost. For instance, the 1½ million electric washers bought in 1937 cost the purchasers 2 *million dollars less* than the million bought in 1929. The 1,200,000 electric fans bought in 1937 cost the purchasers *$700,000 less* than about half that number bought in 1929. And in this same period hundreds of other manufactured products, because of improved manufacturing methods, have been reduced in cost so that more people can have more of the good things of life.

This process of creating *real wealth* has brought to America the highest standard of living ever known, and it is this process which must continue if even higher standards are to be attained. General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen are contributing to this progress. By developing new and better ways to use electricity for the benefit of the public, they are constantly providing More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

1938 — OUR SIXTIETH YEAR OF MAKING ELECTRICITY MORE USEFUL TO YOU — 1938

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

October, 1938
Vol. 104, No. 4

Our November issue will again show a gain in pages. Among the high spots will be a political preview by Ted Patrick. It is similar to the one he did in June on advertising the next war and will probably get as much attention as anything published in SCRIBNER'S in 1938 . . . William L. White will do the "Scribner's Examines" story: on the most important man in the Hearst empire . . . We are also examining a vital transportation problem; Gilbert Burck, who did "The Great Speedup," is the writer . . . Also publishing an interesting sequel to our September feature on overrated Americans and presenting a personal-experience article that stacks up with Thomas Benton's (see page 16) . . . *A Stranger Came to Port*, by Max Miller, has been selected as the third SCRIBNER'S Short Novel. Mr. Miller is known as the author of *I Cover the Waterfront* . . . Also in November, a cover by Raphael Soyer which will be recognized as another ingredient in the SCRIBNER'S formula of examining life in the United States.

Page	ARTICLES	*by*
7	SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: Westbrook Pegler	MILTON MACKAYE
10	The Greatest Mutiny in History	R. ERNEST DUPUY
13	I Quit Smoking	J. C. FURNAS
16	Thirty-six Hours in a Boom Town *Life in the United States*	THOMAS BENTON
25	The Farm Magazines	HARLAND MANCHESTER
	FICTION	
20	To the Market Place. *Scribner's Short Novel*	BERRY FLEMING
	FEATURES	
30	The Scribner Quiz	IRVING D. TRESSLER
32	Life in the U. S. *Photographic*	
38	don herold examines:	DON HEROLD
	DEPARTMENTS	
4	Straws in the Wind	THE EDITORS
54	Books	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
60	Music and Records	RICHARD GILBERT
64	Wines, Spirits, and Good Living	G. SELMER FOUGNER
70	Education	R. B.
72	New Dog Tests. *Kennel*	ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

Cover Photograph by BOURGES

PUBLISHED BY HARLAN LOGAN ASSOCIATES, INC., 570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK

HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher;* DON WHARTON, *Executive Editor;* HARRY O. DIAMOND, *Art Director;* LOMBARD JONES, JAMES R. MILLER, WALTER WALKER, *Associate Editors;* WARREN MAYERS, *Business Manager;* FRANK COMTOIS, *Advertising Manager;* BERT GARMISE, *Circulation Director;* W. EDWIN CLAPHAM, *Treasurer.* Published monthly, 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; Foreign, $3.50. Copyright, 1938, in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Harlan Logan Associates, Inc. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or condensed form without permission. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped envelopes for return. Not responsible for unsolicited material. Entered as second-class matter December 2, 1886, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry, Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I am able to live on the money I earn by writing, and it is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few months after beginning study with you I had never had a line published. What more can I say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood by the most congenial work I have ever done?" John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing; newspaper copy-desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical newspaper men. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in SCRIBNER'S, October.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 55J598

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Correspondent (*See Cover*)

We found Edward Jamieson by running our finger across a group picture of Washington correspondents, skipping the big names and stopping at the one who looked as if he'd photograph well. Thereupon we called Washington, located Jamieson in the Senate press gallery and asked him about coming to New York. He came the next week, bringing, at our request, three extra neckties for his eight-hour stay.

After posing Jamieson for hours in front of the Rand McNally map, we began pumping him about himself. Here is all we have room for: Born in Fort Wayne in 1907, graduated from University of Indiana, studied law at Arizona and George Washington and dropped it for newspaper work. Has been working for the Houston *Chronicle* for ten years. Covers Washington for that paper and fifteen others in the Southwest. Married, has a house in Chevy Chase, turns out about 2000 words a day, has written as many as 20,000. Most exciting assignment: night he stood in the pitch-dark center of the bonus army camp on Anacostia Flats while Hoover's troops appeared in the distance and began setting fire to the first shacks.

Overrated

As we go to press, we have a few returns from our September feature on overrated Americans. The early voters seem to favor the following as, in their respective fields, the twenty most overrated personalities of our day: Eddie Cantor, Tallulah Bankhead, Quins, Margaret Mitchell, Admiral Byrd, Major Bowes, Joe Louis, Glenn Frank, Paul McNutt, Nicholas Murray Butler, Al Capone, Dale Carnegie, Nelson Eddy, Peter Arno, Walter Winchell, James Roosevelt, President Roosevelt, Grover Whalen, Shirley Temple, and Senator Barkley.

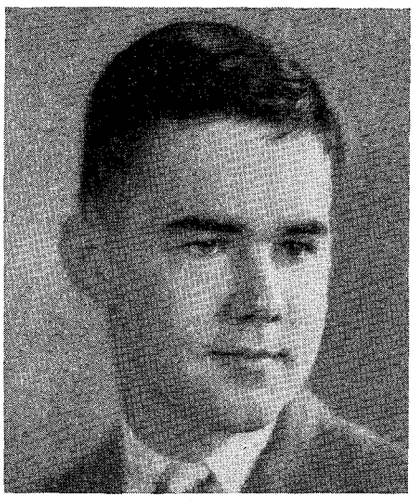
The Winner

The following letter, from Alex Norton, will be of particular interest to the 621 other readers who wrote, telegraphed, and telephoned us about the sentence from which sprang our article on the speedup of the railroads:

Thanks for the birthday present [life subscription to SCRIBNER'S]. Your notification of my success in "The Great Speedup" contest arrived on the twenty-second, two days before my birthday. That I am only fifteen may sorely disappoint your Circulation Department since, with normal expectancy, I should derive benefits from Scribner's for the next sixty years. . . .

I was born in Buffalo, New York, but all I know of my life in this city is hearsay, as we moved to Bradford, Pennsylvania, when I was eight months old. Then last fall we took Greeley's advice and came to Evanston, where safety abounds. . . . My parents are both upstate New Yorkers. Pop, or more formally Charles E., is the vice-president of the Norton-McMurray Manufacturing Company.

Education so far consists of nine years in the Bradford public schools and one year at Evanston High School, and it will in the end include college. Business experience. Ha! Well, at the age of ten I negotiated a one hundred per cent



allowance raise, and I've embezzled, or rather, enveloped the assets of a few lemonade stands in my time, but business as opposed to pleasure I have not touched.

Interests and activities: Stamp collecting, assistant editing of Evanston High School magazine, books, radio, and movies, cover-to-covering magazines (favorites: *Satevepost*, *Scribner's*, *Reader's Digest*, *Time*), writing for the heck of it, and by request . . . for English.

You might tell Irving Tressler that I write quizzes for the high-school magazine, and, by the way, I made ninety-six on his August quiz.

Notes

Milton Mackaye's examination of Westbrook Pegler is his third (and we believe his best) story for SCRIBNER'S. . . . Thomas Benton went out hunting for an oil boom town and instead found Disney. . . . J. C. Furnas's smoking article will be part of a book Simon and Schuster will publish next spring. . . . Major R. Ernest Dupuy, U. S. A., saw action on the Western Front.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes...the brewers *do* mean business

AN EDITORIAL BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE . . .
in the Emporia (Kan.) Daily Gazette

BEER STATESMANSHIP

It has become obvious ever since the repeal of prohibition that the American brewers were determined not to make the mistake that the brewers made in pre-prohibition days. Then they tied up tightly with the distillers and beer was classed indiscriminately with liquor. The brewers are now trying to get away from the distillers, and a year ago they adopted an independent code, pledged themselves to "conduct their business in conformity with established laws and in co-operation with the authorities." Further, they pledged themselves to support "duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions" in the beer business. They pledged themselves to get behind the "great body of retailers who sell beer as law abiding citizens" and also to back up authorities in preventing "beer sales to minors or persons who have drunk to excess." The code aimed high.

It was obvious that Kansas is the one place in the United States where the United Brewers' Industrial Foundation, which was back of the code, with offices in New York, could come and find a fertile field to try out the code. They sent a representative of the Foundation to Kansas. He went to work in a practical manner. He surveyed the beer business in the large counties of Kansas where, if anywhere, the code would crack. He went to the sheriffs and the county attorneys in these counties. He went to the Attorney General of Kansas and told the law enforcing officers everywhere that he wanted their help and he wanted to help them clean up questionable beer parlors, places where they sold beer to minors, to drunks, where they kept open after the hours set down by the local authorities, where the beer dealers permitted hard drinks to be sold or sold them, and in general, this agent of the brewers back of the code made a genuine and certainly an effective campaign in Kansas to weed out the bad practices which tend to grow up where hard illegal liquor mixes itself with the sale of beer.

The Gazette knows definitely two cases where evidence was furnished by the Brewers' Foundation to close up certain whiskey joints. With the full co-operation of the local officers and the representatives of the Brewers' Foundation, public enforcement of the Kansas law controlling the sale of beer can be had. That co-operation should be given.

There is no reason why the beer business should not be conducted as any other commercial business —breakfast food, toothpaste, tenderized ham, packaged coffee or shoes. But it must get away and evidently is trying to get away from the stigma that always will rest upon hard liquor.

The representatives of the Brewers' Foundation in Kansas wrote to The Gazette:

"We stand ready to co-operate with Kansas officials in the enforcement of the law. We have laid before officials evidence of violations of the liquor laws and some definite results have been attained. We pledge our continued efforts."

This is not idle persiflage. Apparently the Brewers' Foundation means business.

(from issue of April 15, 1938)

Here's what we promised:

One pledge from The Brewers Code: "We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."

Here's what we're doing:

As one example (and there are others): our investigators gathered evidence in Kansas that some retail outlets were using beer licenses as screens to sell bootleg liquor. The Attorney General cooperated, prosecuted and won. William Allen White, great American editor, then published the above editorial.

It's true . . . "anti-social conditions" exist in only a tiny fraction of the quarter-million places where beer is sold. Even so, we cannot hope to "police" them . . . unless you too will cooperate.

Here's what You *can do:*

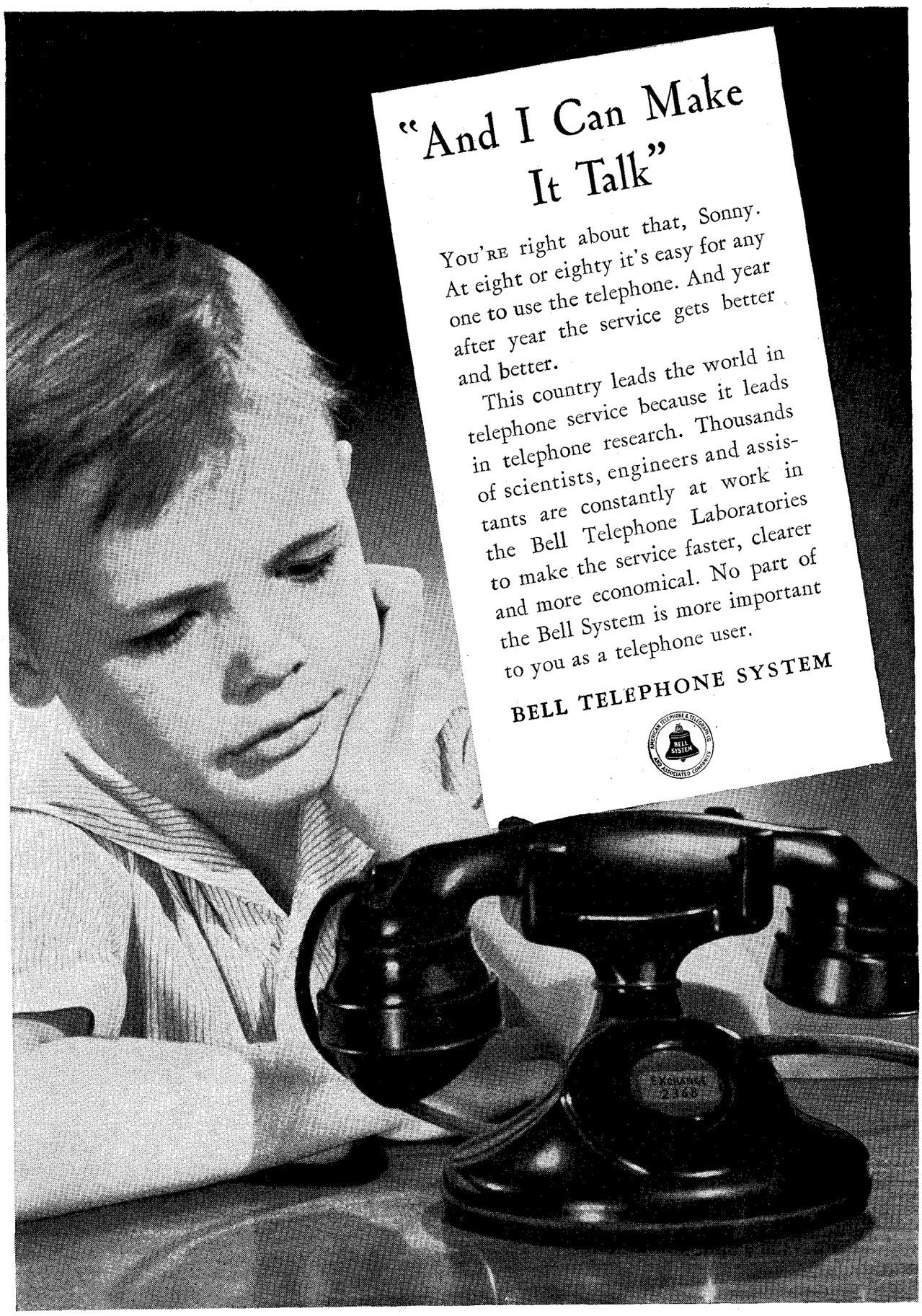
1. Follow up *your* local authorities. Just insist that they enforce *existing laws* against illegal sales of liquor, operation of illicit resorts, sales after hours, sales to minors, sales to persons who have drunk to excess.
2. Patronize only respectable retail outlets.
3. Show that you are behind us . . . buy only beer or ale made by Foundation members . . . identified in their advertising by the symbol shown here.

Do these things, and you help the bulwark of moderation . . . beer . . . and the public interest as well.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Correspondence is invited with groups and individuals everywhere who are interested in the brewing industry and its responsibilities. Address: **United Brewers Industrial Foundation,** ***21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


"And I Can Make It Talk"
You're right about that, Sonny. At eight or eighty it's easy for any one to use the telephone. And year after year the service gets better and better.
This country leads the world in telephone service because it leads in telephone research. Thousands of scientists, engineers and assistants are constantly at work in the Bell Telephone Laboratories to make the service faster, clearer and more economical. No part of the Bell System is more important to you as a telephone user.
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
BELL SYSTEM
EXCHANGE
2360

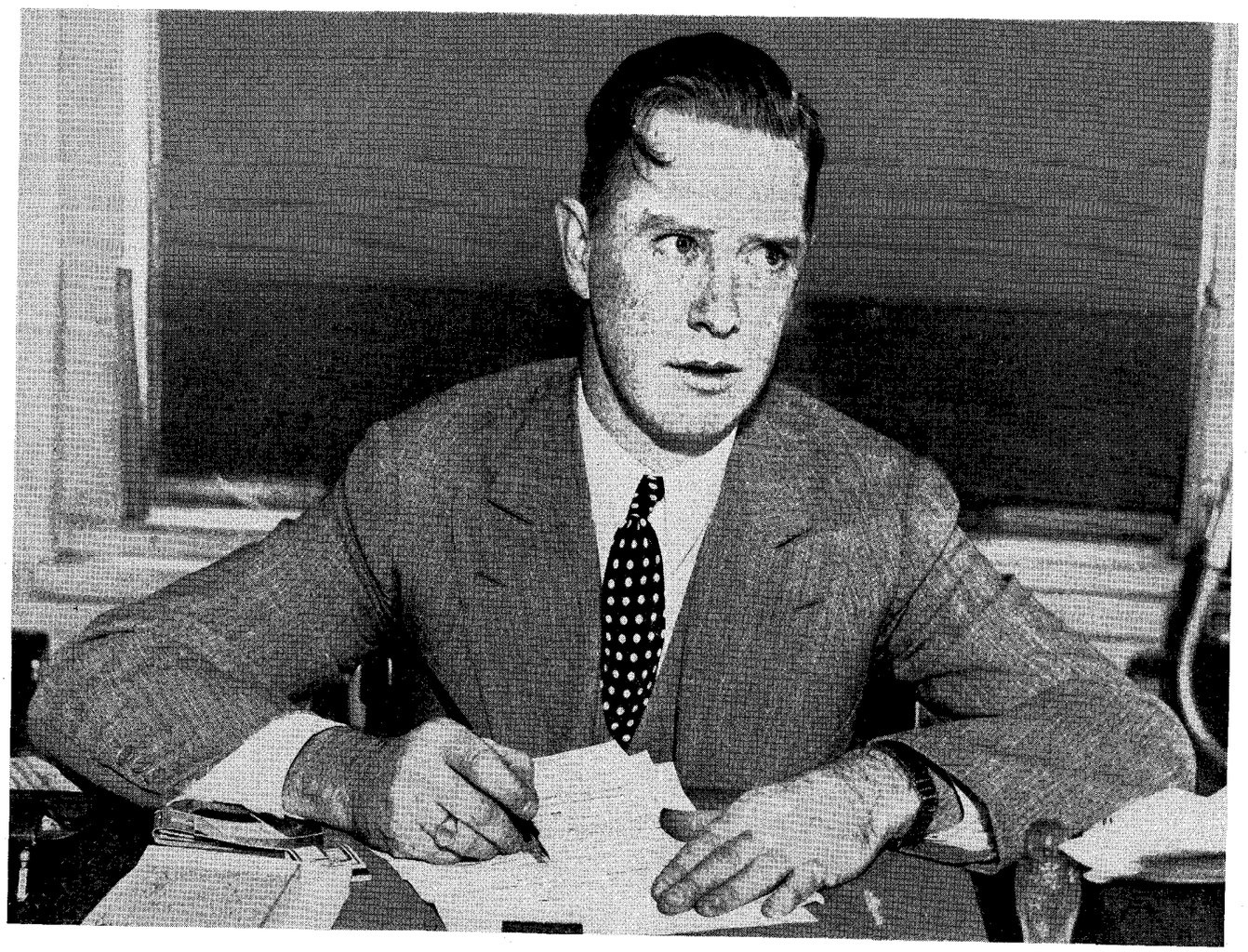
Your good telephone service is made possible by the constant research of Bell Telephone Laboratories

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Volume 104, Number 4

Scribner's
MAGAZINE

October, 1938



WIDE WORLD

Westbrook Pegler

BY MILTON MACKAYE

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: *the ex-sportswriter whose brains-page column draws $65,000 a year and 6,000,000 readers . . . his style, limitations, and Red-baiting*

THERE has always been in this country a sound appreciation of the artistic cusser. A man who could take the name of the Lord in vain for four minutes without repeating himself was looked upon in the rude communities of a century ago as a citizen of parts, a man to watch. He might be eccentric; it might even be that he beat his wife and his bills, but it was considered that his talent excused his faults.

These poets of blasphemy were generally disapproved of by the solider element—the clergy, the magistrates, the landowners. But humbler people, though nervous about their heresy, found joy and release in the cussers; they had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the vocabulary to express lyrically what the humble people felt under their skins. It was a protest at once against God and the established order, and it was the protestant who placed his soul in hock.

ACME

Tad Dorgan saw Pegler's early cartoons and encouraged him to be a reporter

The popularity of Westbrook Pegler as a newspaper columnist probably stems back to this traditional American attitude. The journalism of all pioneer communities has been abusive and disputative and personal. Politeness crept up on the press like an enfeebling disease thirty years ago; it was just about at this time that advertising began to make big business of what had been, financially, a one-suspender-button enterprise. The newspapers became libel-conscious because there was now more than a couple of typewriters and cane-seated chairs for the sheriff to confiscate; publishers and editors took up golf and dress suits, and dallied with the doctrine that there might be two sides to every question.

The popularity of Pegler—some 110 papers with a combined circulation of approximately 6,000,000 print his column—may represent a reaction from the self-sufficient editorial page of the nineteen twenties. It is not necessarily a reaction which finds fault with the sentiments expressed on the editorial page (Pegler is only revolutionary enough to suggest honesty in politics), but *it is* a reaction against dull rhetoric and timorous conduct.

In a rather narrow sense, Pegler is the journalistic counterpart of the former old-time hell-fire political orators. These gentlemen—former Senator Jim Reed of Missouri was one of the last of the line—were masters of invective and sarcasm and tremendous crowd-pleasers. Thousands of people assembled to hear them, and, as verbal temperature and sultriness of phrase increased, audiences rocked with delight and gave voice themselves: "Pour it on him, Jim! Pour it on!" The object of the orator's indignation was of no particular importance. The crowds listened to him as they would listen to a piano virtuoso, and their applause was not approval of the orator's principles so much as an appreciation of his artistry.

Pegler is trade-marked as a merchant in hard-boiled goods, and this is somewhat a handicap to him in preparing his daily stint. He is, unmistakably, the prisoner of an attitude and, I am sure, he is not always happy about it. But his discomfort is exceedingly well rewarded. His yearly income is usually estimated at around $65,000.

It is probably true that Pegler has grown increasingly popular with publishers since he commenced quarreling with Mr. Roosevelt and the C.I.O., but he was always highly regarded in the craft from a technical point of view. Pegler even as a sports writer was a newspaperman's newspaperman, and today he remains closer to the city-room tradition than any of his columnist colleagues. General Johnson and Mrs. Roosevelt were never journalists anyway. Lippmann is busy making an illusory society of his own; Lawrence and Mark Sullivan have their hands full puzzling out the fallacies of every Government policy; Jay Franklin must chart the course for the President as well as purge his enemies; Broun divides his time between fighting the cause of labor and (with disappointing infrequency) penning amiable little essays. Dorothy Thompson, of course, has the problems of the whole world on her shoulders.

ACME

Floyd Gibbons advised using the Pullman-car name Westbrook instead of J.W.

Pegler alone is the working newspaperman in his approach to the day, and his usual attitude when he puts his fingers into an intramural quarrel is that both sides are wrong. This persistent attitude with its slouch-hat cynicism and ready aplomb is sometimes annoying and often shallow and uninformed, but it is honest. Pegler, though now far removed from the sweat of the city room, is still in spirit an educated first cousin to the fellow covering the City Hall beat.

INTERNATIONAL

They hadn't met: Arthur Brisbane took Pegler for a copy boy and got sassed

II

PEGLER was born into the newspaper business. His father is Arthur James Pegler, who came here from England in the eighties to become a cowboy. He did, but in 1889 he went to work for a Sioux City newspaper and has continued at his trade ever since. Although he has been ill for a year and is now in his seventies, he is still on the payroll of the New York *Daily Mirror*. When Westbrook was born—August 4, 1894—his father was the sports editor of the Minneapolis *Journal*. He and his brother Jack moved on to Chicago when their father joined the *American* there as a star reporter. But in Minneapolis Westbrook furnished, at the age of five, an indication of his temperament. It was his father's delight on Sunday mornings to rise at a late hour and stroll downtown with his sons on either hand. He went inevitably to a hotel bar where he drank one bottle of Bass Ale and then walked his sons home. One morning Westbrook disappeared after the first half of the Sunday promenade. While his father scoured the town, Westbrook went straight to a police station and reported to the uniformed men that he was lost. He lied. Westbrook had always wanted to ride in a patrol wagon, and that day—whatever the worries of his family—he got his wish. The police took him home in one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pegler attended the Horace Greeley School, Lane Technical High School, and then Loyola University in Chicago. He lived at home in an atmosphere of newspaper shop talk. The elder Pegler, however, constantly advised his sons to stay away from a business where your time was not your own and there was no high-grade money to be made. But Westbrook, known then as "Bud," was not to be discouraged.

Several times his father took him along to "run copy" on assignments and when he didn't, Westbrook and his brother Jack often got there anyway by inducing Nathan Meissler, the *American's* star photographer, to take them along as camera carriers. One of these assignments was just the thing for growing boys—the disinterring of a series of skeletons on the Belle Gunness "murder farm" at La Porte, Indiana.

ACME

When Pegler was arrested for his Navy scoop, Josephus Daniels intervened

During the reporting of a mine disaster, the elder Pegler had been helpful to a kid reporter named Wilbur Forrest. When Forrest, now an executive of the New York *Herald Tribune,* joined the United Press in Chicago, Westbrook asked him for a job. He got it. He was sixteen years old and he worked for a summer as a "pony transmitter"; that is, he telephoned skeletonized versions of the principal news stories to small dailies scattered over Illinois. The pay was ten dollars a week. That fall Pegler enrolled at Loyola University and spent two years there.

During the summer of 1912 he worked two weeks for the International News Service helping to report the Republican National Convention in Chicago. The Hearst staff included Richard Harding Davis and Tad Dorgan, the cartoonist, both of whom encouraged him in his determination to become a newspaperman. It was there, also, that he first met Arthur Brisbane, the big brain of the Hearst newspapers whom he later spitted in one of the best and most famous of his parody columns. Brisbane looked up from his desk and saw Pegler.

"Here, boy," he said, handing over several sheets of paper, "run this down to the wire."

Pegler didn't know him. Anyway, he was a reporter, not a messenger.

"Run it down yourself," he said.

Shortly afterward, he went to work as a cub for the United Press. Pegler at that time had a vice. He drew pictures and fancied that he might be not only a reporter but a cartoonist. He had shown his drawings to Tad Dorgan, and Dorgan had said, "Isn't there something else you can do?" Pegler agrees now that he was one of the worst newspaper artists who ever practiced an abused profession, but at the time he convinced some United Press executives of his ability, and they loaned him to the Scripps newspaper in Des Moines, Iowa. Pegler's art made no great impression on the Iowa public, and very shortly he found himself with a fine title, Southwestern Manager for the United Press, in St. Louis, at twenty-five dollars a week. From St. Louis he was transferred to Texas, and while he was there, the border troubles started. His superior went into Mexico on a raddled horse, and Pegler became manager of the bureau. He did so well that in 1916 he was called east and shipped over to London as a foreign correspondent.

ACME

Pershing ordered the war correspondent out of France for smuggling an exposé

Pegler is convinced, in these days, that he was one of the most unfortunate exportations of the press service. He claims, also, that during the subsequent troubles he was the lowest-paid war correspondent with the A. E. F. Heywood Broun, Floyd Gibbons, and other comrades back him up in his claim. In 1916 he earned his laurels in London when Major General Sir Frederic F. B. Maurice, British chief of operations, asked the United Press to stop sending him to conference. Pegler, said the General, asked too many questions.

It seems likely that Pegler in the war period was forcing himself to be impertinent and bold, for in later years he developed into one of the quietest men at a general press conference. But when the United States entered the World War, Pegler was sent to Queenstown, where Admiral Sims was in command, and there he got into trouble again. Immediately upon arrival he went briskly to the offices of the Admiral and asked the aide-de-camp if he had any victories to report. Surprisingly enough, the aide-de-camp said he had. An American coal-burning destroyer had scored a "probable" on a German submarine.

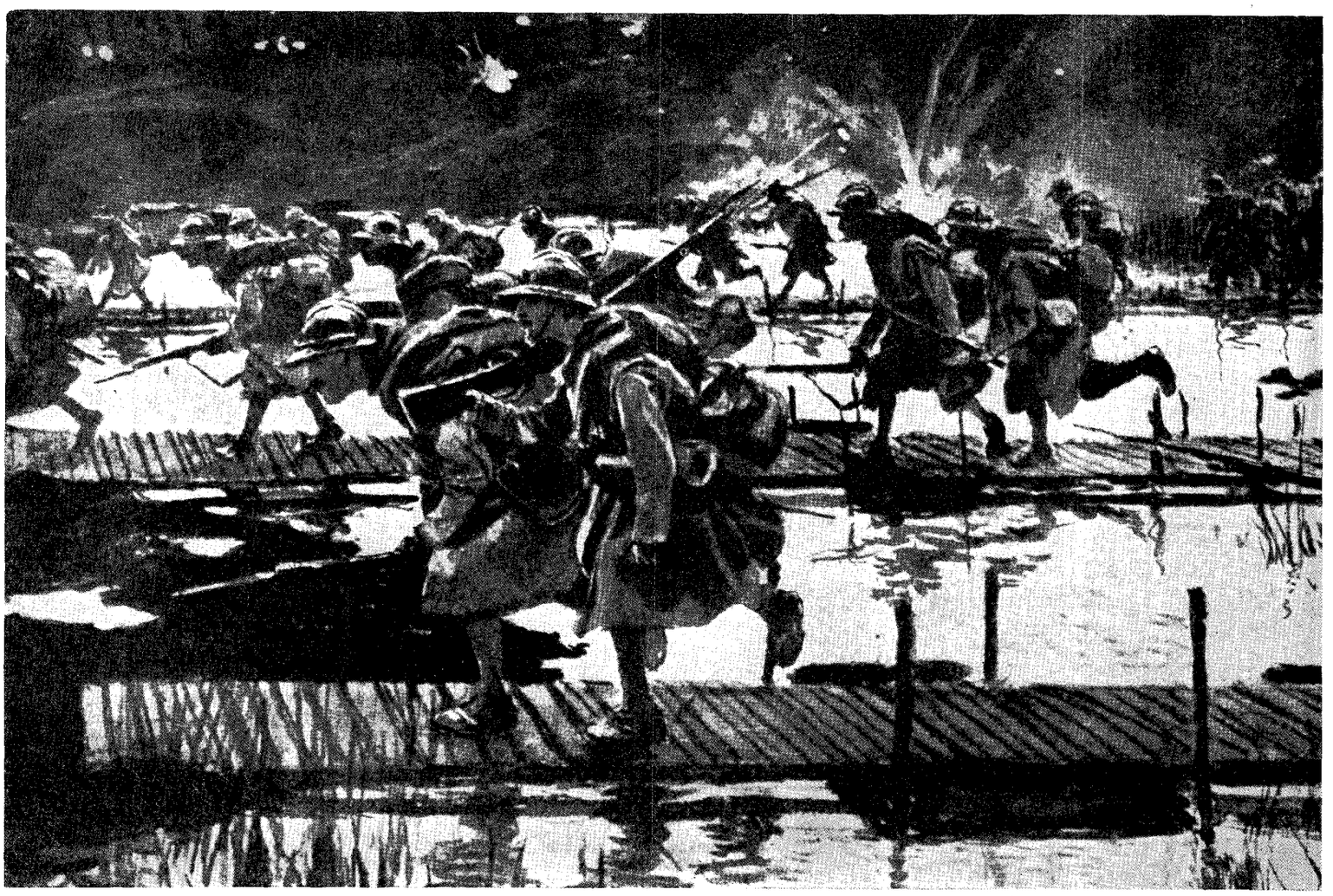
ACME

Roy W. Howard lured Pegler to the big money and a place among the thinkers

Pegler filed the story and it was passed by the censor. Very fortunately, Pegler brought along his carbon and had the censor stamp that also. For, through some oversight, the aide-de-camp failed to pass the news of the victory along to the Associated Press, and Pegler's story appeared in America as a scoop. There was at once an uproar. The Associated Press cabled Admiral Sims, and Sims replied that the whole story was a fake, and promptly placed Pegler under military arrest and canceled his credentials as a correspondent. Pegler went back to London.

The explanation, of course, was that the aide-de-camp had made a *faux pas.* The British had established a policy of not announcing the sinking (*continued on page* 66)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FROM "L'ALBUM DE LA GUERRE," L'ILLUSTRATION

The Greatest Mutiny in History

R. ERNEST DUPUY

APRIL 16, 1917, just ten days after the United States made formal declaration of war upon Germany, the French Army, in conjunction with the British, launched an offensive to end the War. Conceived and directed by General Nivelle, the hero of Verdun, this hammer blow of thirty-eight divisions of infantry with fourteen more in reserve, supported by 3464 guns and 1650 trench mortars, carried the hopes of a France already bled white. It was her supreme effort—it could not, must not, fail.

Fail it did, smashed to red froth against the reefs of a prepared German defensive zone. Six days later French veterans were screaming, "We are betrayed! They are assassinating us! Long live peace!" The leaping flame of terror flared along quick-burning trains of panic and *défaitisme* to a mutiny so vast that in six weeks there fronted Germany's might but the crust of a baffled, beaten army. Behind that crust, soldiers' councils were forming; regiments, brigades, divisions—three of France's best army corps—were frozen in sullen rebellion; while the spindrift of mutineers, thousands upon thousands, some on furlough, some AWOL, thronged roads and railways, bound home to force peace at any price. And Germany did not realize! At least not until late June, when she struck—too late—to find, more astounding still, a rejuvenated French army.

These are the bare facts. The causes which brought France to her knees, and threatened ruin to the Allies, form a kaleidoscopic background of civilian meddling, military overconfidence, political squabbles, psychological williwaws—all very hard to grasp. The remedies which drove her scrambling to her feet at the count of nine compose a masterpiece of manipulation, by a great commander, of that difficult medium—the stubborn Frenchman. Throttled to the world at the outset by expert censorship, these details have for years been buried under seal of secrecy in the military archives of France. Fragments only of the drama have popped momentarily from time to time to the muddied surface of Gallic politics—salient flotsam which may now be pieced together in the light of dispassionate historical research.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wythe Williams in *Collier's Weekly,* nearly a year later, first jerked the curtain up momentarily to view in this country. Denied officially at once, the story was almost immediately forgotten. After the War, in our revulsion from discussion of all things military, the political mudflinging and recriminations in France passed practically unremarked here. The War was over. No one wanted to talk about it, no one wanted to read about it. Today, if one mentions the French Mutiny of '17, the answer, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, will be a blank stare; the exception, a mumbled "Oh, yes, they did have some difficulty, didn't they?"

And yet, if that mutiny had been successful, there might well have been no A. E. F. and certainly no Cantigny, no Saint-Mihiel, no Meuse-Argonne. November 11 would be just another date on the calendar. War between Germany and the United States would probably have gone on; that it would have been waged on French soil is not certain; Pershing did not arrive in France until June 13; our first meager Regular Army units sailed June 14. But on April 24 General—then Colonel—Duval had reported to the French Minister of War: "By the end of the summer we will have guns, planes, to say nothing of the Americans—*but there will be no French soldiers.*" (The italics are mine.)

A colossal *if,* then, an *if* significant among the many dotted along historical crossroads of American destiny. Furthermore, the results of the Mutiny influenced the later frenzied demands by our allies for American troops, particularly after the German offensives of 1918, when fears of another mutiny might well have filled the minds of Clemenceau, Foch, and Haig. Moreover, while Pershing has never gone on record to that effect, one may well believe that the Mutiny was one of the factors considered by him in his irrevocable decision to maintain an American army as an entity on the battlefield. One might speculate as to whether it did not in fact bolster President Wilson's determination to let Pershing have free rein. One thing is certain: Pershing, let into the secret by Pétain later on, made report to Newton D. Baker July 9, in strictest confidence, informing him that Pétain still feared a possible revolution.

II

To get the right perspective, one must examine the situation confronting the Allies in early 1917. Nivelle had been appointed generalissimo in place of Joffre. Impetuous, aggressive, indoctrinated with the spirit of the offensive, he set himself to end the War in one coup which would drive the Germans clear out of France. Planned by January, its execution was dated for April. The Army Group Michler, composed of the 5th (Mazel), 6th (Mangin), and 10th (Duchesne) Armies, was to strike the blow. Mazel and Mangin, abreast, would pierce between Soissons and Rheims, Duchesne push in between them as they mushroomed out like two plunging linesmen making way for the ball-carrier. The Germans on the right were to be hurled back across the Meuse; those on the left were to be thrown back against the British, who were to start the Vimy Ridge offensive seven days prior. In theory, a perfect plan. Lloyd George was sold on it, Haig acquiesced. Detailed combat orders were issued to the French units. French morale went up. "*On les aura!* [We will get them!]" became a slogan.

But actually the odds were building up against Nivelle. There intervened:

1. Lack of surprise. French enthusiasm over a spring offensive became common gossip. The Germans captured on February 15 a complete divisional-operations plan. Oriented, they retired ten days later to the Hindenburg Line—a master stroke of strategy which rectified their front. They knitted the Aisne Heights with barbed wire and machine-gun nests. And on April 5 they captured still another detailed plan.

2. The Russian Revolution. Breaking March 12, it released additional German divisions for use on the Western Front, the while sapping Allied morale.

3. *Defaitisme* in France. All the elements of class warfare; subversive activities among dissatisfied labor, thousands of slackers in safe jobs.

4. Political squabbles in France, undermining the administration. A Cabinet upheaval brought in Painlevé (opposed to the offensive) as new Minister of War.

5. German propaganda. Hurled direct upon the poilus from airplanes, couched in excellent French and purporting to come from French sources, it appealed to the peasant who had left farm and family behind. A good job this, attacking "profiteers, who batten on war," telling of "our wives and daughters prostituted to foreign noncombatants," warning that "the practical English have seized . . . the north of France."

Thus, with the odds against him, Nivelle went ahead. On April 9 Haig sprang the Arras offensive, winning Vimy Ridge but little else. Seven days later the Nivelle offensive (Second Aisne) went off—against a foe who knew every move, held all vital terrain, all the best observation points. The French were stopped in their tracks. Stunned, bewildered, they floundered on. *On les aura!* And actually did make some progress.

Unfortunately, there were, on that fatal morning at headquarters, a dozen or more senators and deputies, hurried out from Paris to see with their own eyes the great finale. One is reminded of the jaunty picnic parties sallying forth from Washington to see the Confederates licked at first Bull Run. They came, these French politicians who had never seen red war at close range; they saw; they were thrown into panic by the horrors they witnessed. And just as those Washingtonians came bleating back when Confederate gray swept the field at Bull Run, so bleated these panic-stricken politicos. Worse yet, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French deputies had the telephone—and used it—to clamor to Paris that the slaughter cease.

A paper war has raged about this incident for years. Painlevé termed it a legend invented by Nivelle. Mangin declared it true. The investigating board of general officers, who later cleared both Nivelle and Mangin, stated that deputies visiting the front *did* first spread the panic. At any rate, one M. Ybarnegaray, a deputy serving as a staff officer in the XVIII Corps, *did* rush from the front to the Elysée Palace on April 22, to demand that the President of France halt the offensive, claiming himself to voice the opinion of the fighting men.

That day the offensive was halted, the plan amended. Came, too, the first rumblings of discontent—in the I Corps of Mazel's 5th Army and the I and II Colonial Corps of Mangin's 6th Army, units particularly cut up by continued assaults against impregnable machine-gun nests. Two days later the British called off the Arras offensive. By April 30 Nivelle had been summoned before the President to explain; Mangin removed from command; Pétain appointed to a newly designated job—Chief of the General Staff; Nivelle's plan for limited further offensives sanctioned.

III

WHAT had happened on the front? On April 21 and 22, units of the three corps just mentioned, relieved from the line, met replacements coming up, in the vicinity of Montmirail and the camp of Mailly. Stumbling back, they knew but one thing—the attack had failed. Someone had blundered. Furious, heartsick, they gave tongue. "Long live peace! They are assassinating us!" Not mutiny yet, but close to it. The 2nd Division, reeling back after leaving 3300 casualties at the edge of the Craonne plateau, considered their artillery had let them down and said so. Veteran troops these, remember—units which had gone through the hell of Champagne in 1915, not raw recruits appalled by their first losses.

To make matters worse, these troops, moved back to rest camps, within a week found themselves ordered back into the line for resumption of the "nibbling" tactics. Friction was developing between Nivelle and his army commanders, between army and corps commanders. And on May 3, the 2nd Division of the I Colonial Corps, ordered back into the line northeast of Soissons, at first refused to march. Mutiny, this, but promptly controlled by officers and non-coms in this highly disciplined unit.

May 8 the offensive was entirely called off. May 15 Nivelle was formally relieved of command after having refused to resign, and Pétain was appointed in his place, Foch assuming the post of Chief of the General Staff. The news flew through the ranks with wings of the wind. The troops, sure now that they had been let down by chiefs in whom they had believed, were told they would have a chance to rest. But they did not.

ILLUSTRATIONS

The sketches here were made by Wallace Morgan while attached to the A. E. F. They are reproduced from the sketchbook he carried into the trenches. . . . The painting on page 10 was done by François Flameng during the Yser offensive—put on by Pétain after the mutiny's end. Title: *Passage du canal de l'Yser par l'infanterie du 1er Corps le 31 Julliet 1917, à 4 h. 45 du matin.*

May 20, it would seem, was the real mutiny day. There is no indication of concerted action, or of a premeditated politico-revolutionary movement. It was just that Jean and Jacques and Gustave had finally decided to let George do it—"George" being the *embusqué,* the fight-to-the-bitter-end boy who cheered them on from his safe job in the rear. They had had enough. They had been told they were going to end the War. They had discovered they were getting nowhere.

In one cantonment behind the Vesle, mutineers surged forth armed, organized themselves on a neighboring crest defended by their own machine guns, and declared they were through. At Soissons, two regiments, excited by a rumor from Paris, deserted barracks, marched to the railway station, and seized a train with the intention of moving on the capital and forcing the Government to make peace. In another cantonment, the mutineers, ignoring their officers, seized a village and, setting up a soviet government of their own, placed before the high command a series of demands to be put into effect before they would return to the lines. These included higher pay, more leaves, and assurance that all enemy trenches and barbed-wire entanglements would be entirely destroyed before any attacks were launched. In still another case, an infantry regiment seized a convoy of motor trucks, mounted machine guns in them, and started a march on Paris similar to the rail move at Soissons. "Down with the War! Down with incompetent generals!" were two favorite slogans. Red flags blossomed here and there, but apparently only one general officer was actually assaulted.

The Russian Revolution and its immediate military result (breakdown of discipline) was by this time a fact known to all French soldiers. Hence the trend to soldiers' councils. As a matter of fact, the Russian troops in France had been bitten by the revolutionary bug prior to the Nivelle offensive. There were two brigades of them in Michler's army group and, according to Painlevé, they had formed soldiers' councils and actually voted, early in April, upon the question of participating in the offensive. The majority voted in the affirmative. The influence of this group on the subsequent mutiny is not definitely known, but it may be assured to have had much effect upon neighboring units. The Russians fought bravely enough at Brimont, but a few days later they were transferred to the interior, where they remained.

Oddly enough, while action was not concerted, each individual mutiny seemed to follow the same general pattern. Let us consider for a moment the story of the 128th Infantry, a fine organization. Held in reserve at the onset of the offensive, its men learned all the rumors of appalling losses, of blunders, of defeat. It moved into the line April 29 with the mission to storm Mont Spin. Launched May 6, the regiment attained (*continued on page* 62)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Quit Smoking

J. C. FURNAS

THE CASE HISTORY *of a swear-off . . . including returns from a questionnaire sent to celebrities . . . their smoking habits and their strange rationing dodges*

WHEN the young fellow complained that the doctor had ordered him to stop smoking and he was scared to death of even trying to stop, the old Texan puffed at his pipe and answered:

"Why, son, swearing off smoking's the easiest thing in the world. I musta done it a thousand times."

That was my trouble until recently, when I actually succeeded in an iron-clad six-month swear-off from tobacco. Such a pledge is simple to write down and uncommonly tough to put across. So tough, in fact, that it made me inquisitive about what happened to other people when they tried it. In the interests of research, I even sent a long and impertinent questionnaire about smoking habits to a large list of hand-picked celebrities. Since the returns were 28 per cent—a huge catch for any kind of direct-mail questionnaire—I concluded that swear-offs and smoking were very much on people's minds. It seems to amount to a national complex.

The questionnaire figures bore that out nobly. Seventy-four per cent of those celebrities were smokers. Of those, three out of five had tried swear-offs, and only two out of five of those trying had succeeded in sticking it out. Those quitting for good had a better record than those quitting for temporary stretches—58 per cent winning out as against 35 per cent. Lots of them despair of the whole situation, like Fontaine Fox, the Toonerville Trolley man, who said he had sworn off 10,000 times, or Clifford Odets, the left-wing dramatist, who swears off about once a week and has never yet stuck longer than two days.

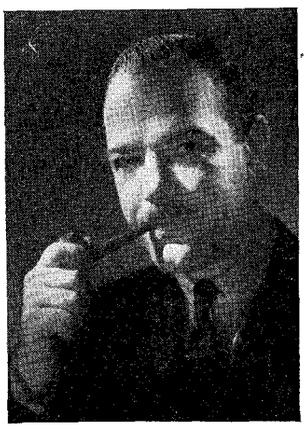
ACME

Chewing gum didn't satisfy when Joan Crawford tried to cut down on smokes

Unquestionably the simplest way to quit is to meet one of those inexplicable total lapses of the desire to smoke which occasionally strike even the heaviest smokers. George Ade, for instance, answered with the simple, and awe-inspiring, statement: "My desire for cigars and cigarettes suddenly left me after an illness twenty years ago." In several other cases illness produced that effect, permanently or temporarily. John Spargo, however, who lights his pipe before breakfast and keeps it going till after he goes to bed, once quit cold for several months without even illness to account for it: ". . . without any resolution or conscious intention . . . just didn't smoke and never knew why. . . . During the entire time I carried pipe and tobacco in my pocket . . . and when at last I took a smoke, I did it as casually as though I had smoked ten minutes before. That's one for Bob Ripley!"

The average swearer-offer is likely to find such inscrutable miracles more maddening than practical. So the next best way is to have a doctor you believe in—a heart specialist for choice—scare hell out of you with the unqualified warning that the only way for you to live out your normal span is to quit smoking absolutely. Anybody who doesn't believe in his doctor implicitly, of course, will probably behave like Rose Wilder Lane, who, on getting such a medical smoking warning from her doctor, quit for a short while, then lighted a cigarette and changed her doctor, on the principle that the first one was stupid.

I used to hope backhandedly that some doctor would give me the works that way. Every time a certain chronic trouble of mine was checked over, I waited for the grim words that would force me to find out for good and all whether I really could quit. But all I ever got was: "Hard to say whether smoking affects these conditions. Used to think so, but they aren't so sure now." Arnold Gingrich, editor of *Esquire,* reports much the same experience: "Have tried to tell examining physicians for years that I must be smoking too much for my own good. Have yet to get one to agree with me."



WALLACE

Arnold Gingrich can't get his doctors to say the habit is dangerous for him

But, if neither miracles nor medicine come to his aid, the swearer-offer must rely on his own strength of character—which, if as feeble as mine, needs a lot of artificial help to get anywhere. My history

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of failures to stick out a swear-off was as dismal as anybody's. When jockeying myself into letting myself smoke in the teeth of a resolution not to, I have committed crimes of rationalization that would ornament any psychiatrist's casebook.

Since I have tried all the wrong things again and again, we had better start with what not to do. The heavy smoker's first instinct usually prompts him to try cutting down instead of quitting. It sounds simple to ration himself to far below his usual daily quota, say from forty-odd to ten cigarettes a day. I still own a handsome little pin-seal cigarette case, just ten-cigarette size, bought specially to keep such a daily ration sacred. Very businesslike and logical. But, since logic has little to do with habits, this system is poison for most people, including myself. Rationing succeeds only in keeping your mind on deprivation. Of our questionnaired celebrities who had tried rationing, hardly more than a quarter were able to stand the gaff.

KELLERMANN

Fontaine Fox is persistent—confesses he has sworn off at least 10,000 times

Harassed smokers often invent highly ingenious, and usually futile, dodges to force themselves to cut down. For instance, never buying or carrying cigarettes, so you must bum anything you smoke. Or trying to learn to roll your own on the principle that, since it is so much more bother that way, you will smoke less. Or my own farthest north in futility—buying only cheap local cigarettes in foreign countries where the local product is terrible, promising myself that, since I loathe the things, I won't smoke them very much. In a couple of weeks, however, complete toleration of these poisons is established, and I find myself killing forty Gaulois a day as readily as if they were American tailor-mades. If you ever smoked a Gaulois, you will know why that is the severest possible test of this fallacy.

Even economic pressure is no use. Many a man, stony-broke, has tried to save the price of breakfast by not smoking, only to find that the more broke he is, and hence the more worried, the more he smokes, regardless. Others occasionally try the reverse twist by confining themselves to viciously expensive cigarettes—the thirty-cents-for-ten kind—in the pathetic hope that, when it costs a dollar or so a day to smoke their usual quota, the shadow of creeping bankruptcy will persuade them into temperance. That doesn't work either.

Or instinct may again fool the inexperienced or reluctant swearer-offer into trying to taper down gradually as preliminary to stopping completely. Shrewd doctors, however, regard telling a patient to taper as about as humane as cutting the dog's tail off by inches so it won't hurt him so much. According to the questionnaire, the odds against success in tapering are even higher than against rationing. The only worse device I know was once tried out by a friend of mine who determined to cut down by beginning his day's smoking an hour later each day. The result was that he barely escaped collapse from lack of sleep because, in order to get in his normal smoking time, he took to going to bed an hour later each night.

Harsh as it sounds, a clean break is the only practical thing for most people. All other methods leave you open to all the fumblingly agonizing, meanly self-cajoling subterfuges cooked up by your own human inability to take *No* from yourself as an answer.

Here we dive into a necessarily *I*-studded case history.

I had to hornswoggle myself into sticking out that agonizing six months. Otherwise, as I had often proved already, my moral stamina would never have got me to first base. And money was the chief prop of my artificially induced moral rigidity. One of my elders and betters told

GREENE

Every time Joe Williams took a drink, he found his resolution collapsing

INTERNATIONAL

Albert Payson Terhune gave up smoking when a doctor told him he had no guts

me he didn't believe I could quit for six months and offered to back that opinion with a large, hard lump of cash. Deliberately, in a last effort to settle my relations with tobacco, I let myself in for a bet that I could not conceivably afford to lose. Since it was the only method that ever worked for me, I can recommend it without qualification. The first smoke that breaks such a resolution becomes so fantastically expensive that it never gets lighted. The victim sticks for the crass and thoroughly reprehensible reason that no sane person would light a cigarette that will put him out of pocket enough to pay the year's rent.

Since the other party to the bet was, of course, no stranger, there was a certain flavor of family solidarity about the arrangement. But anything involving a calamitous cash penalty should work equally well. Say a reciprocal bet with another swearer-offer. Or an ironclad pledge to contribute a huge sum to a worthy cause—or, perhaps better still, a cause you particularly loathe, such as the German-American Bund. I know a father and son who financially hornswoggled each other into swearing off by betting on a sliding scale: If either slipped during the first week, he owed the other a dollar; during the second week $2; the third $4; the fourth $8; and so forth, doubling each week for ten weeks. By geometrical progression

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

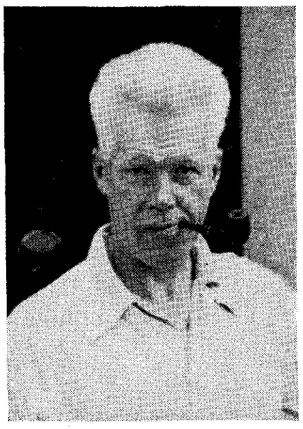
the tenth week's penalty is something over $500. It worked well. But the method is open to criticism because it makes the first two or three weeks, which are the most difficult period, the least important financially.

All this dependence on a bet assumes, of course, that backslidings will be admitted and forfeits honestly paid. I hope that, if backslid, I should have come clean. But the temptation to have a quiet one and say nothing—for a sworn-off smoker lusting for a drag has no more morals than a Kallikak—was guarded against by the fact that my wife was in on the deal too. Sneaking a smoke would not only have cheated on the bet, it would also have been a first-class dirty trick on a partner in the enterprise who was undoubtedly wanting a smoke just as badly as I.

Our arrangements were clever throughout. They had to be. For instance, we began our swear-off simultaneously with the start of our vacation. As the ship cast off, our

ACME

It's easier for Burton Rascoe when he sucks an empty pipe or cigarette holder



An occasional drink—long and cool—stiffens F. F. Vandewater's will power

cigarettes, still alight, went overside into the North River. For, when you are breaking a compelling habit, chances are much the best if the initial break arrives at the moment you enter a new and utterly different environment, among different people, doing different things, eating different dishes, clear of as many associations with the old habit as possible. On the ship we thought that wise. On returning we knew it was. That first ten days of seeing the old people and doing the old things in the old places without smoking made us twitch and squeal almost as pitifully as the first week of the swear-off.

Sometimes our cleverness verged—justifiably—on cynicism. Before sailing, we intentionally bragged about our resolution to everybody who would listen. On the ship we did the same, making ourselves unpleasantly smug about it. No doubt passengers and officers both thought us bores. But that would probably have happened anyway, since the swearer-offer can seldom help babbling about his troubles. And it makes sure that to break down would force us to face an intolerable amount of grinning wisecracks, both at home and abroad, from friends and strangers alike. It also kept people from harrowing up our souls by offering us cigarettes. Our questionnaire revealed that Arthur Garfield Hays, the great Liberal lawyer, uses—and highly recommends—this tell-the-whole-wide-world method.

Some of this may sound like pretty small potatoes. But there is no such thing as unimportant detail during a swear-off. Your hypersensitive nerves amplify the slightest impact into a smashing blow, as a sound engineer turns shot dropping on a drumhead into booming cannon. During the first two weeks, our lack of cigarettes got so close to our souls that night after night one or the other of us would dream about breaking the resolution—in my dream I would absent-mindedly light a smoke and then wake with the sickening realization that bang! there went the bank balance. One in five of our swearing-off celebrities also reported dreaming about breaking down. Most of such dreams are dully direct. But one I know of was ingenious: The subject dreamed of discovering a fire beneath a floor covered by a rug. As he pulled away the rug to investigate, the smoke welled up through cracks in the flooring. Instead of giving an alarm or trying to put out the fire, he knelt down and greedily inhaled the smoke, which was exactly like cigarette smoke.

GROSS

Thornton Wilder says he can fight off temptation by reaching for a sweet

If giving yourself a thundering financial dare strikes you as too risky, there are other ways of beginning a swear-off under mildly propitious omens. Dr. John B. Watson, the behaviorist psychologist, once quit by isolating himself on an uninhabited island with no means of getting cigarettes. (He has never tried a swear-off since, however.) Head colds can be of use too. The ungodly way tobacco tastes during a cold—not to mention that it is bad for it—puts most people in a non-smoking frame of mind and then, when the worst is over, they are already a few days up on the ordeal. Clifford Odets washes out his mouth with a weak solution of silver nitrate, which, as you may remember from your last sore throat, makes a smoke taste as if it had been cured in sour milk. Some people recommend getting very tight and smoking two or three packs the night before starting, in order to wake up in the morning loathing the very idea of tobacco. Others prefer starting the swear-off simultaneously with an operation under ether, which not only puts you off smoking for twenty hours but gives you a complete change of environment. Getting on a ship to start is particularly recommended for bad sailors because nobody who is seasick ever wants to smoke. Beyond that, a swear-off is just (the Lord forgive me for that *just*) a matter of the will to quit, whether on medical grounds or moral principle—as in Albert Payson Terhune's case, from having a doctor tell him in disgust that he didn't have the guts to quit.

Once you are started, certain minor tricks may help. If your worst tobacco hunger crops up after meals, as it does for most people, finish off with citrus fruit or salad, which leaves your mouth craving smoke (*continued on page* 58)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thirty-six Hours in a Boom Town

THOMAS BENTON

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

I LANDED in Disney one early June afternoon after a tortuous and rough drive over rocks and swollen creeks. The day was hot, and though quite a number of vehicles lay up against the store fronts, few people were to be seen. I rambled over to the two-room shack that served as town-site office. A lot of fellows in overalls were sitting around there slapping at flies.

"I want to talk to somebody that knows about this town," I said.

"You lookin' fer a lot?"

"No, I'm looking for information."

"Whut kind uv infermation?"

"I want the facts on this place. I'm a newspaperman."

"Send 'im over to Cohen," a voice came out of the back room. The voice was slightly contemptuous but also indicated solicitude for newspapermen.

"Who is Cohen?" I asked.

"He's president of the Disney Chamber of Commerce."

I found Mr. Cohen sitting back in a chair near his bar. He had the air of a man who'd just done a good deed and knew it, and he was more than willing to talk. Patronizing, affable, and given to gesturing, he spilled the story of Disney in good promoter's style. "Fast-growing, industrial and recreation center of the future—enterprising people—beautiful streets, beautiful homes."

"They don't look so hot now," I suggested.

"Temporary, temporary," said Mr. Cohen. "We're going to remodel the whole town later—European style, Swiss or maybe Italian—we call this the Venice of America."

"Well, what's all this wild West, boom-town stuff that's going on now?" I asked. "It's elegant, all right, but it certainly sounds more like old Oklahoma than Venice."

"Don't call this a boom town." Mr. Cohen held up his hands. "You'll draw fire anywheres here calling this a boom town. This place is PERMANENT. We put over little shows, that's true, but everything is legitimate."

I wondered if Cohen put over that little show featuring a mayoralty contest between a little grocery woman named Silars and an ex-cowgirl named Baker. Silars was for a closed town of respectable grocery shops. Baker wanted an open town of swill joints and dance halls—at least that was the story the national press fell all over itself to print.

I said, "You sure hooked the newspapers on that election show. You handle that yourself?"

Mr. Cohen's face went flat. An inner struggle as to whether he should continue to be honest promoter or turn wise guy marked itself on his face. He eyed me for a second, one cynical brother to another. But caution got the upper hand and, with a sudden change of countenance, he put his finger on my arm.

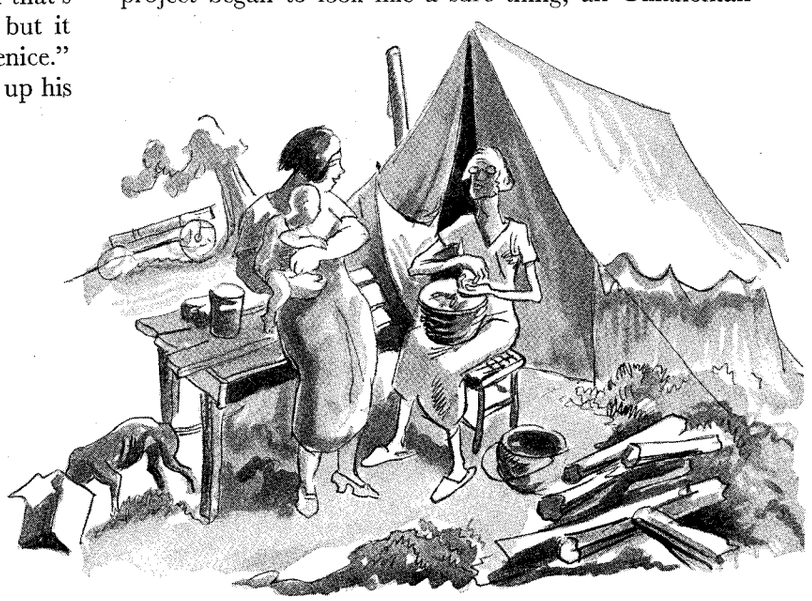
"Don't get things wrong around here," he said. "This is a real town. Don't get the idea we're trying to put anything over on anybody. We're trying to interest people, that's a fact, but everything here is legitimate."

Mr. Cohen rose, insistent, gesturing convincingly. "Have you noticed the people around?" he said. "You won't find anyplace the kind of people you got here. Honest, steady, human people. You want to know what this town is?" He leaned forward aggressively. "This town is one family of brothers and sisters—they're all friends—they're out to help each other. You won't find one ounce of bad feeling in this place."

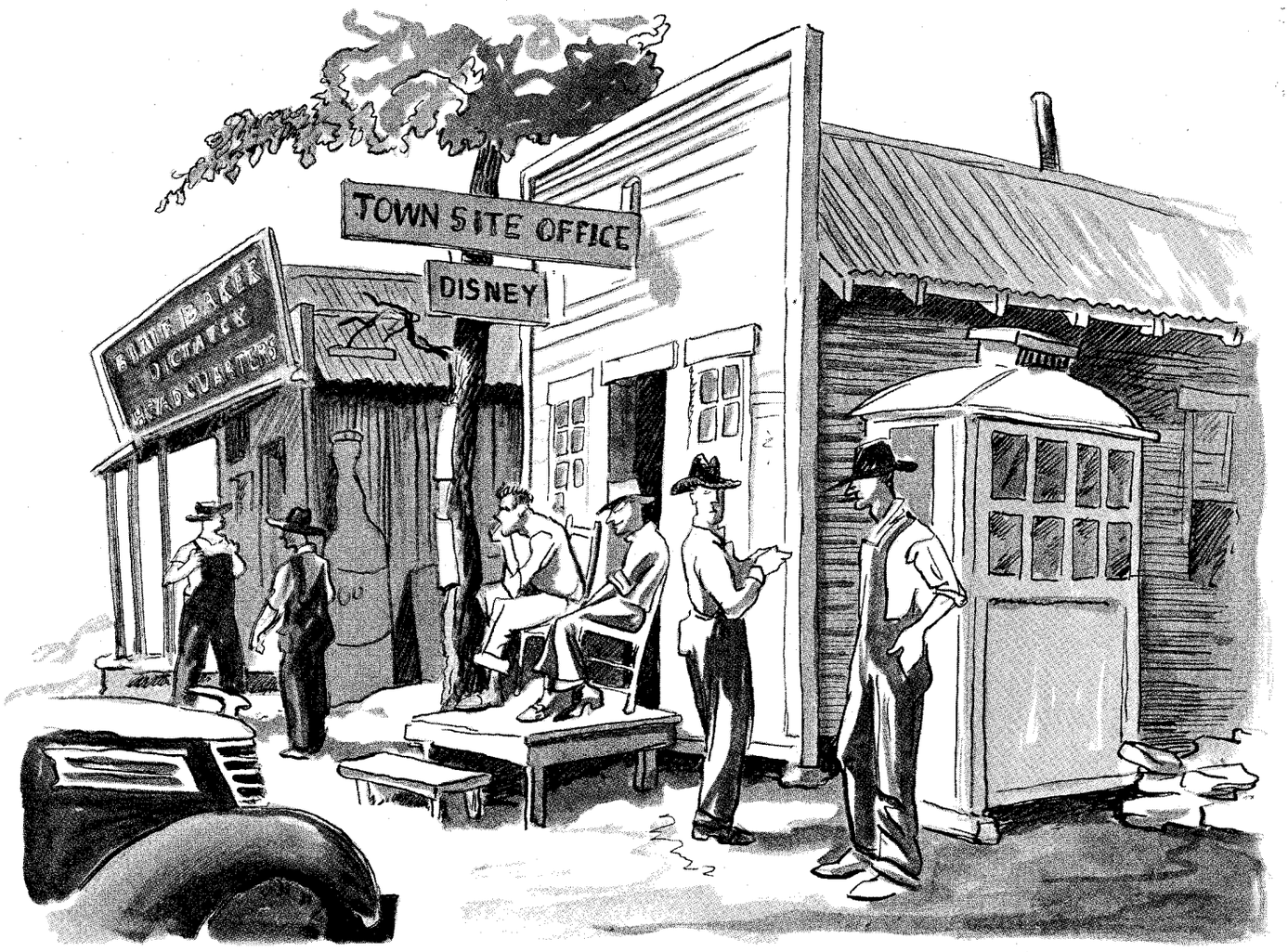
Mr. Cohen turned on the "hope-be-joyful" spigot. I looked at my watch and got up to go. "Come around tonight. Chamber of Commerce meeting. See the people and get acquainted. Step up and join us. Morgan's place."

"Be there," I said, shaking hands.

Disney—Capital Hub of Grand River Activities, Venice of America, Island of Opportunity—is named after an Oklahoma congressman who whistled a $20,000,000 P.W.A. grant for the building of Grand River Dam. The town originated in the traditional Western way—as a real-estate operator's promotion scheme. As soon as the dam project began to look like a sure thing, an Oklahoman



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



named Armstrong went in and bought a hump of land destined to remain as an island above the waters of the lake-to-be. Armstrong laid out a town, set up a town-site office, and began advertising:

"Investigate Disney! Prosperous city in the making. Workmen on the $20,000,000 Grand River Dam make their homes in Disney. Six hundred thousand people will visit Disney annually. That number will pass the front door of all houses on Disney's main street."

Disney lots began to sell. Little adventurers from Missouri and Arkansas and Texas brought their wads and women to Disney, built flimsy board shacks, and settled down to wait for the money to pour in. By spring of this year, although no actual work on the dam had been started and no army of workmen had materialized, Disney had a large and loud population of itching palms.

The main street of Disney houses the aristocracy, the land and store owners—they are the chief palm-itchers of the place. They sit, waiting for the dam workers to come, under luxurious corrugated-iron roofs, with screens to keep out some of the flies. Down in the bottoms on land that will later be flooded squat the propertyless hopefuls from Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, also waiting.

After I had escaped the aura of Cohen's brotherly love, I made for the bottoms. On the way, I came across a ragged husky of about thirty-five running a pick down a new ditch under a close growth of trees.

"What you digging?" I asked.

"God-damn water line," he spit out in reply.

"Hard work, eh?"

"If you ain't blind you can see it."

"You don't like this work?"

"Thirty-five cents a' hour through these here roots with a god-damn dust plummer hollerin' like a wampus cat when yuh cain't do three hundred feet a minute.—And the son of a bitch likely to can yuh iny time. If you think I like this you're a fool."

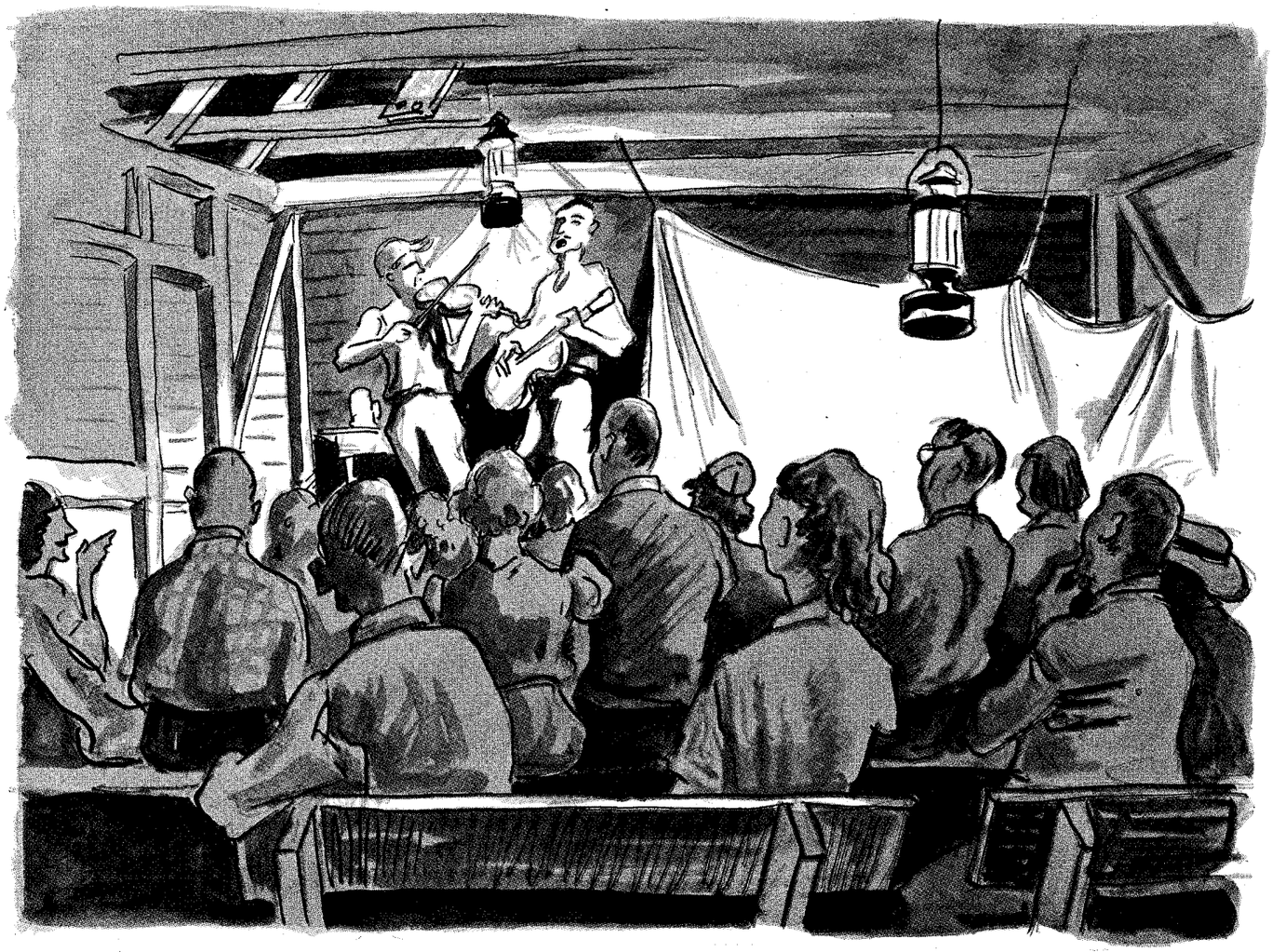
"What's your real trade?"

"This here's my real trade. I'm a workin' man. I ain't got nothin' but a strong back an' a' appetite."

"You expect to work on the dam later?"

"I ben here four months now. If the god-damn politi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



cians around this nickel-squeezin' end o' the woods don't push me out I'll have a job on the dam."

"Then I guess you'll go have a good time with your dictator, Billie Baker."

"What to hell do I care about that circus balloon with the wind out?" The man threw his pick down emphatically. "Buddy," he said, "you know what I'm gonna do when I git in the money—the first thing I'm gonna do—even before I go to thinkin' about iny wimmen?"

"No, what is it?"

"I'm gonna knock the —— outta the guy that's hirin' me now."

Farther down the bottoms there was a young fellow leaning up against a tree putting figures down in a little black book. About fifty feet from where he stood was a tent. The flap of the tent opened and a woman stuck her head out. Red-faced, she yelled, "Git out o' here, you dirty rat." Her head went back like a jack-in-the-box, and the flap closed. The young fellow kept on with his figures, quite indifferent. Then he saw me and laughed.

"She don't like you," I said.

"Looks that way. But if her man wants to roll 'em he wants to roll 'em. I can't help it if I have the luck."

The gambler laughed again, a snickering, rather mirthless laugh. He had small beady black eyes, yellowish skin, and a pointed sniffing sort of nose.

"How long you been here?" I asked.

"About three weeks. Came down from Chicago."

"What do you think of Disney?"

"There's not a nickel in the whole town. Even me—I'm workin' on credit. Just a hick gyp joint. Just like the saloons they run. You go in an' ask for a bottle of beer. The guy sets it out. You say you don't want any of that 3.2 stuff. He points to where the label is gone on the bottle and winks at you to make you think it's not slop. But it's slop just the same."

When night came, I went to the meeting of the Disney Chamber of Commerce. The Disney Chamber is composed of the town's entire population. The folks were crowded on wooden benches in the back of Morgan's café, in the dance hall. Cohen, president and man of the world, handled the meeting in true impresario style. He was a good hand. The men sat like dumbbells, heavy and immovable in their overalls, but their women with the slit-mouthed determination of Oklahoma femininity were up all the time, with protests, suggestions, and plans. The women of Oklahoma are used to running their men. They have strident voices; they snap their words out compellingly. Gath-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ered in the night meeting were all kinds, from the big two-hundred-fifty-on-the-hoof kind to little windblown wisps that were held together only by the paint on their faces. But President Cohen was their match. He dodged, slithered, and turned, but always came out on top, riding the ladies' suggestions with the certain flourish of the man to whom all ideas are known. The first argument of the evening was about how much should be paid for barrels. At some other meeting it had been decided that every property owner should have a barrel of water on his premises in case of fire. After the barrel question was settled, Sam Ben, a rotund thick Cherokee and manager of the Disney Baseball Team, rose up and invited everybody to a pie supper the following night, proceeds to go for baseball suits. After that there was a great argument as to whether fireworks should be sold during the week preceding the Fourth of July. Everybody was afraid of fire, but everybody also wanted to sell fireworks, so that question went unsettled.

Next day I went over again to the town-site office and met Disney's founder and chief promoter, Armstrong. In line with his Southwestern blood, Armstrong was broad, open, and friendly. Everything and everybody looked good to him, even the two-bit gamblers hanging around Disney waiting for the suckers, even me with my notebook and sketchbook.

He said, "After all, there is a lot more to life than money." I agreed and told him I wanted to meet Disney's political ladies, Mrs. Silars and Billie Baker.

The newspapers, for logical purposes, I suppose, wrote about Mrs. Silars as sad-eyed. She was supposed to be politically on the sad side of things—against joy. Well, she was on the wrong side of the divide for ladies' years,

but she possessed the wide-open, snapping clear eyes of a debutante heading for the altar.

I said, "How is business?"

Mrs. Silars said, "It's fine, thank you."

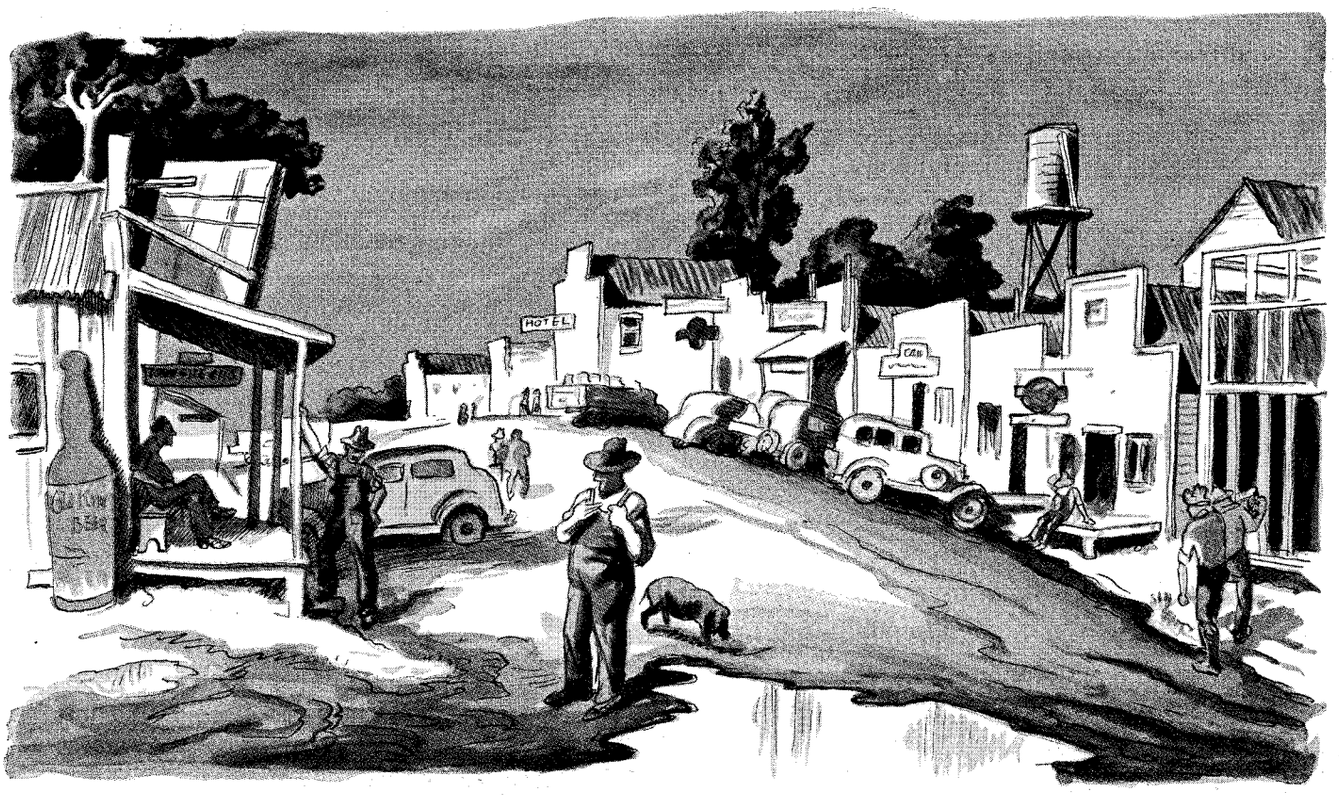
I said, "Can you cash a traveler's check?"

Mrs. Silars said, "I've just cashed all the checks in town and there's not a thing left in the cash register."

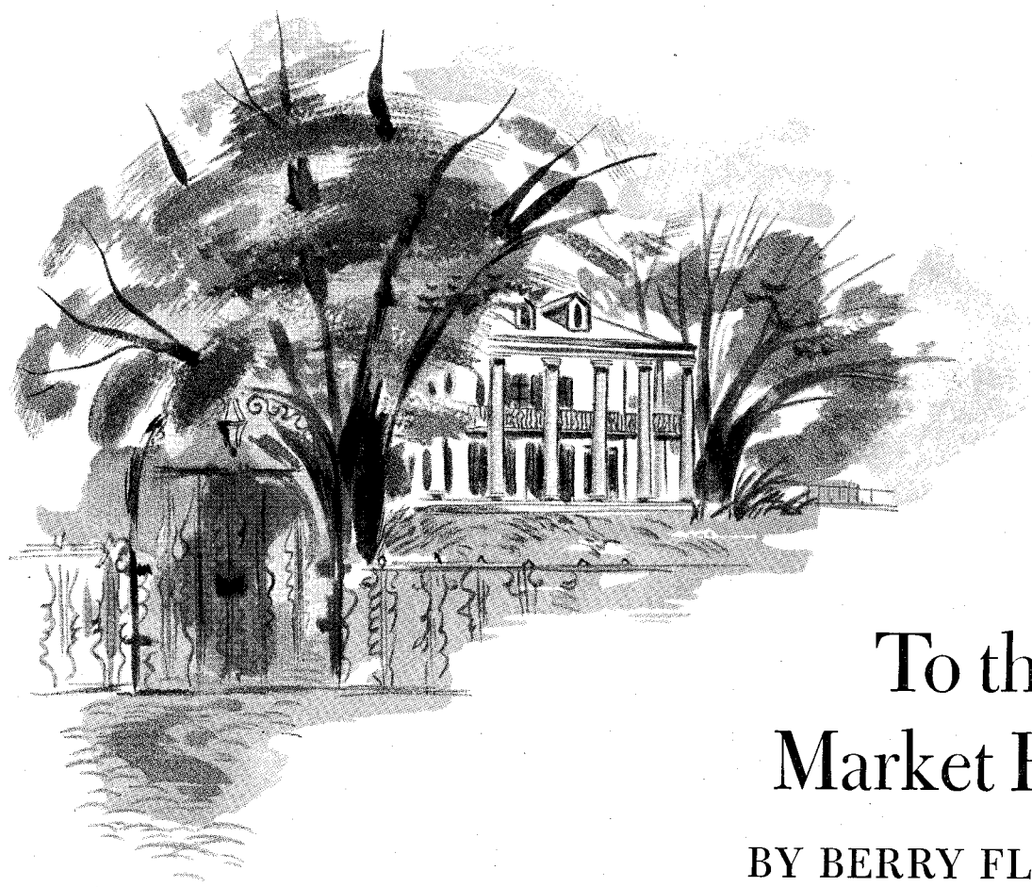
Mr. Armstrong took me over to see the dictator, Billie Baker.

The newspapers wrote Billie up as buxom, fat and joyful. Logic again. Billie was actually pretty skinny. She had blue eyes, and they looked weary. Billie, like Mrs. Silars, was on the wrinkly side of the years. But she was frisky and hospitable.

I said, "Are you going to have crap tables and a roulette wheel over in Tia Juana?" Tia Juana was the name of Billie's new night club, fast building for the Fourth of July. (*continued on page* 52)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



To the Market Place

BY BERRY FLEMING

Author of "Siesta"

FINISHING his buckwheat cakes a little after nine on a Saturday morning in February, Peter Woodruff put on his hat and overcoat and walked out into the half-hearted cold of an Alabama winter, walked with his head bent and his thin lower lip pushed up, his mind again on the question he had been pondering for ten days.

He felt it was one of the most important he had ever had to decide and in forty years of business he had decided many; it affected, not only the rest of his life, but the lives of the men who worked for him, possibly even reaching up to New York and affecting Owen. He didn't know what was the best thing to do. And there was nobody who could tell him, nobody he could talk to about it and sift out what he really thought himself.

"Mornin', Mr. Peter."

He lifted his head out of his dilemma. "Morning, Hugh."

The Negro put down the watering can with which he had been filling the radiator of the car; in 1910 radiators needed to be filled every morning, so there was no reason to suppose they didn't need to be filled every morning in 1928. He wiped off the radiator cap with a piece of chamois. "You look kinder worried," he said in a brotherly way. "You ain' worried, is you?"

"Yeah!" said Peter, putting a tan shoe on the running board. "Yeah, I'm kind of worried."

"Ain' no use worryin', you know."

Peter opened the door, then stopped. "I ain't worried, so much as I just don't know what I ought to do."

"Yessa."

He rapped on the steering wheel with his wedding ring. "I've got somebody who wants to buy me out," he said, glancing obliquely out of his dark eyes at the speedometer, but not seeing it as much as the words he had just used; they sounded funny spoken aloud for the first time—

"Buy out the fertilizer company!"

He nodded, then looked at Hugh's face. "And they'll give me a good price, too."

"But what for you want to sell the fertilizer business, Mr. Peter? You ain' tired makin' money, is you?"

"I'm kind of tired *worrying* about whether I'm gonna make money or not." He smiled half to himself. "It's a dangerous business, you know."

"Yessa."

"It ain't every day you can sell a business like this. This year I can sell it, next year maybe I couldn't give it away."

"It wouldn't seem natural round here without a fertilizer business downtown. We've *always* had a fertilizer business, Mr. Peter."

"I wouldn't think of selling it with Mr. Owen here. I'd keep it just on the chance he might change his mind and want to run it. But he ain't here—and I don't look for him to come back."

"He be back, Mr. Peter."

Peter laughed a little, pulling on his gloves. "You think he'll be back, do you?"

"They always come back."

"Well, I'll bet you a new suit of clothes Mr. Owen'll never live under that roof again."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, he be back. He can't do them Yankee ways all his life. He come to his senses soon—"

"Well, we can't wait on him for ever, Hugh. We ain't as young as we were twenty years ago."

"Wal, I'm fifty-two; you fifty-eight— But fifty-eight ain' old. You don' look old, you don' feel old—"

Peter got in the car and closed the door. "Some days I feel old as Moses."

"You got twenty years of fertilizer business yet. Look at Major; Major was sittin' at that same desk you sit at now on his seventy-ninth birthday."

Peter pressed the starter and put the car in gear deliberately. He backed carefully out of the garage and drove off. Maybe he ought to take Hugh's advice. But if he sold the business, what would he do with himself all day? Putter around. It would be terrible. Travel. He used to want to travel. Go round the world. Wouldn't that be just awful! He didn't want to go anywhere. It was too damned lonesome away from home. He had never been so lonesome in all his life as that night he had spent in Boston after leaving Owen out at Stony Brook, Owen standing there on the steps of the school, wanting to cry and being afraid to because he had on long pants. Hell, *he* had on long pants and wanted to cry, did cry, as he remembered, driving back to the village through that mean country—

He wondered if he could make these people pay him two hundred dollars a share; two hundred dollars would be hard to turn down.

The boy didn't want the business; he wanted to paint pictures. He couldn't understand it, never had been able to; Owen wasn't a sissy. Where'd he get the idea anyway? It was a New England idea. A Yankee notion. Maybe there was more to that sort of thing than he could see; it seemed like women's work, but maybe he was wrong. If that was what he wanted to do, though, let him do it; better than going into something you got no fun out of. But it was curious he didn't think he could get any fun out of running a business; it was a lot of worry and all that, but it wasn't a bad life. He would have thought, offhand, the boy might like it, once he had got into it; he had the right stuff in him, bound to have— But it was too late now. There was no use in not selling out on Owen's account.

There was another thing, though. If he sold out, a lot of these men would lose their jobs. And some of them had been there since Major DeLegal's day. . . .

He parked his car on the sunny side of the street and mounted the half-dozen steps to the familiar door with "Planters Fertilizer Company" in red and gold on the glass surrounding a red triangle. He liked the office, not anything specific, but the general feel of it, the coal fires burning in the grates through the winter, the ceiling fans whirling silently through the summer. Through a break in the grill you saw the main office, desks big and little, low and high, files, calendars on the wall, typewriters, pencil sharpeners, calculating machines; and beyond all that and the sound of four men at work, the three tall windows with wooden shutters on the inside and the water cooler and a rocking chair.

"Morning, everybody." They mumbled something in their different voices, a gruff sound you might have taken for ill-humor except you knew they liked you and didn't need to insist on it.

Through the open door at the left of the little square into his private office, hanging up his hat and coat, warming his back at the fire, pinching the end of his morning cigar, looking across the room at the roll-top desk standing exactly where it had stood when Major used it. The straw divan between the windows, curving up at one end—Major had bought that a year or two before he died. Even the sample jars of fertilizers in a row on the mantelpiece had been there a long time. But the photographs on the yellow wall had been there longer: the factory, the loading platform and the watertank with PFC on the side, the overhead tramway running down across the lowland to the wharf on the river, a train of freight cars with a streamer along the side with big letters: PLANTERS FERTILIZER COMPANY, GEORGETOWN, ALABAMA; a faded picture of the front of the office and the office force taken on their twentieth anniversary in 1912, with Bartow and Ivy Jones in high stiff collars, and he and Major standing in the middle, Major with his left arm in a sling and his stiff straw hat at his side—by God, this wasn't just a business, this was his taproot! He wasn't going to cut off his taproot. Let Owen worry about selling out when he died. That was Owen's lookout. In 1932 he'd have another photograph taken, have an anniversary year, "Forty Years of Fine Fertilizers"—

Dobey appeared in the rear door and said, "Mr. Peter, New York's been trying to get you."

"New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get them on the phone, Dobey." He went to his desk. He didn't know what New York wanted with him. Unless it was the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company in answer to his letter of Wednesday—

"All right, Mr. Peter. They're on."

"Hello, Peter Woodruff," he said mechanically.

"Hello, Papa!"

"Well, for goodness sake—I

Scribner's SHORT NOVEL

The selection of Berry Fleming's "To the Market Place" as the second Scribner's Short Novel will not surprise readers who have followed the career of this young writer. His reputation has grown slowly and steadily since the publication of his first novel in 1927; and his fourth book, Siesta, *lifted him to his deservedly high place among American writers. We believe that "To the Market Place" is Fleming's best work and that it will rank among the important novels of the year. The sequences which make up this short novel are drawn from the full-length book which will be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought you were the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company."

"Who?"

"How are you? What's on your mind?"

"I wanted to call you up and give you a piece of good news."

The first thing Peter thought of was the boy was calling up to tell him he was coming home, but the next instant he realized this was unlikely; he had probably sold a picture. "Have you sold a picture?"

Owen laughed. "Better than that. I'm going to get married."

"Going to get married!"

"Yes."

"Have you got the girl?"

"Yes, I have. Her name's Louisa."

"What's her last name?" He thought if she turned out to be one of those foreigners who lived up in New York—

"Meade. She comes from Roanoke, Virginia."

He felt better. "Well, there's some nice people in Roanoke. And Meade's a good name. Look here, Owen, this is kind of a shock. You-all not counting on doing it soon, are you?"

"We thought about next week."

"Next week! But this is my busy season; I don't know whether I can get to Roanoke next week."

"We're going to be married here. In New York."

"Oh, you not going to Roanoke?"

"No. Mr. and Mrs. Meade want us to be married in Roanoke, but that would mean a lot of fuss and feathers—"

"Fuss and feathers or no, Owen, Roanoke's where you ought to be married—"

"We're not going to Roanoke. We're going to be married right here."

"All right, Owen." Stubborn like his mother. "Now about next week. That doesn't give us much time. Couldn't you-all put it off a few weeks? It's hard for me to get away right now."

"I didn't know whether you'd be wanting to come all the way up here or not—"

"What's got into you! We'll be there. Your sisters'll want to come and your Aunt Sally—"

"We aren't planning on very much of a show, you know, Papa."

"Now I don't want to make it inconvenient for you, Owen, but if you could postpone it until April, we'll all be there."

"I guess my time's up. I'll talk to Louisa about it and write you tonight."

"All right, Owen. Congratulations, old fellow. Tell that girl I say she better think twice; she's taking on a tough proposition."

"I'll tell her."

He hung up, pushed the phone slowly from him, and leaned back in his chair.

Well! He didn't seem old enough to get married.

But he was glad of it; it was a good idea. One of the few really sensible sound normal things the boy had done in a long time; he had the right stuff in him; maybe he was getting hold of himself at last. Maybe this was the beginning of coming to his senses; maybe the next step would be that he was ready to come home and go in the business. . . .

II

THEY sat there in the unfamiliar hotel room: Peter, Aunt Sally, and the two girls—Martha and Gena.

"If Owen doesn't come on soon," Gena said, "I'm going out. I've got to buy presents for the children—"

Peter cocked back his head and snapped open the front page of the *Times*. "You can't go out until he gets here," he said with a placid but unmistakable finality. Then he went on, "You know, it don't seem quite right to get a copy of the *Times* the same day it's printed. It sort of mixes me up."

The phone rang and his eyes glimmered. "There he is now. Answer it, Martha. Tell him to come on up."

Martha went to the phone. "What do you *think* I'd tell him?"

"Miss Meade and Mr. Woodruff calling."

"Ask them to come up, please." She turned back into the room. "They're coming up!"

Peter said, "Gena, call up the desk and tell them we want six glasses with ice and three bottles of White Rock. We want it right away."

Martha laughed. "Do we want it right away!"

"That'll do now. Don't try to get all worked up about this."

In a minute there was a long steady buzz at the door. Martha and Gena exchanged glances and Sally said in a low voice, "Now behave yourselves."

Peter quietly took off his glasses and held them in his left hand with the dangling newspaper; he opened the door casually with his right. "Hello, Owen," he said, his face lighting up. "And this is Miss Louisa! Come in, you-all. Glad to see you. You're late."

Owen felt himself entering the room as definitely, as palpably, as if the room were filled with tobacco smoke or some other odor neither pleasant nor unpleasant.

He kissed Aunt Sally's dry cheek as she turned hastily away to open her arms to Louisa.

"This is Martha here," he said. "And this is Gena. They look alike, but you can tell them apart because Martha talks too much."

"Owen, you're the biggest fool!"

Martha and Gena—not quite his sisters any more, more just girls in New York from a small town, dressed like all of them, the least bit too close to the height of fashion, dressed from the magazines in an extreme of urbanity curiously at odds with their voices and even their eyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was proud of Louisa's simple hat. And he was proud of her easiness with them.

In a minute his father went into another room and returned with a bottle and a leather flask that made Owen think of dams and spillways and perch—

"I've got some Scotch, Owen, if you'd rather have that."

"Well." Owen smiled. "I believe on the whole I would."

"I brought along this corn for myself; if anybody would like some, they're welcome to it. How about you, Miss Louisa?"

Louisa said she would take Scotch too.

Peter sighed. "The young people have grown away from their background. They'd rather have an adulterated importation than a genuine article from their native land. You'll take corn, Sally?"

His sister blushed and explained to Louisa, "I never drink anything."

Owen laughed at her. "You can believe that or not, Louisa. Or, maybe she's changed since I was at home."

"She hasn't changed at all," said Martha. "It's the same worry to us it's always been."

Gena put her arm round her aunt's shoulders. "You-all leave my Aunt Sally alone!"

III

THE day before the wedding, his father telephoned from the hotel and said everybody was going shopping and he would just come down and sit awhile if Owen wasn't busy with anything in particular. Owen thought he sounded a little lonely.

When the bell rang, instead of punching the buzzer, he went down two flights to the door and showed his father into the dark hall.

"Is this where you *live,* Owen?"

"I'm on the third floor. I'll lead the way."

They made the climb to the second floor in silence. Then his father said, looking round him, "Is this a boarding-house, Owen?"

"Lord, no. These are apartments."

He opened the door of his apartment and stood aside, putting his hand on his father's shoulder as he passed in front of him. He was surprised at how frail the bones of his shoulder felt.

His father glanced round the room as Owen took his hat; Owen went on, "There's a kitchen and bath here in the middle and a bedroom at the back. Things are a little upset now, but it's really very nice. There's sun all day in the back room."

His father said, "Is this all there is, Owen?"

"All there is!"

"But God damn it, Owen, this ain't any way for a gentleman to live! All cramped in here in a couple of little rooms. How much you pay for all this?"

"I pay fifty-five."

He shook his head and asked, "How much does it cost to have a—well, a nice sort of place, where you can live the sort of life you'd live at home?"

"I think this is a nice sort of place." Owen laughed. "Sit down. I'll get you a drink of Scotch."

Peter watched him with a smile; he thought there must be compensations for this sort of life that he didn't know anything about. He said, "Of course, you'll be moving out of here anyhow."

"We thought we wouldn't move until October."

"You mean you going to bring your wife here!"

"Certainly," Owen said, half impatiently. "She likes it."

"Well, I reckon you can get along here until October. Of course next year you'll need a bigger place."

"I'd like to find something better, not necessarily any bigger."

Peter frowned at him. "Now, Owen, don't tell me you planning to have a baby sleeping in the same bedroom with you!"

"Baby!"

"Well, Owen, you know—"

"I know there'll be no babies."

His father didn't smile. "I believe you'd feel different about all this if you lived in your real home." He thought now would be a very propitious time to bring up the matter; he took the boy's silence for a favorable omen and went on with more assurance, crossing with measured steps toward the fireplace. "I was walking round the yard last Sunday and I was thinking if you wanted to build a little house out there in the back facing the other street there's plenty of room. I—I paced it off. In fact, I was thinking I'd like to build the house for you."

"That's mighty nice of you—"

"If you wanted to go in the business, I'll find a place for you. The salary wouldn't be much, but at that it would probably be more than you make now." He saw Owen shake his head, and he changed his course: "Or, if you didn't want to do that, you could go on with your painting."

Owen cringed slightly before the "your," but he didn't interrupt.

"There's no reason," Peter said, "why you couldn't paint down there just as well as here.—Is there?"

"Not if you're any good, I don't suppose there is. But I'm afraid I'm not good enough—yet. I hope to be, someday, and then I won't live in New York. But I'm afraid for a while it is the only place in America where I can get my sort of fuel."

Peter finished his drink and wiped his lips with a large soft handkerchief which he had whipped out of the lower right pocket of his gray tweed coat; there was no use in going any further into this now. Marriage changed a man, always did; give the boy six months or a year and bring it up again. "Well," he said, "I reckon every man has to work these things out for himself." He twitched his lip and gave his little sniff. "Here's the scrip," he said, taking a long envelope of the Planters Fertilizer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Company out of his pocket, "for that stock I told you I wanted to give you. I don't reckon it'll be enough to make any real difference in," he smiled, "in your general surroundings—"

"It'll just about double our income," Owen said, feeling the muscles in his throat contract. "I—I certainly do appreciate—"

"The reason I give you Planters stock and not some other is that you get a better return on your money. Of course it's a hazardous business; I wouldn't recommend it to you except," he laughed a little, "except I know the management. If anything happens to me—you better sell the company. Close it up. You could get somebody to run it for you, maybe run it well, but it ain't the same thing running somebody else's business. Either run it yourself or close it up." He handed Owen the envelope. "I put a little check in there, too, to cover your wedding trip."

Owen took the envelope in silence. "I don't know what to say," he ventured after a while. "I'd like to be able to thank you, or do something for you—"

"You just work hard and learn all there is to know about painting pictures. If that makes you happy, I'm satisfied.—Be a gentleman, though." Owen looked away, and Peter added, "I really don't think you could help being a gentleman, even if you tried."

Owen didn't reply. He would have liked to say he was afraid his father was right, afraid that was one of the biggest obstacles between him and succeeding; a man couldn't fight effectively with this baggage of tradition strapped to his shoulders.

Peter put his hands in his pockets and walked to the window. He said, "Now what about all the details? You've got your stateroom on the boat, you've got your marriage license, you've got a wedding ring. Have you had some flowers sent to Mrs. Meade?"

"No."

"You better do that right away. Have you got a gold piece to give the minister?"

"No."

"I'll tend to that for you—"

"God, why didn't we just go down to the clerk's office!"

His father laughed. "You're getting off light, Owen. When I was married—"

"But why all this fuss! This is a personal matter."

His father took out a cigar and pinched the end. "It ain't as personal a matter as you might be inclined to think."

IV

At last! he thought, leaning over the scrubbed unpainted rail beside Louisa and watching the pier below them begin to move. At last they were escaping. And escaping not so much from "family" as from the strange Owen and Louisa their families had brought to New York with them out of the past, brought to New York and slipped uncompromisingly over the real Owen and Louisa like masks. He was uncomfortable enough under his own, but he felt that Louisa must really be suffering. Her family didn't understand her at all; they didn't seem to know anything about her. They seemed to love her for some sweet adolescent inconsequentiality that had nothing to do with Louisa; he had once or twice been driven to the point where he thought he would stop the conversation right there and try to explain their daughter to them a little better. But he knew it was hopeless. And useless too; they would soon be able to escape, to leave behind these disconcerting old portraits of their childhood—

"Poor Mamma," said Louisa, waving her handkerchief. "I guess I'm going to cry, darling, but it won't mean I don't love you more than anything."

He couldn't find his father in the crowd. He saw Aunt Sally waving, and Gena, and Martha behind them, smiling with her white teeth. But his father wasn't there.

Then he saw a gray suit, standing out from the crowd as if a spotlight were on it; he laughed and waved his hat, trying to attract the dark eyes frowning at the ship as if worried they would fail to find them.

Then his father saw them and pulled out a large handkerchief and waved it. The ship drifted out into the river, and the people on the dock became gradually very small. He looked down at the little tug below them, so tough and gentle; when he looked back he could see his father—even from the middle of the river he could see him. And the last thing he saw, as the current began to carry them downstream and the dock contracted, was his father's new gray suit that had looked so out of place in Twelfth Street.

V

Owen pushed his way homeward into the fine cold dust the wind was sweeping off the mounds of snow choking the gutters of Twelfth Street. Earlier he had said to Louisa, "My dear, we've been married a year and a half, and you are a very pretty girl. But today I am tired of looking at you. Aren't you tired of looking at me?"

And she had said, "Yes, darling."

"Well, you go out and walk south. I'll walk north. And I'll meet you back here for supper."

And he had gone up to Fifty-seventh Street and had a talk with his agent, Dan McAfee.

As a matter of fact, he hadn't been exactly contented, had he? There was the question of McAfee and there was also the question of the dividend check; it was the sixth of December and it usually came on the third or fourth. He told himself, pushing along, that the delay didn't mean anything; it didn't mean that this lifeline of his, joining him to his father, joining the farmers of Alabama plowing their sultry clay with the faraway skylight under which he mixed his, feeling ahead of him into the dark like an eyeless snail—that this lifeline (*continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Farm Magazines

HARLAND MANCHESTER

Slick monthlies delivered to seven million homes... advice, farm news, and fiction for 5c. a copy, 25c. a year... their promotional techniques

FARM JOURNAL
August 1938
Est. 1877
5 CENTS
THE NATIONAL NEWS MAGAZINE FOR THE FARM FAMILY
In this issue: TRACTORS FOR RENT - By Grif McKay

SIXTY years ago when P. P. Mast changed the format of his *Farm and Fireside,* he explained that the new large sheet would be better for lining pantry shelves. In the last decade, all the big farm magazines have undergone extensive streamlining and face lifting, but their publishers have been less concerned with ultimate utilitarian uses than with carving for themselves a fat slice of the national advertising budget.

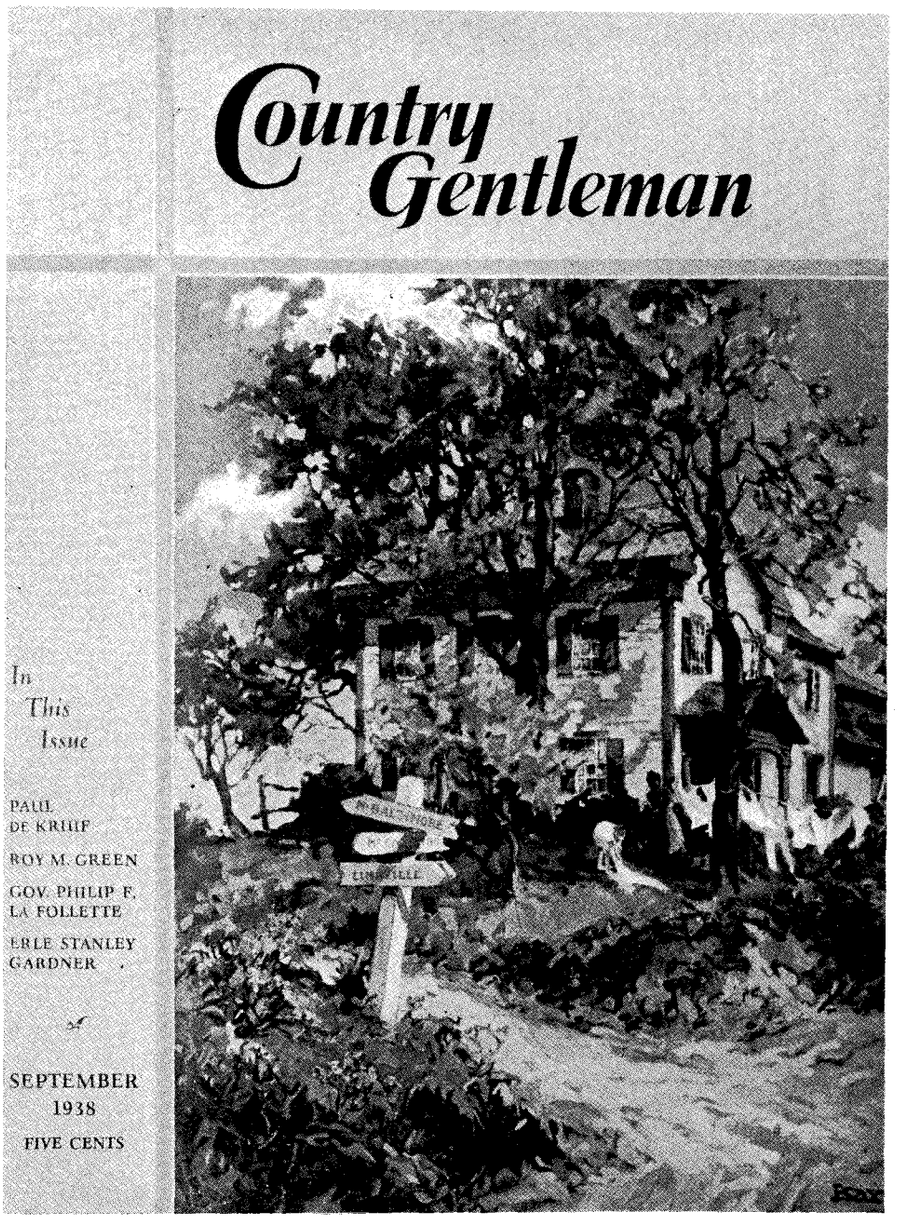
Before the War, most of these magazines were homely, unpretentious trade papers printed on unglazed stock. While general periodicals followed current styles of prettification, most farm papers kept their old familiar faces. Beneath Victorian rococo mastheads, with their contented cows and old oaken buckets, there were closely packed columns telling what to do about different kinds of bugs, extolling the virtues of the centrifugal butterfat tester, and discussing the relative merits of Holsteins and Jerseys. Fiction, when it appeared, had to do with farm boys who made good, and humorous fillers were in the "by cracky" vein. The advertisements were also close to the soil. Fertilizers, seeds, silos and chicken feed, and spanking teams of Percherons modeling the latest in harness wear.

There are still local magazines of that order, but in the national field, they have gone the way of the covered bridge. The farmer of today takes from his mailbox a magazine which matches the best in style and appearance. Coated stock, four-color covers, smart stories by the gilded trained seals of fiction, alert commentary on films, radios, fashions, beauty and child-rearing, and farm articles directed, not to a plodder with a hoe, but to an agricultural businessman. The back-cover cigarette ads are the same as those which beam on Manhattan newsstands; there are the same tooth-paste and soap ads; and even the announcements of tractors and oil stoves sparkle with modernity.

There are several reasons for this startling metamorphosis. Once these papers were the farmer's only guide. When the *Agricultural Museum,* earliest farm magazine on record, was founded in 1811, there were no county agents. There were no agricultural colleges or state experiment stations. When Luther Tucker brought out *Country Gentleman* in 1853, the farm magazine was still the chief source of practical information. In 1877, when *Farm Journal* and *Farm and Fireside* (sire of *Country Home*) made their bows, conditions were much the same. The farm magazine had a definite mission in life—telling the farmer how to farm.

All these overalled dirt-farming papers originated as sectional publications. But as farmers migrated westward, they took the magazines with them. Thus national farm magazines arose, and attempted to tell more and more farmers with widely differing problems "how to do it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Their editors campaigned for better roads, for Rural Free Delivery, for more agricultural schools and experiment stations, for larger appropriations for the Department of Agriculture, and for county agents to help farmers apply the new findings.

The farm magazines won their fight, but many of them emulated the male bee who dies with the performance of his mission. Their mortality was heavy in the 1920's, and has been accelerated by the depression. In 1928, there were 600 magazines devoted to agriculture in its various branches. Today, 200 are listed, and of these, 46 are important enough to be noticed by national advertisers. In the strictly national field, there are only three farm magazines left, *Country Gentleman, Country Home,* and *Farm Journal.* Their editorial how-to-do-it platforms have been knocked from beneath their feet. Each of them has been forced to seek a new *raison d'être,* and each has solved the problem in a different way.

II

THE current leader in this field of three is *Country Gentleman,* a Curtis publication and one corner of the triangle whose two other points are the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal. Country Gentleman* leads its two farm rivals in circulation, with 1,838,000 for the first six months of the year. Last year its gross advertising revenue topped that of the nearest competitor by over a million dollars. A typical issue contains about forty per cent more reading matter than either *Country Home* or *Farm Journal.* Before last February, *Country Gentleman's* subscription price was at the rate of fifty cents a year, twice that of its competitors. Then the magazine caused a sensation in the field by lowering its price to the standard twenty-five cents a year, five years for one dollar, and by launching a drive for 2,000,000 subscribers by next January.

Philip S. Rose is the editor of *Country Gentleman,* and he was one of the first to recognize that there was no longer a place for a national magazine to teach the farmer the details of farming. "The little red bull doesn't read magazines" became one of Mr. Rose's first editorial principles, and "Farmers are people" became another. He believed that farmers were not a special group with peculiar interests, that whatever concerned people concerned them.

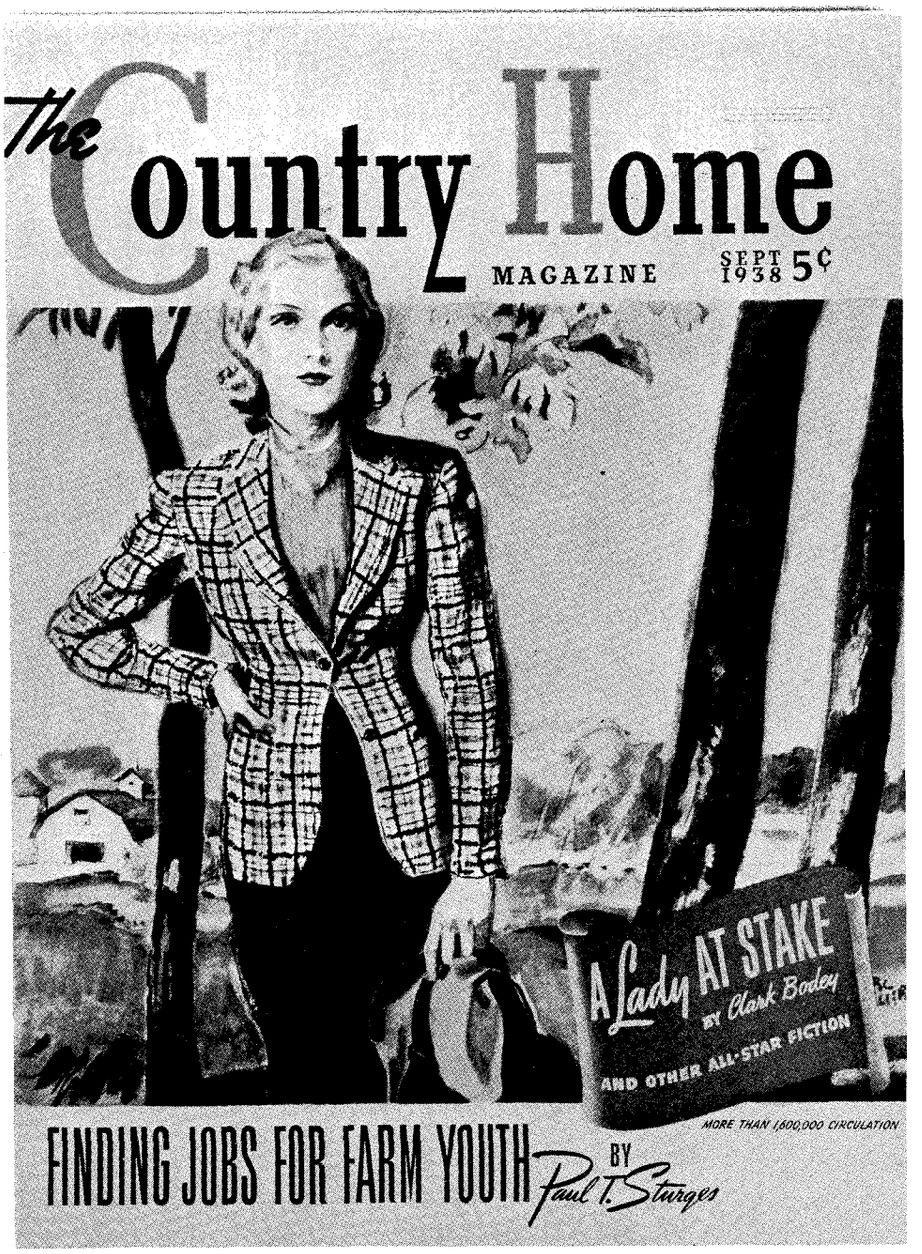
This implied more dash and color, and a broader approach in fiction, features, and household articles, but it did not mean a departure from *Country Gentleman's* position as an agricultural publication. It had become supererogatory to tell a farmer when to plant potatoes, but there was still plenty of room for articles about plant genetics which might have an important bearing on the potato of the future.

Country Gentleman has been active in promoting basic research in the sciences that underlie agriculture. The breeding of better grass is one of Rose's pet projects. "All flesh is grass," he quotes Isaiah. In the space of five years, *Country Gentleman* ran 300 articles, short and long, about grass breeding. It sent its science editor to England to investigate experiments in grass breeding, and it had a hand in the Jones-Bankhead Act, under which twelve regional grass-breeding stations have been set up in the United States. "Soil conservation" and "erosion prevention" are now familiar phrases. Ten years ago, *Country Gentleman* was running articles by H. H. Bennett, the Cassandra of erosion, who now heads the government research work in that field.

If northern New England should begin to bloom with apricot orchards, Philip Rose may take part of the credit. He sent a man to Russia to pick up information about plant development. He poked around the tundras and came back with a hardy apricot that will grow in cold climates. Mr. Rose has an idea that the early American colonists saddled the country with the food plants of Western Europe, and that on many counts they were wrong.

One of the brightest plumes in *Country Gentleman's*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



hat is the discovery of Paul de Kruif, the impetuous health crusader and popular historian of the war against disease. In 1936, the magazine printed sections of *Microbe Hunters* in advance of book publication, and since then Rose and De Kruif have been closely associated.

Seven years ago, De Kruif wrote a piece about the new artificial-fever machine used to treat syphilis. After puttering around with euphemisms, he told Rose that he was "damn tired beating round the bush," that he wanted to call syphilis by its right name. Mildly stunned but sympathetic, Rose volunteered as a guinea pig in a test worthy of one of De Kruif's heroes of science. He introduced the word in conversation with several ladies and collected no black eyes or challenges to duels. So he told De Kruif to go ahead, and the home magazine, *Country Gentleman,* pioneered in smashing the great taboo.

I asked Rose if all this wasn't rather heavy fare for a magazine with a goal of 2,000,000 readers. "No," he said, "we're not writing down or pulling punches. We don't cater to morons."

A typical issue of *Country Gentleman* contains:

Six articles—such as the New Deal in Mexico and De Kruif on malaria.

Part of a serial and three short stories—writers like MacKinlay Kantor and Ben Ames Williams.

"Country Gentlewoman" (23–30-page home department).

Farm departments (correspondents' stuff boiled down into pages on crops, gardens, orchards, poultry, livestock, etc.).

Boys' page (how to make things).

Girls' page (parties and dresses).

Editorials, editor's column, page of humor.

Last year, advertisers spent $2,494,243 selling their goods to the people who read these items. This was a bigger take than that of *Fortune,* the *New Yorker,* or *Redbook,* and around a million dollars less than the revenues of *Vogue, Cosmopolitan,* or the *American.*

III

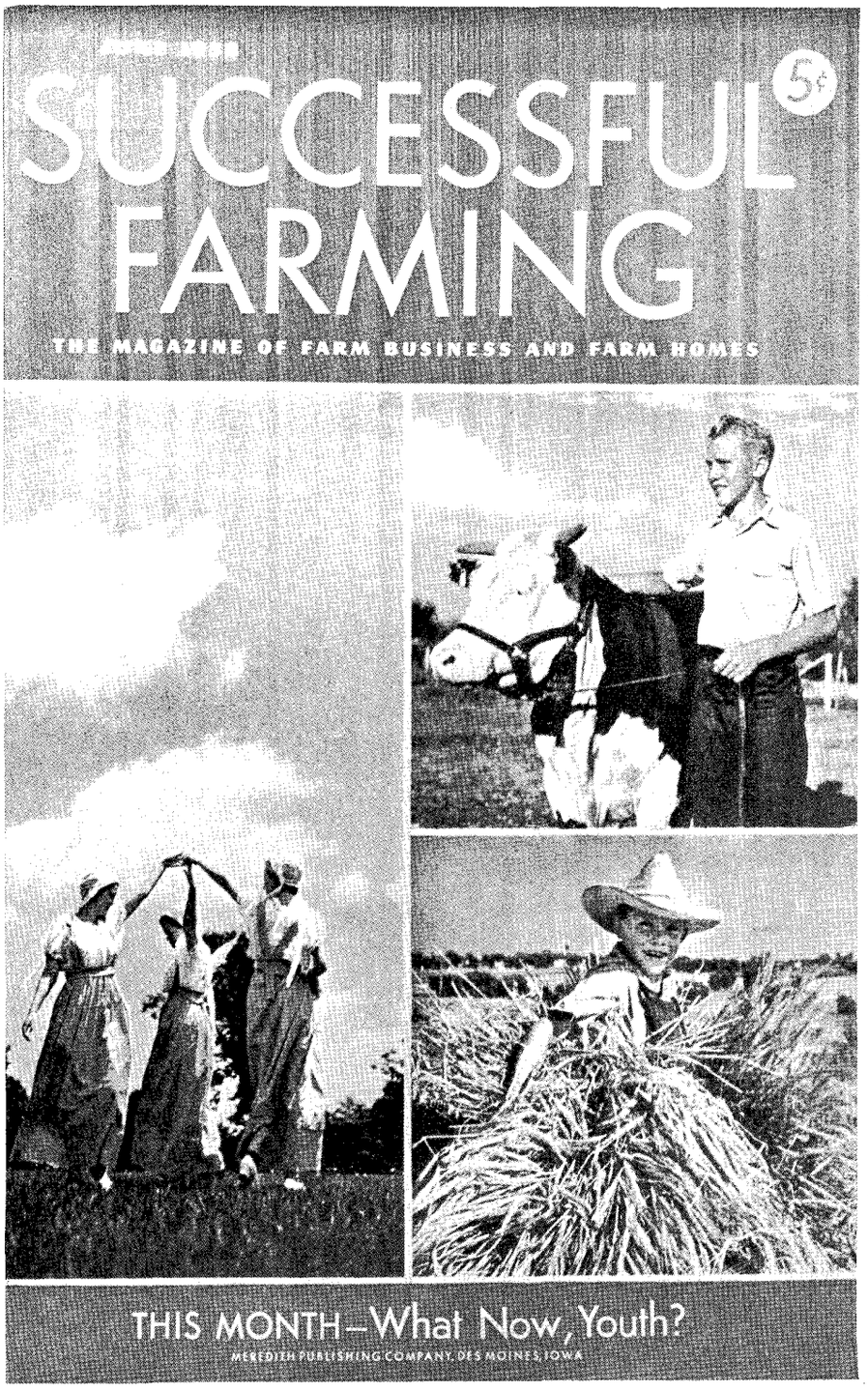
Farm and Fireside, pioneer sheet of the Crowell firm, which publishes *Collier's,* the *American,* and *Woman's Home Companion,* faced a crisis in 1929. For half a century it had been plunking in rural mailboxes. J. S. Crowell started it in Springfield, Ill., in 1877. After three years, 100,000 farmers were taking it. It soon became a farmers' bible. By 1915 it had 600,000 subscribers, and soon the count was over a million. But in 1929 it was staring at a graveyard which grinned with the tombstones of sister farm papers. There was no great slump in advertising, but circulation costs chewed up the profit. It was the old story. While the farmer was driving a twin-six sedan, *Farm and Fireside* stuck to its horse and buggy.

The Crowell people talked it over. There were three alternatives: they could kill the magazine, sell it, or revamp it. They decided to revamp it. They four-colored the cover, coated the stock, injected new and more attractive features and stories, even changed the name. Old-fashioned *Farm and Fireside* has given way to a smart, modern publication, and its name is *Country Home.*

Last February *Country Home* enlarged its format to 10¾ by 13¾ inches, installed as editor Hubert Kelley, who was trained on the *American,* and for the first time began printing typical slick-paper escape fiction of love, thrills, and crime. It is now less of an agricultural publication than a general magazine slanted for farm readers. Its editorial mixture of stories, articles, farm hints, woman's stuff, etc. looks much the same as *Country Gentleman's,* but there is more emphasis on sure-fire human interest close to home. Its "hard-boiled farming" editorial director, Wheeler McMillen, writes about the national movement, which he heads, for the development of industrial uses for farm products, but more typical of the magazine's policy are articles by Henry Ford telling what the country needs and inspirational stories of young farmers whose zeal and ingenuity have conquered.

Now circulation has risen to 1,648,000, and last year,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


SUCCESSFUL FARMING
5¢
THE MAGAZINE OF FARM BUSINESS AND FARM HOMES
THIS MONTH—What Now, Youth?
MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA

with a gross advertising income of $1,312,844, *Country Home* was the only big farmer's magazine in the country which had regained and surpassed its revenue peak of 1928 and 1929.

IV

THREE years ago when the veteran *Farm Journal* of Philadelphia was put up at forced sale and began life under new auspices, *Time* became its model of efficiency. Once a leisurely organ of agricultural enlightenment, *Farm Journal* has been turned into a bristling, opinionated periodical which summarizes national news for farmers. Although still a monthly, its slogan is "Four days from writer to reader." It has scrapped its $400,000 printing plant, and sends its work to the Lakeside Press of Chicago. Using quick-drying ink, the fastest magazine presses in the country turn out 300 76-page *Farm Journals* a minute. Like *Time,* the *Journal* has an editor-to-printer teletype system, and machines wire last-minute changes and additions to the Chicago press from Philadelphia, from New York, and from Washington. New pep and dash crop out in the *Journal's* reading matter, and pungent one-word captions stab fingers at its cuts. Mr. Patterson attempts to bring to farmers a style of news coverage which they never had before—not only the news of agriculture, but the agricultural significance of national news. To accomplish this he has placed a great deal of emphasis upon timing. For example, when the AAA was declared unconstitutional, it was four days before press time. An article headed "After AAA, What?" was rushed into print and after four more days was in the hands of the readers. Every month has its examples of the new tempo. Pictures of new automobile models, snapped at the New York show, reached readers before the auto show opened in Chicago, and rivals were scooped when a new way of cleaning dirty eggs was described in time for egg-raisers to use it in coping with the spring problem.

Farm Journal is an ancient and honorable name among the soil-tillers. Many a rural pilgrim has clumped into the colonial brick building on Washington Square, Philadelphia, and asked for the editor. "Of course he knows me—I've taken *Farm Journal* for forty years." Wilmer Atkinson founded it in 1877, and was the first farm editor to guarantee to readers money losses from phony ads. He meant it to be a local technical farm paper, but unsolicited subscriptions piled up from the South and Midwest. "Why try to buck it?" said Atkinson, and *Farm Journal* became national in spite of itself. The Jenkins family, related to the Atkinsons, were early associates, and took over the magazine when Atkinson retired twenty years ago. Arthur Jenkins, nephew of Atkinson, became editor.

Everything was all right as late as 1926, when, incidentally, the Secretary of Agriculture gave *Farm Journal* credit for our R.F.D. system. But around 1927 the magazine started slipping. Out-dramatized and out-sold in the market place, it saw its advertising linage on a steady decline which the depression accelerated. Unlike *Country Gentleman* and *Country Home,* it had no affiliated publications to lean on; all costs had to be met by its own advertising revenues, and as these failed, there was naturally less money to spend on circulation. By 1935 circulation was down 400,000, and advertising was totaling only 120 pages a year.

At this point the Pennsylvania Pews stepped in and bought the magazine. The Pews are the owners of the Sun Oil Company, and a matter of a $103,000 bill owed to the International Paper Company was a mere trifle to

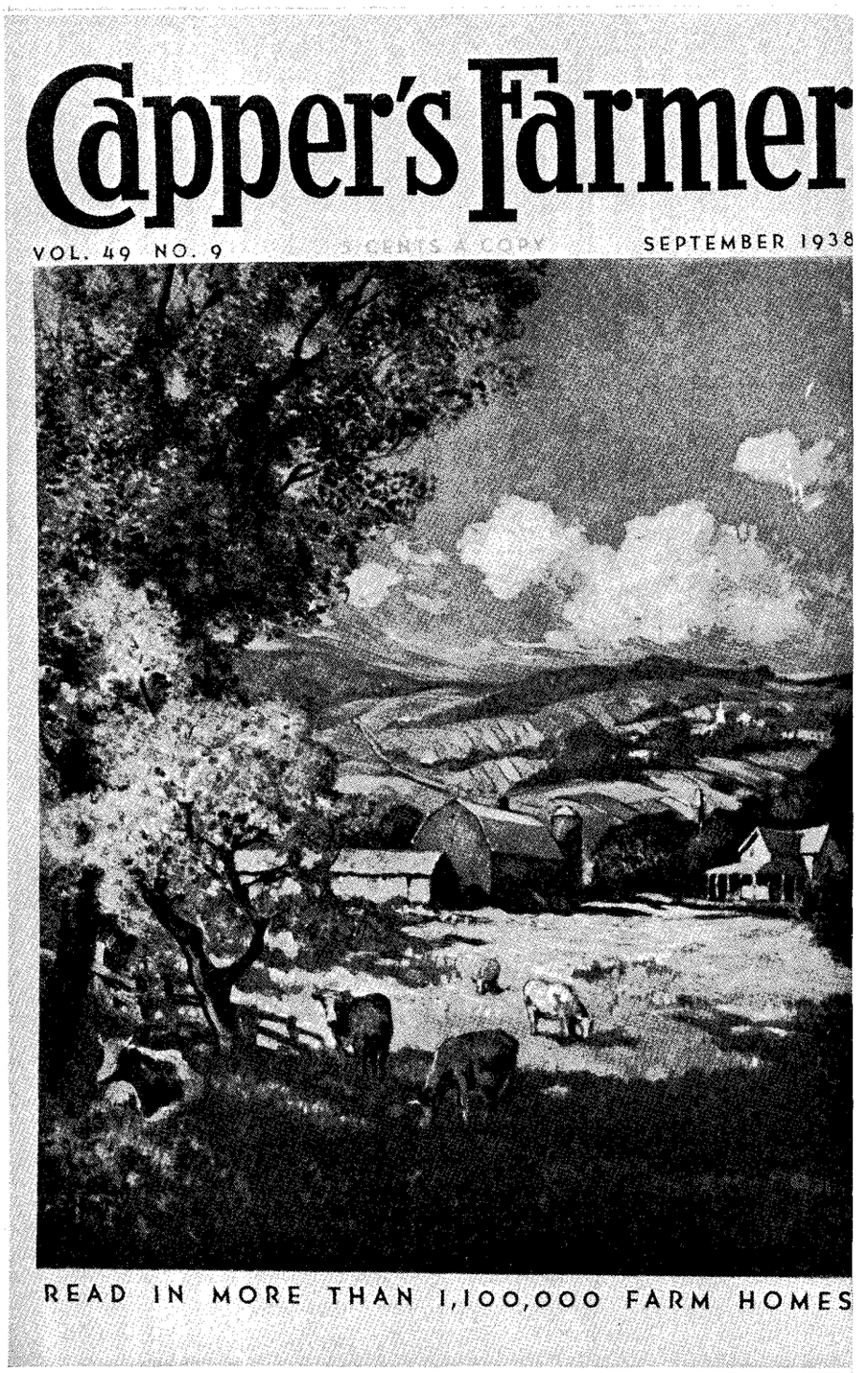
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. They reorganized the company, provided new working capital, and hired Graham Patterson to revitalize the magazine. Patterson was formerly the publisher of the *Christian Herald.* He is short, beaming, and as dynamic as a Billy Sunday. A Pittsburgher then in his fifty-fourth year, he asked the farm-born Walter B. Pitkin, author of *Life Begins at Forty,* to come in as an editorial helper. Pitkin was eager for the fray. He jumped into a plane and dashed up and down the land lining up correspondents and spreading word of Patterson's new streamlined magazine. Today he divides his time between *Farm Journal* and other interests.

Under Patterson *Farm Journal* has become one of the most vigorous critics of the New Deal. Where other farm magazines usually limit themselves to comment on farm legislation, the *Journal* has taken a position on most everything that could have any bearing on agriculture. It urges laws to curb unions, and warns readers that the "un-American" Hour-Wage Act for industry may eventually jack up the wages of the hired man. It is opposed to the Federal Housing Act. It states that "the American rabble . . . has been flattered by the name of 'underprivileged.'" It runs cartoons showing a smirking F. D. R. taking a sock at "business," and pouring money into a pump with wild glee while the farmer and the businessman, side by side, look on with sober disapproval.

Farm Journal's position is made clear in five pages of editorialized news and two pages of editorials, one of them signed by Pitkin. The newsmagazine make-up is carried out by columns of terse items on farm problems. There are also articles on farming, food, fashions, and gardens, a serialized novel, and a page of humor. No feature, however, has brought greater attention than *Farm Journal's* polls. When they indicated that the farmers were deserting Roosevelt, the Minnesota *Farm Bureau News* probed into Pitkin's pre-*Journal* literary output, and Secretary Wallace brought up the Pew ownership and charged that the poll was an instrument for "moulding public opinion."

Naturally, some of the readers objected too. Patterson occasionally prints one of their letters (sample: "I want you to stop sending us this filthy anti-labor, vicious sheet of propaganda—you should call it the *Wall Street Journal*"), but he is not disturbed. When I asked him if the anti-New Deal slant had lost the magazine circulation, he said, "No circulation that we want. We notice that the people who commend our policy write like educated, substantial people. Most of our critics write on poor quality paper and make mistakes in spelling and grammar." All the farm magazines are after the subscriptions of the prosperous farmers, and it may be that Mr. Patterson's divining rod is as reliable as any. At least we know that in two years he tripled the magazine's gross advertising revenue to a 1937 total of $1,209,438, and that he has added 338,000 new subscribers, bringing the total as of last June to 1,365,000.



In September, *Farm Journal* increased its circulation guarantee to 1,350,000 and its black-and-white page rate to $3100, which means that it now gives advertisers 435 readers per dollar. By way of comparison, the *American* gives 400 readers per dollar; *Cosmopolitan,* 369; and *True Story,* 444.

At the present writing, *Farm Journal* offers more readers for the money than either of its rivals. *Country Gentleman,* with a guarantee of 1,600,000, charges $4800 for a page, giving 333 readers per dollar, and *Country Home,* with the same guarantee and a page rate of $4600, gives 348 readers for the advertiser's (*continued on page* 58)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

DRAWINGS BY DIMON

We hope our readers will appreciate the luxury represented by this month's Quiz. With Election Day approaching, this page is the only place where you can check a name without selling your soul to a political party. The Quiz grinds nobody's ax. Moreover, it can be taken without registering or going into a booth.

For new readers, we add these instructions for computing their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and put down two points for each error. Subtract from 100 for your score. (*Answers on page 71*)

1. Following the announcement of her withdrawal from the rôle of Scarlett O'Hara in the movie version of *Gone With the Wind,* Norma Shearer attributed her decision to:

(1) Her desire to retire from the movies
(2) Fans objecting to her acting the part
(3) A dislike of playing opposite Gable
(4) Her fear of starting another Civil War

2. Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean is noted for many things in Washington, D. C., including a huge diamond known as:

(1) The Kohinoor (2) The Shah's Eye
(3) La Diable (4) The Hope Diamond
(5) The Cartier Diamond (6) The Bonanza

3. The original Lady Godiva made her ride through the streets in order to:

(1) get cooled off (2) get a movie contract
(3) stir up sentiment against the Irish
(4) advertise a certain skin lotion
(5) make her husband omit his taxation

4. "I don't mind your throwing a colander at me, darling," said the young husband. "After all it's only a . . .":

(1) frying pan (2) bowl-like sieve
(3) bread box (4) pie tin (5) tea container

5. Many of us don't even know in what state the Grand Canyon is. Do you?

(1) Utah (2) Colorado (3) New Mexico
(4) California (5) Arizona (6) Nevada

6. Next time you want to use the plural of Notary Public be sure you say:

(1) Notaries Publics (2) Notaries Public
(3) Notary Publics (4) Notary Public
(5) Those guys standing over there!

7. One of the best ways to keep a drawerful of silverware from tarnishing is to:

(1) place a lump of camphor in the drawer
(2) sprinkle with lemon juice and nutmeg
(3) place a steel knife in the drawer
(4) write a vigorous complaint to Roosevelt

8. The average farmer uses his silo for the purpose of:

(1) storing hay in a fireproof structure
(2) holding water for irrigation purposes
(3) storing fodder for his cattle

9. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., now has a son, and his name is:

(1) Percy (2) Franklin, III (3) James
(4) Richard (5) Theodore (6) Alf (7) John

10. When girls buy bottles of Murine, they use it for their:

(1) teeth (2) corns (3) hair
(4) eyes (5) freckles (6) breath

11. In the famed Scottsboro case, the original charge was:

(1) manslaughter (2) espionage (3) rape
(4) kidnaping (5) robbery (6) perjury

12. In restaurants, the waiters frequently use the expression "Sunny side up!" which means:

(1) coffee with cream (2) orange cut in half
(3) eggs fried on only one side
(4) salad with dressing (5) pie à la mode

13. One of these names is not somehow connected with the modern dance:

(1) Martha Graham (2) Mary Wigman
(3) Doris Humphrey (4) Charles Weidman
(5) Leonide Massine (6) Danielle Darrieux

14. You probably drink coffee, but do you know from which of the following sources it comes?

(1) the berry-like fruit of a shrub
(2) the bean of a large tropical tree
(3) the fruit of a low clinging vine
(4) the nut of an underground plant

15. Now that Japan has withdrawn its invitation for the 1940 Olympics, they will be held in . . . unless present plans are upset:

(1) Italy (2) England (3) New York
(4) France (5) Finland (6) Norway

16. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings has written *Golden Apples* and *South Moon Under,* but her latest best-selling book is:

(1) The Yearling (2) My Son, My Son!
(3) The Citadel (4) Northwest Passage
(5) The Bridge in the Jungle

17. Approximately . . . of the cow's milk that you drink is water:

(1) 10% (2) 95% (3) 87% (4) 65% (5) 40%

18. The man who won the Democratic nomination for governor of Texas did it largely by means of:

(1) writing articles (2) free banquets
(3) a hillbilly band (4) fireworks
(5) being loyal to President Roosevelt

19. If you have followed Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone lately, you'll know that they have:

(1) finally married (2) finally separated
(3) both been ill with the measles
(4) started up a restaurant together

20. One of the peculiarities of Bermuda is that it allows no:

(1) trains (2) mashed potatoes and gravy
(3) automobiles on public roads
(4) kissing in public (5) smoking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

21. Which one of these exchanged his birthright for a mess of pottage?

(1) Cain (2) David (3) Abel
(4) Esau (5) John (6) Jacob

22. Can you select from this list the name of the man who is generally credited with the invention of the submarine?

(1) Simon Lake (2) Alexander Bell
(3) Robert Fulton (4) Guglielmo Marconi
(5) Samuel Colt (6) Eli Whitney

23. Lots of us have experienced the delights of dermatophytosis, which is just:

(1) a toothache (2) athlete's foot
(3) mumps (4) a flat tire (5) dandruff

24. In Germany the Nazis have a large organization called the *Kraft Durch Freude* society, whose main purpose is to provide:

(1) clean rest rooms at gas stations
(2) favorable propaganda for Germany
(3) wives (4) recreation for workers
(5) ridicule for birth-control advocates

25. If you were making a round-the-world flight and radioed you were over the Bay of Fundy, listeners would know that you were near:

(1) India (2) North Africa (3) England
(4) Sweden (5) Nova Scotia (6) Alaska

26. And speaking of round-the-world flights, can you pick the make of plane in which Howard Hughes made his dash?

(1) Curtiss-Robin (2) Boeing (3) Seversky
(4) Lockheed (5) Taylor Cub (6) Douglas

27. The great Mardi Gras festival in New Orleans is celebrated annually:

(1) on New Year's Day
(2) at Christmas time
(3) just before the beginning of Lent
(4) on the last day of Lent
(5) on Labor Day

28. It will not only help your score, but your ego, if you select the one true statement among these four:

(1) Hebrew is the same as Yiddish
(2) the tibia is a bone in the leg
(3) Shirley Temple is older than the talkies
(4) Carl Sandburg wrote Spoon River Anthology

29. Most radio announcers stumble over the word *phthisic* which is pronounced:

(1) FIZZ-ick (2) TIZZ-ick (3) THIZZ-ick

30. Darn it! It's the hardest thing to remember that the name of the cruiser on which the President took his summer fishing cruise is:

(1) Indianapolis (2) Dallas (3) Brooklyn
(4) Philadelphia (5) Houston
(6) New Mexico (7) Constitution

31. What could you best use an épée for?

(1) eating (2) dressing (3) fencing
(4) sailing (5) camping (6) diving

32. If on your recent summer's vacation you had to perform a portage, you were probably:

(1) on a canoe trip (2) sailing
(3) flying cross-country (4) swimming
(5) making love to someone (6) motoring

33. With labor troubles playing such a prominent part in today's life we should all know that a "closed shop" is a plant:

(1) where all work is halted until agreement
(2) in which only union members are employed
(3) where only non-union workers are hired
(4) shut down and bankrupt by labor troubles

34. Look closely and you'll find that one of these isn't the name of one of the chief types of steel bridges:

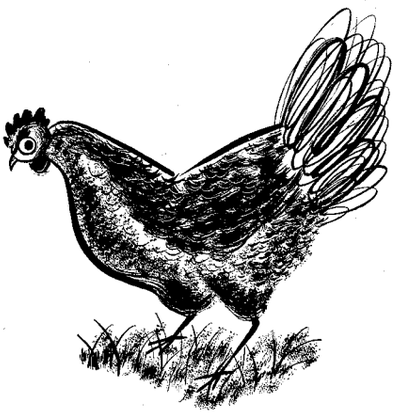
(1) suspension (2) steel arch (3) simple truss
(4) continuous truss (5) elastic girdle

35. If you're painting a house soon, don't buy one of these well-known brands thinking that it's a paint:

(1) DuPont (2) Sherwin-Williams
(3) Devoe (4) Schenley
(5) Pittsburgh (6) Dutch Boy

36. We all know of Aesop, but possibly aren't sure of where he flourished:

(1) Greece (2) Rome (3) Germany
(4) Netherlands (5) France (6) China



37. Any chicken would be highly indignant if you called one of these a fowl:

(1) Plymouth Rock (2) Cochin (3) Leghorn
(4) Wyandotte (5) Landau

38. The last U. S. Supreme Court Justice to die in office before Justice Cardozo was:

(1) Oliver Wendell Holmes (2) John Jay
(3) John Marshall (4) Willis VanDevanter
(5) Edward T. Sanford (6) William H. Taft

39. Last July the U. S. Government helped the Eastern railroads by:

(1) canceling a Congressional probe
(2) boosting passenger fares ½¢ a mile
(3) lending them a total of $1,000,000,000
(4) forcing them to speed up schedules

40. Long famous for its iron mines is the Mesabi Range in:

(1) Eastern Iraq (2) Minnesota (3) Iowa
(4) Sweden (5) Russia (6) Michigan

41. We ran across the word *tintinnabulary* recently and, while you won't be asked to spell it, you are being asked to define it:

(1) the stammering or stuttering of words
(2) the giving of small coins to charity
(3) the love of sport for sport's sake
(4) pertaining to bells or their sounds

42. The little lady in wooden shoes who chases dirt on the wrappers of Old Dutch Cleanser chases the dirt with:

(1) a stick (2) a broom (3) a mop
(4) a cloth (5) a carpet sweeper

43. "Black Maria" is another name for:

(1) a police-patrol wagon (2) typhoid fever
(3) Queen Marie IV of France (4) whiskey
(5) a famous Negro cook of the Astors

44. Everyone has read about the German military advisers in the Chinese-Japanese War, but what has happened to them lately?

(1) They've been ordered to Japan to help
(2) They've been deprived of citizenship
(3) They've been recalled to Germany
(4) They're still advising Chinese forces

45. If you had risen from breaker boy to president of the company you could probably boast:

(1) "I've always been a coal miner!"
(2) "Railroading is my life and I love it!"
(3) "I've gone from bottom to top in steel!"
(4) "I'm proud of my flour-milling record!"

46. When John T. Dorrance died in 1930, he left an estate of over $100,000,000 mostly made through:

(1) mattresses (2) chocolate (3) clothing
(4) tin cans (5) beer (6) soup (7) oil

47. The "Dear Alben" whom the President made famous by so addressing him is Senator:

(1) Bulkley (Ohio) (2) Barkley (Ky.)
(3) McAdoo (Calif.) (4) Adams (Col.)
(5) Van Nuys (Ind.) (6) Thomas (Okla.)

48. The word *octane* is usually seen in connection with:

(1) illness (2) deep-sea animals
(3) a type of flying machine
(4) gasoline (5) a headache

49. Wordsworth wrote *The Daffodils,* which commences with "I wandered lonely as a cloud" and continues in the next line:

(1) "Beside the lake, beneath the trees"
(2) "Along the margin of the bay"
(3) "That floats on high o'er vales and hills"
(4) "For oft, when on my couch I lie"

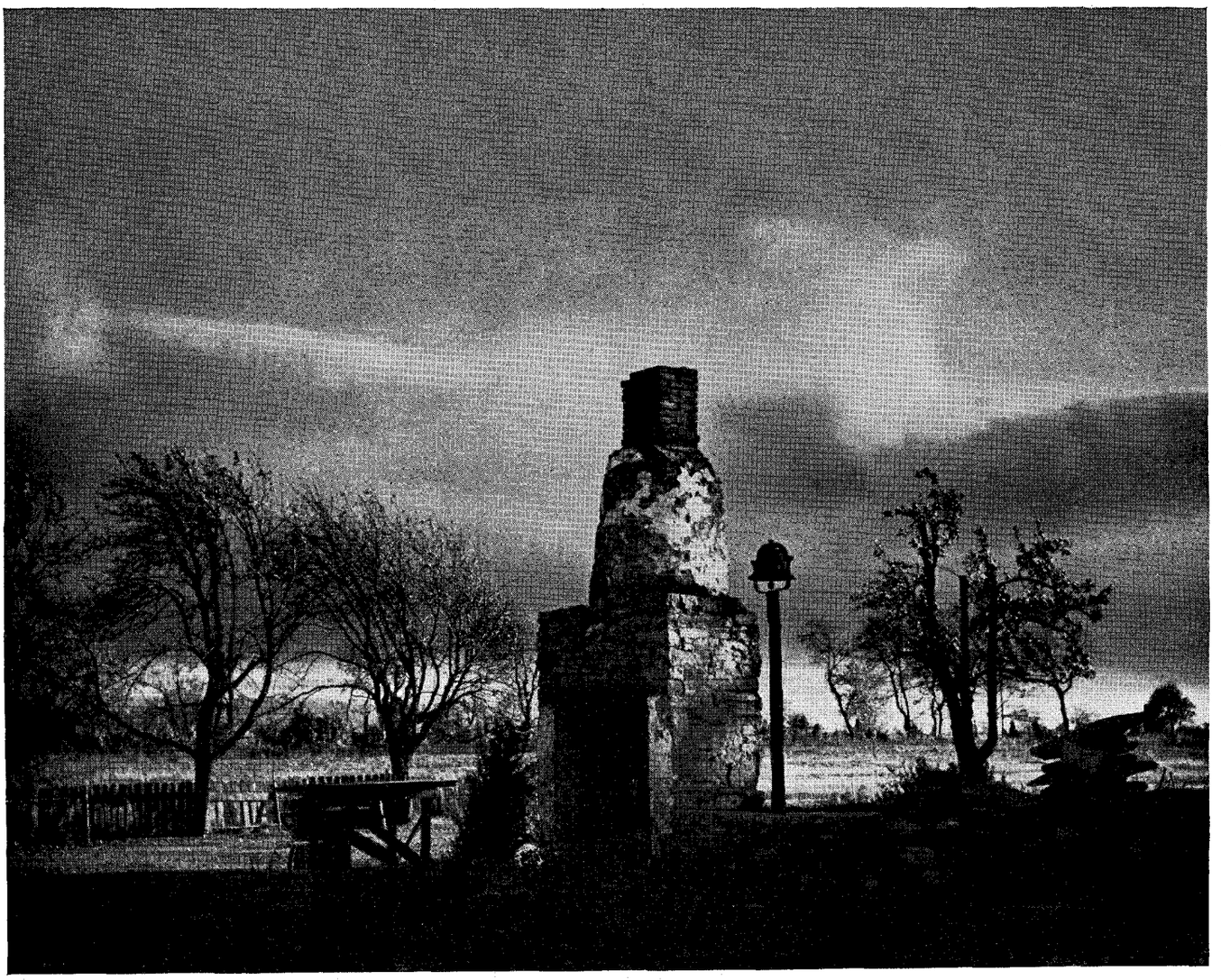
50. Just what did the old woman who lived in a shoe do with her many children?

(1) She gave them broth without any bread
(2) She fed them beans and lots of milk
(3) She rode an old horse to town for food
(4) She applied for relief and a pension

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE IN THE U.S..

In this section we are presenting the work of both amateur and professional photographers. Our object is to develop the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. Our only editorial requirement is that the pictures portray life in the United States. For technical information about the following prints see page 57.



BUCKS COUNTY, by John Mills, Jr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

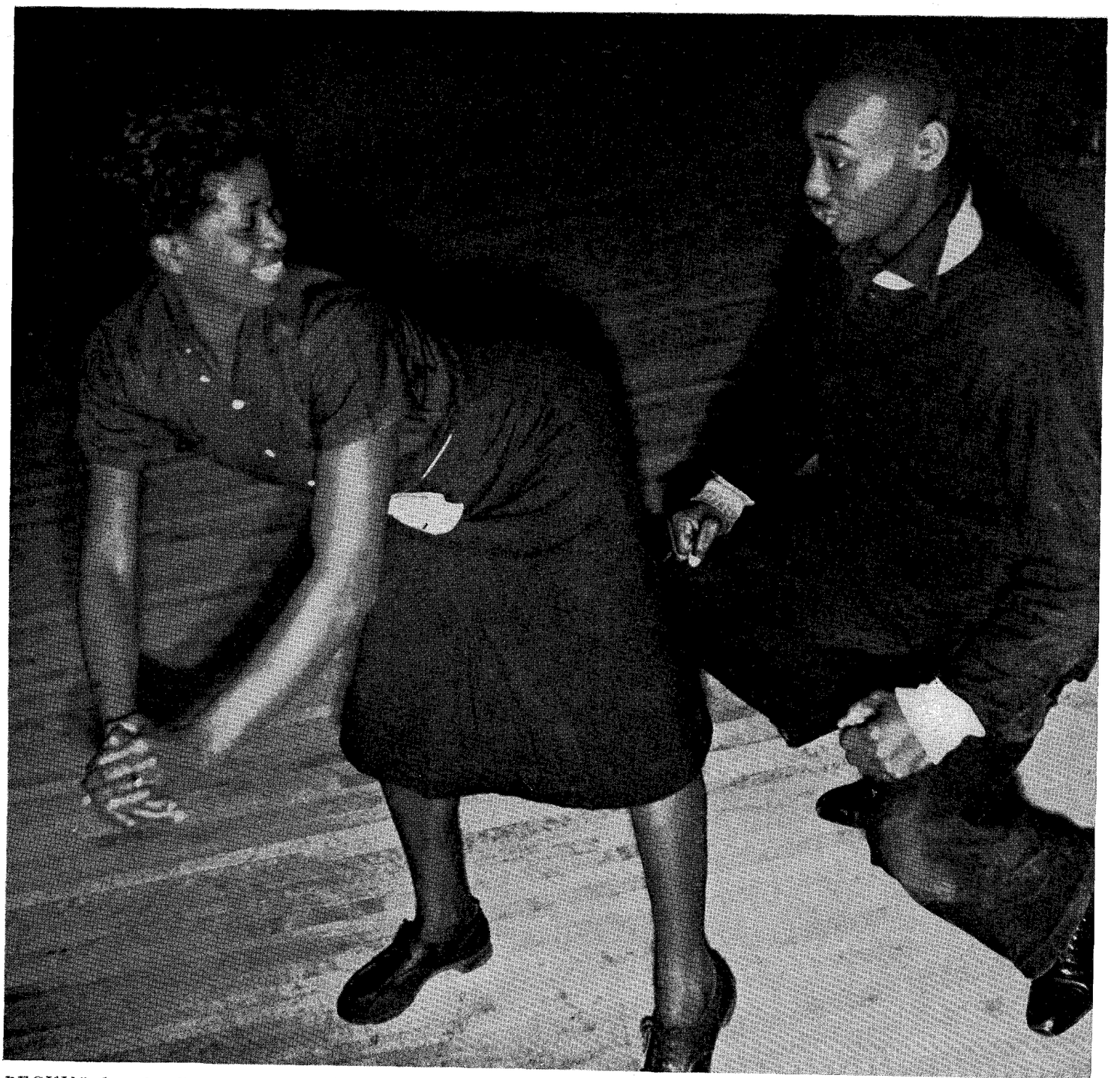
..Photographic

SHARECROPPER BOYS, by Alan S. Hacker

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THROW NET, by N. R. Farbman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



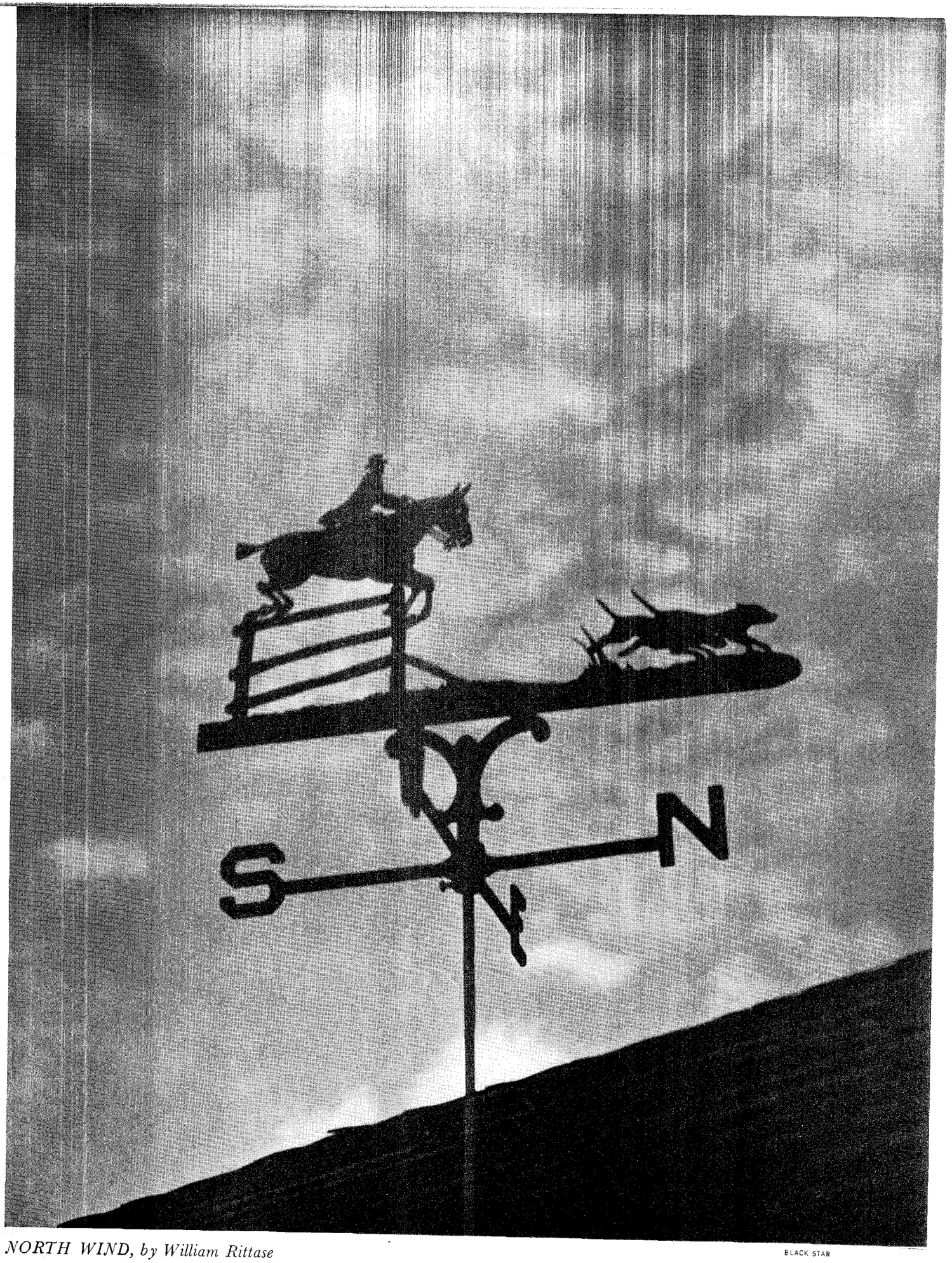
PECKIN', by Max J. Futterman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACK STAR

MONOGRAMS, by Ewing Krainin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NORTH WIND, by William Rittase

BLACK STAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don herold examines:

corrigan

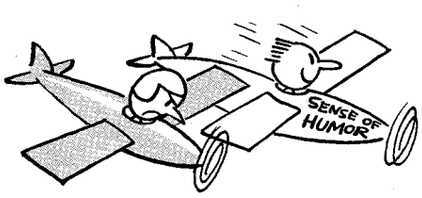
The most delightful thing that has happened in the world since Walt Disney's *Snow White* was Douglas Corrigan's flight to Ireland.

It is too bad that Corrigan didn't meet up with that other great Irishman while he was over there—George Bernard Shaw. They have much in common; if Shaw had flown from America to Ireland, he would have taken about the same attitude toward it and would have had about the same joyous answers; both of these Irishmen have been of immeasurable help to the world in its learning of a most important lesson: the importance of being insincere.

Corrigan has set aviation ahead 100 years.

He certainly has done nothing of scientific value to flying, but he is the first man to bring to aviation a sense of humor. Aviation was just about to become a deadly bore. There has grown up about it something closely akin to righteousness. Anything which calls for heroics is thus apt to become a bore.

Perhaps this impression of mine is based incorrectly on motion pictures. The cinema has invariably portrayed



aviators as solemn, sentimental and sophomoric fellows.

Even Lindbergh was grim, nearly glum, about aviation.

Will Rogers had a sense of humor about everything else. Aviation was almost divine with him; he was its most tiresome booster. It is ironic that this one thing about which he had no humor should have led him to his death.

For, after all, aviation is just one more way of getting to places of only moderate importance. Methods of locomotion have improved greatly in recent years, but places to go have remained about the same. We have so many other and more significant things to learn in this life than how to save time. Why, only a small percentage of people have, up to now, learned how to act on a slow boat trip to Europe.

So, all that solemnity which has surrounded aviation needed a little cracking up, and Corrigan cracked it, bless his heart.

He also cracked the importance of getting to California when you start that way, and the pomposity of government red tape. He knew that if he got to Ireland, even the Commerce Department would laugh with him. If he drowned, he wouldn't need their "permission," either.

I'm not knocking the Howard Hughes method of flying to glory. I like him because he is studious and has caution, and because he is a great sportsman, and no show-off. And I like him because he didn't dress up for his world flight; he wore just a felt hat and a two-dollar everyday shirt.

But for glorious playfulness and epic boyishness and conquering charm in a field in which hushed heroics and mock modesty have been so often prevalent, Douglas Corrigan takes a cake.

And, oh yes, he didn't hook up with Grover Whalen.

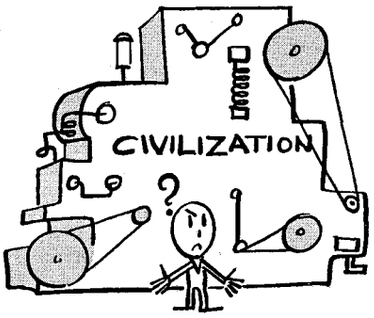
the big gadget

It seems to me that civilization is, after all, just a tremendous gadget which nobody knows how to run and which nobody will ever learn how to run very well. The thing has become entirely too big and complicated already, and is all out of hand at present, and has had a disconcerting habit of getting all out of hand every few years since the beginning of time.

It will have to be run by smart people, and the trouble there is that smart people do not agree among themselves any more than dumb people agree among themselves; there are just as many kinds of smartness as there are kinds of dumbness. And the smart people cannot get the power to run things unless they get a majority of the dumb people to agree with them, and this makes the smart people do things which even they know are dumb. And just about the time one kind of smart people gets things running fairly smoothly by some hook or crook, a different kind of smart people grows up with an entirely new set of theories and upsets the prevailing apple carts.

To complicate matters, the human race is essentially as nervous as a fox terrier. If we ever evolute into a really satisfactory political and economic life, we won't like it. The tedium of it will soon bore us into some kind of rebellion and revolution.

So I have little patience with anybody who thinks that there is some kind of system which will be the answer. Maybe



things improve. You can put your finger on definite improvements. There is no Negro slavery in America, but there is now widespread poverty which is as bad as slavery; millions of people might as well be eating dependently off of some plantation owner. We get rid of smallpox and get Hitler. We improve a little in one corner and go all to pieces in another corner.

As a college student and young man, I thought some "ism" would eventually bring a millennium. Now I believe nobody is smart enough to engineer a millennium and if anybody did, it would soon bore us to tears and we would turn for relief to some loud-mouthed anti-millennium excitement, even if it were nothing more than some new form of hades.

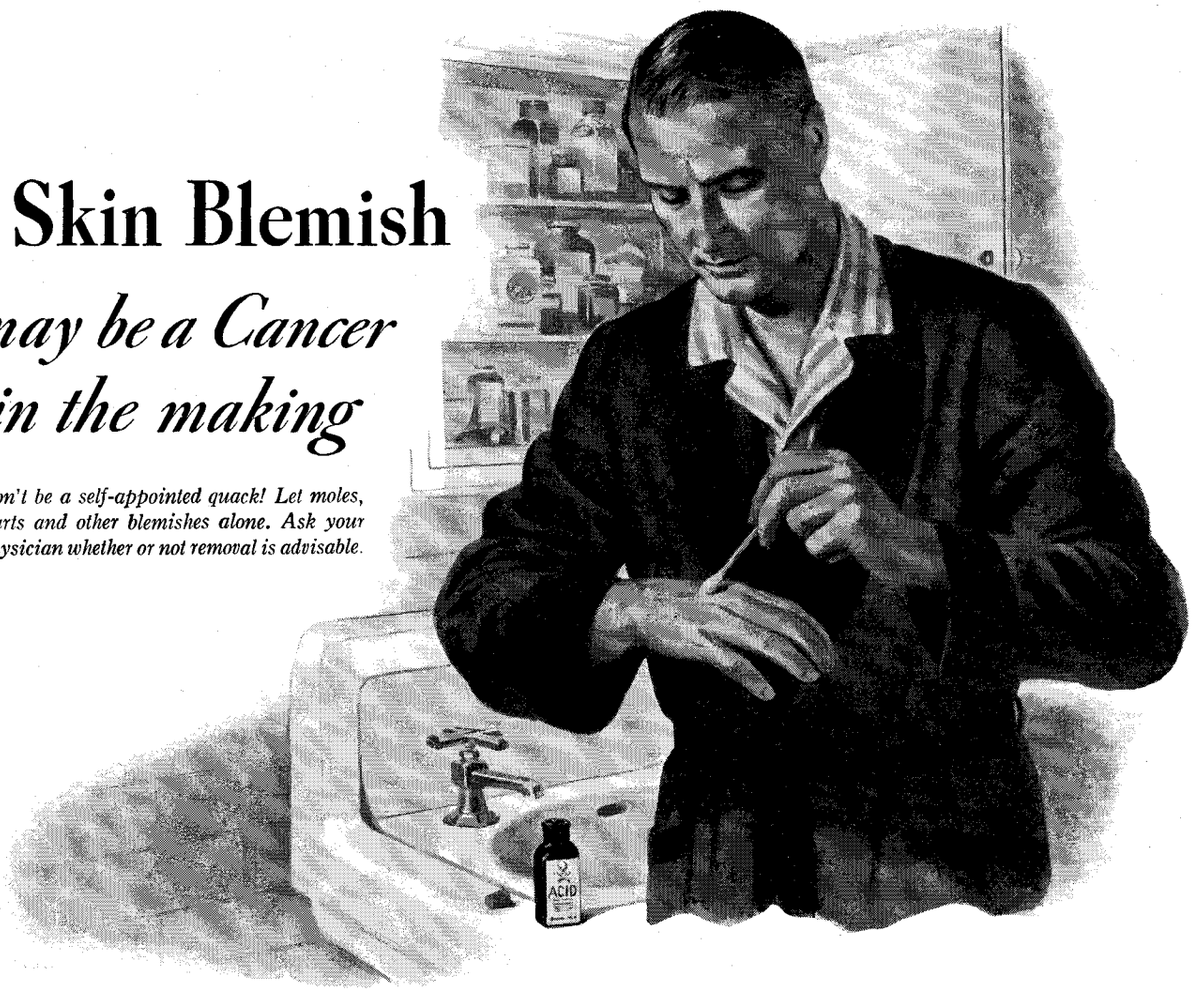
Shall we, then, all shoot ourselves? No. There are still bright-eyed babies coming into the world, there are still children with light in their faces. Maybe some baby, some boy or girl, will someday laughingly unlock us from our doom. I look to kids for our salvation. I distrust all old men. I look to kids. So even I still have hope, you see. Silly, but I do.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Skin Blemish

may be a Cancer in the making

Don't be a self-appointed quack! Let moles, warts and other blemishes alone. Ask your physician whether or not removal is advisable.



MOLES and other skin blemishes usually are just what they appear to be—entirely harmless disfigurements. But as the years go by they sometimes develop into skin cancers, chiefly because the danger is not recognized and they are not treated in their early curable form.

As long as a mole, wart, brown or crusty patch, scar or other skin growth does not change from year to year, you need not give it serious thought. But be on the lookout for such signs as darkening in color, increase in size, scaliness, or a tendency to bleed.

An open wound which refuses to heal is rarely cancerous in the beginning. However, if untreated, it may develop into a stubborn form of skin cancer which is exceedingly difficult to conquer. Prolonged exposure to strong sunlight may lead to skin cancer. Excessive smoking is held responsible for many lip cancers.

Beware of quack remedies such as salves, ointments and other "cures" for any abnormal skin condition which may be cancer. Only surgery, X-rays, or radium in the hands of a competent surgeon or physician can, as a rule, cure cancer. Self-treatment is dangerous. Innocent moles and warts, which many men attempt to remove with caustics or amateur surgery, may reappear as malignant growths.

Let your doctor decide whether or not early surgical removal is necessary, especially if the growth is located where it is constantly exposed to irritation.

Skin cancers are the easiest of all to detect and cure, yet they kill more than 3000 persons every year in the United States. If you have the slightest suspicion that a mole or other skin condition may be developing in any unusual way, see your doctor at once. Most skin cancers, given prompt and skilful treatment, can be cured without deformity.

Send for the Metropolitan free booklet "Cancer." Address Booklet Department 1038-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Copyright, 1938, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Market Place

(continued from page 24)

had been broken. Serious things, he had read, had been happening in Wall Street, but that didn't mean anything was wrong in Alabama; his father would have warned him, and he hadn't heard from his father in nearly a month. It was all right; if the check didn't come, he could get a duplicate. But it was in his way, like an overcast morning when the light was bad; he needed that money; he couldn't paint without it.

And McAfee. They needed McAfee, he and the Alabama farmers. But McAfee was very noncommittal; in fact, McAfee had changed his mind, couldn't risk a one-man show right now, Wall Street on its ear, nobody interested in art with the stock market going to hell, would hang three of his pictures in a show of Americans in February, how was that? That was all right, better than nothing. But wasn't that fellow really just losing interest in him?

Suddenly he looked up and realized that he had walked past the house. He retraced his steps and, as he opened the front door, he saw the envelope in the mailbox—the red letters "Planters Fertilizer Company, Georgetown, Alabama—Established 1892."

He took the steps two at a time, ripping the envelope open as he went, and as he came into the apartment, he waved the check at Louisa. "Read it. Study it. What color! What composition! And what balance!"

She laughed and then said, "Your father didn't sign it."

"Who signed it?"

" 'John Carlisle, vice-president.' Is it all right?"

"Sure it's all right. Carlisle signs them sometimes. Probably Daddy's gone a-hunting. We'll go celebrate."

"We won't do any such thing!"

"But this fixes us for three months."

"Not three months of debauchery."

They laughed.

VI

When they left the restaurant they walked arm in arm along the half-deserted sidewalk. They passed some ragged boys throwing pieces of cardboard boxes on a fire blazing in the gutter.

"Let's go home and start a fire!" she said. "We haven't any kindling, but—"

"Oh, yes, we have!" He climbed over a ridge of dirty snow and pounced on a broken crate in the street.

She laughed at him pulling at the slats. "I wish your father could see you!"

"He would say, 'Now, Owen, do you feel it is the part of a gentleman to go foraging up and down the public thoroughfares for bits of firewood—' "

A taxi driver honked at him disgustedly and he dragged the box to one side; she came out into the street and picked up the pieces as he pulled them off.

When they entered the front door of the building, he saw a card sticking out of their mailbox. She slipped it out with her free hand. It was a notice from Western Union that there was a message for Owen DeLegal Woodruff in the box. "Give me the wood," she said.

He smiled at her and piled it in her arms. Then he unlocked the box and took out the yellow envelope.

He felt his eyebrows draw together and his lips relax; here was another of those moments like being left at school, another leg of the journey, boom going over—

PAPA DESPERATELY ILL COME AT ONCE MARTHA

He handed it to her, staring at the paper, biting a corner of his lip absentmindedly.

"Aw!" She put the wood on the floor and kissed him. "We'll go in the morning."

He didn't say anything. He didn't seem to feel anything except that his world was really being shaken now. Then he was conscious of her hand in the bend of his arm, and she said, "He may get all right."

He shook his head; there was something in the tone of those words, something piercing, unguarded—

A messenger boy opened the door.

"Is that for Woodruff?" Owen said.

The boy looked at the telegram. "Owen DeLegal Woodruff."

She signed for it while he tore it open. He knew what it was.

He read it slowly, then watched the boy hurry out of the door and skip down the steps.

VII

Under the canopy in the cool December shade, bareheaded, staring blankly at the mound of flowers over his father's coffin. The solemn song of the minister's voice floated past him in the scented air, heavily, suggesting bereavement as unmistakably as a college boy with a saxophone could suggest the cackle of laughter, yet tinted with a sort of resigned optimism, hovering round the grave with the comfortable assurance of a host, proprietary, at home.

He didn't know his father. His picture lacked details; he was the unembodied Peter Woodruff you named in the blank after "Father" on cards at Cambridge in the Bursar's Office, the Peter Woodruff who signed the dividend checks, who for so many years had kissed him in the railroad station, seeming to grow smaller and smaller as Owen stood tearfully on tiptoe, then disdainfully flat-footed, then affectionately leaning over, more and more frail as Owen's arms stretched out and hardened; in New York that day his shoulders had felt like a boy's and he had lifted his head to kiss him, as Owen had once had to do. Who was this man with the gentle smile, being lowered so ruthlessly into the ground? It was too late to know now; he was gone, like a dream, like the air you pass through and leave behind you, like the flame of a match blown out by some random gust of wind.

Somebody in black moved authoritatively and raised them up with his finger tips. They walked back off the grass and down the sandy path, Aunt Sally in black beside him, weeping. Why should they weep? This was something too big for tears: the wheel had moved and he had ceased to be a son. You couldn't weep about that. A day had passed and a new day had come; he was of age, his apprenticeship was done, whether he was qualified or not, he would learn no more as a son. Father and son were dead. Qualified or not, that was all; swim or drown. It was as elemental as thunder; nothing to weep for. And yet he felt like weeping too, not for his father, but for the rest of them with their involuntary pitiable quaking under the hollow stare of death, for himself and his own deep shudder.

When he got home he wandered with Louisa out into the garden in the weakening warmth of the afternoon sun.

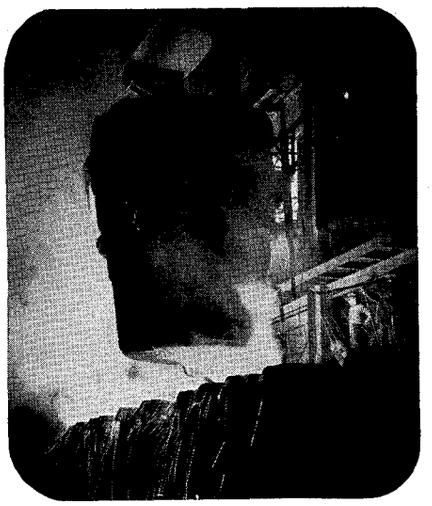
"I want to go back," he said. "Just as quick as we can go."

"We don't have to hurry."

"Yes, we do. We've got our lives to lead. I've got two or three weeks' work on those things for McAfee. If he's going to hang them on the first of February, he'll be after me pretty soon."

"But even if we don't get back until January, you'll have plenty of time."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

With hats doffed to all good quiz addicts Bethlehem Steel Company presents a test for determining your knowledge of some common facts and terms concerning steel.

The person who has a good I. Q. may score favorably here, as the alternate choices given below are frequently drawn from general knowledge. Hence you may succeed by the process of elimination.

1. One of the following cities is famous for the production of steel swords:

(*a*) *Hoboken* (*b*) *Marseilles* (*c*) *Kansas City* (*d*) *Calcutta* (*e*) *Toledo* (*f*) *South Bend*

2. The two men who, working together, were the pioneers in the development of high-speed tool steels were:

(*a*) *Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore*
(*b*) *David Montgomery and Fred Stone*
(*c*) *Frederick W. Taylor and Maunsel White*
(*d*) *Richard W. Sears and A. C. Roebuck*
(*e*) *Peter Cooper and Abram S. Hewitt*

3. The tin can, so-called, is made of tin plate, which is sheet steel coated with tin. Of the following edible substances there is only one which Bethlehem Steel Company does not use in manufacturing tin plate.

(*a*) *bran* (*b*) *wheat flour* (*c*) *palm oil*

4. Slag wool, frequently used for insulation, is a by-product of:

(*a*) *coal* (*b*) *sheep* (*c*) *blast furnace operations* (*d*) *rayon*

5. If your sleep last night was comfortable, restful, which one of the steel products below is most likely to have contributed?

(*a*) *cold-rolled sheets* (*b*) *plates* (*c*) *wire* (*d*) *structural shapes*

6. The inventor of the mill which rolls wide-flanged structural shapes for modern skyscraper construction was named:

(*a*) *Guglielmo Marconi* (*b*) *Adoniram Judson* (*c*) *John Philip Sousa* (*d*) *Henry Grey* (*e*) *Walter de la Mare*

7. The official records of the American Iron and Steel Institute show that:

(*a*) *Employment in the steel industry reached a new peak of 513,000 in 1937, compared with 419,500 in 1929.*
(*b*) *That technological improvements have cut employment to a level of 15 years ago.*
(*c*) *That employment has been virtually the same since 1920.*

8. A continuous strip mill is:

(*a*) *A device for stripping bark from logs in a lumber yard.*
(*b*) *A series of rolls which produce flat lengths of steel several hundred feet in length.*
(*c*) *A skimmer for removing slag from steel in the open hearths.*

9. One of the following common military terms is likely to occur often, with a special meaning, in the conversation of a steel man.

(*a*) *barrack* (*b*) *billet* (*c*) *parade* (*d*) *cantonment*

10. What steel company has recently completed a new mill at Sparrows Point, Maryland, for the production of cold-rolled tin plate?

ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 57 • SCORE 10 FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, anyway, I want to go. There's nothing holding us here—"

"How about the business?"

"My father told me to sell it when he died. There oughtn't to be any trouble about that. A few years ago he had an offer of two hundred dollars a share; if we can get that, I think we ought to take it. I'll talk to Broughton about it, down at the Merchants Bank—"

"We'll fix it. Don't worry." She kissed him quickly with tender familiarity. "You better come on in."

He looked after her, smiling. It was wonderful the way she took everything; she wanted to get back as much as he did, more, probably, because she wasn't even connected with all this through memory, yet she wasn't going to make any fuss about it.

Well, they would go, and it wouldn't be long. The rest of it he would turn over to a lawyer—

He heard a step on one of the squares of red tile in the grass. "Well, Mr. Owen?"

Hugh was wearing an old overcoat he remembered as his father's. "You going home now, Hugh?"

"Well, sir," Hugh said aimlessly, "I reckon so."

Owen gave him a cigarette and he took a long soiled match out of the coat pocket and struck it on the seat of his trousers. He stood there for a few minutes in an unembarrassed silence, then said on an expiration, "Well, Mr. Peter's gone, Mr. Owen."

He would have preferred not to talk about it, but Hugh didn't seem to feel that way. "The best friend I ever had. Unless it was Major. Ever will have. There went a good man."

Owen mumbled an assent.

"I buried your grandpa," Hugh went on deliberately, looking away as if reading the enumeration in the limbs of the deodara. "And I buried your grandma. And I buried your mamma. And now I've buried Mr. Peter." He simply stated it, with dignity but without grief. "I been with this family twenty-six years, nine months and nine days."

"We'll find you something. We'll look after you, don't worry about that."

Hugh laughed. "I ain' worried about that, Mr. Owen. I worked for your grandpa and I worked for your papa; I reckon I can work for you."

Owen glanced at him, but he went on without hesitation as if all that was settled, "I'm mighty glad you come back home, Mr. Owen; it used to worry us a little sometime. It used to look like to us sometime you forgot to come back."

"I didn't forget—"

"You b'long to be in the fertilizer business. Your grandpa was in it and your papa was in it. Mr. Peter's said to me many's the time, 'I built up this business, Hugh, countin' on Mr. Owen comin' in there and takin' it off my hands; but it don't look like he's inclined that way.' And I'd tell him, 'Mr. Peter, don't you worry about that; he be back; they always come back.' "

Owen shook his head with a smile; he wanted to tell him outright, but it seemed hard to do. He doubted if Hugh would believe him anyway.

"Truth to tell," Hugh grinned, "Mr. Peter owe me a suit of clothes."

"How's that?"

"I bet him a suit of clothes you'd come home."

"Well, I guess you can have two or three suits now."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir—"

"But not because you won the bet."

"Shucks, I won the bet all right."

Owen wondered if Hugh didn't really suspect he was planning to leave and was trying to make him change his mind. He said good night to Hugh and walked off over the grass.

He would begin his departure tomorrow.

VIII

But there were other things he had to attend to, slow-moving things, legal details; nobody else was in any hurry. It was a week before he could get round to the major problem of selling the business.

He walked into the bank.

"I'd like to see Mr. Broughton," he said. "I'm Owen Woodruff."

A young man in a dark-blue suit led him across the lobby and opened the door of an office for him. Mr. Broughton was standing up behind his desk.

"Come in, Mr. Woodruff," he said with a merry squint, holding out his hand to Owen. "Have a cigar." Then he guided his facial muscles into a tableau of solemnity, as some people force a smile. "We are awfully sorry about your good father." The muscles snapped back into their smile. "He was one of our best customers."

Owen said, "I thought you might—"

"We've been doing business with your father for thirty years. And we want to do business with *you* too."

"With me!" Owen laughed. "I'm a painter—"

"That's all right. You can learn."

"I'm not going into the business."

Mr. Broughton gazed at him as if for the first time he had seen him. "You're not going into the fertilizer business?"

"No. I'm no good at that sort of thing—"

"You can't tell until you try, Mr. Woodruff. Don't be discouraged before you start. Who knows? Maybe you'll be a better fertilizer man than your father. He made mistakes; we all do. But maybe you won't!"

"I've spent all my life—"

"You mean you and your sisters thinking of putting somebody in there to run it for you?"

"No, we want to get out. I thought you might know of somebody who wanted to buy a good fertilizer company—"

"Buy it?" Gaiety glinted in his eyes again. "I wish I did, Mr. Woodruff. I've got one I'd like best in the world to sell 'em."

Owen looked at him with a sinking heart.

"Nobody wants a fertilizer business today, Mr. Woodruff. These are bad times for the fertilizer industry. They're broke, Mr. Woodruff. They all owe me money. The Planters is the only one of them round here that ain't broke."

"Maybe there's some other way—"

"No, sir, Mr. Woodruff, there's nothing to do but keep it. You can't sell it, you wouldn't want to liquidate it—"

"What do you mean, liquidate it?"

"Collect your assets, pay off your liabilities—you could liquidate your company, Mr. Woodruff. You won't get but half what it's worth as a going concern, but you'd be out of it. Have you discussed it with your Board of Directors?"

"Not yet," said Owen; he didn't know there *was* a Board of Directors.

"You and your sisters control the company; you-all can liquidate if you want to."

"How long would it take?"

"Oh, you might realize most of it in six months."

"Six months!"

"The money you've got out in the country, your old accounts, may take a couple of years, and then you won't get anything like what they're worth."

"I can't stay down here six months," Owen said, more to himself than to Mr. Broughton. "I've got work to do, I've got a show in February—"

Owen went out into the street, bewildered and depressed.

Liquidate it. That's what he would do. Talk to Mr. Carlisle, ask him to call a meeting of the Board of Directors, call it for tomorrow—

IX

He pulled open the screen door that dragged a little on the stone threshold. It was warm inside; there were coal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED *Woman Influence?*

DRUSA BOULTON of Upland, California, candies fruits; sells them by mail; makes money. In the March Farm Journal she told about it.

On July 20th came a letter from Mrs. Boulton's daughter with news of a flood of mail her mother had received from women in every corner of the nation. Came also a letter from the University of California. Buried deep in Mrs. Boulton's story was reference to the University's Extension Circular #10 "The Home Preparation of Candied Fruit." That mere mention exhausted their supply; made two large reprints necessary; and requests are still coming in.

Strange by-product was a business deal that linked Florida with California. This year subscriber Boulton will pack California fruits in Florida subscriber Conner's home-made pine needle baskets.

Two farm women linking hands across the nation through an idea from Farm Journal. A great university spreading nationally the results of its research because Farm Journal printed a sentence. Thousands of women on the way to doing something constructive, because Farm Journal started them thinking. *This is woman influence!*

N. B. You can influence women in over 1,365,000 Farm Journal homes to *think* about your product at a black and white page cost of less than ¼ of a cent per home.

FARM JOURNAL

WASHINGTON SQUARE · PHILADELPHIA

THE NATIONAL NEWS MAGAZINE FOR THE FARM FAMILY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fires in the grates. He hesitated a minute at the opening in the wire, looking through uncertainly at the old desks and the three men bending over them.

"Yes, sir!" A tall young man in his shirt sleeves whom he didn't remember got up from the desk where his Uncle John used to work.

"I don't suppose you remember me. I'm Owen Woodruff."

Bartow looked up in the act of punching a number. "Well, Owen!" he said, coming around a corner of a high desk. "Come in. Have you forgotten where the door is?"

He shook hands with all of them.

They spoke to him for a few minutes in low voices about "Mr. Peter."

After a while he said, "But I guess I'm interrupting you. This is the beginning of your busy season, isn't it?"

They laughed a little, shaking their heads. "We don't see any signs of it yet," Dobey said.

Bartow looked as if he wanted to say something.

"Is Mr. Carlisle here?" Owen said, meaning to interrupt him.

He was afraid if he stayed another minute Bartow would ask him about the business. He couldn't stand there and tell them. It would have to come in some other way. Carlisle would have to tell them.

"Yes, go right back."

He went back and tapped on the glass of Mr. Carlisle's door. His father had used that office in Major's day; then he had moved into the front office. Now the front office was empty again. Mr. Carlisle, naturally, probably expected—it would be almost as bad telling him as telling the men. He had been there fifteen years—

He put his hat on a table with some fertilizer magazines and sat down. Mr. Carlisle offered him a cigar. They talked for a few minutes about his father, then about the business.

"We've had two bad years. But we're in a sound financial position and we can stand it. We're not going to lose any money this year. We might even make a little."

He didn't know quite how to begin telling him there wasn't going to be a "this year."

"The way I figure it, Mr. Carlisle—well, just about everything my sisters and I have is in this company. Either I ought to go into the business and try to learn to take care of—"

"You'll find it won't be so hard—"

"But you see, I have my own work. I've spent all my life trying to learn to draw—"

"You can draw in your spare time."

"No, that's a full-time job. It doesn't seem to look like it, but it is."

"I have a niece up in Asheville who likes to draw."

"Well, if she likes it, she ought to do it. There's no use in spending your one life doing something you don't want to do."

"It's sometimes hard to do everything you want to do."

"Yes, I know."

"Of course, if you didn't want to, you wouldn't have to go in the business. We've got a fine lot of men."

He wondered what this man's dark eyes would look like when he told him.

Mr. Carlisle lowered his voice. "There's been some talk round town, naturally, about what's going to become of the Planters. It isn't a good thing for people to get the idea we're closing up. I'm running a statement in the papers, announcing Peter's departure and saying that the business will continue to be operated under its old principles."

Owen let his eyes run along the dusty photograph of the tramway at the factory which his grandfather had proudly hung over the mantelpiece. If they were going into liquidation they oughtn't to run such a statement. Yet, technically, he didn't know whether they were going into liquidation or not, did he, until they held the meeting of the Directors?

"Then when things straighten out a little bit we'll call a meeting of the Board to pass a resolution about Peter's loss and," he lowered his eyes, "and take some action about filling his place."

Owen nodded.

"Well, it's good to see you, Owen. How's the little wife?"

"Fine," Owen said. "I hope your family's well."

"I'm sending the boy up to V. M. I. next year—"

He stood up and held out his hand. "Well, I just stopped in to say hello."

He went out through the screen door that dragged a little, got in his father's car, and drove home.

The sum of all this was exactly nothing; no possibility of a sale, a liquidation would take at least six months. The only way he could go back to his work in January was to let the business run on under Carlisle. That might not be such a bad idea—or was he thinking that now through a weak sentimentality? As an artist, he wasn't used to profiting at somebody else's loss. Yet, standing there in that gray tweed suit, pursing his lips in emphasis, looking up at the opaque skylight, "If anything happens to me, Owen, you'd better sell."

X

When he came out of the office of the third real-estate agent, he stood for a minute in the sun on the edge of the sidewalk. They had all said very much the same thing: there was no market for houses, business was at a standstill.

First the business, now the house, ponderous, immovable, blocking his path, trying to imprison him, trying to make him something he was determined not to be. For what he would be ten years from now depended on no one thing any more than on where he spent those ten years, one Owen Woodruff if he spent them in New York, quite a different Owen Woodruff if he spent them in Alabama.

He felt a strong grip of sinewy fingers round his arms and looked down at a scrawny little man in a high collar whose face at first glance meant nothing to him, but which, in a minute or two, began to assume the vague familiarity of some old place he had visited in his childhood. Then he knew who it was, but he couldn't call his name—fishing with his father on the coast, the Negro boy beating a "stingaree" on the side of the boat, and this man in the bow with a deliberate grin unscrewing the cap of a leather flask—Newton Spell. And now not greeting him at all or asking how he was or what he was doing, but just gripping his arm and saying, "Had your dope?"

They walked down the street to Dunavant's and sat at a white table, Mr. Spell eyeing the waitress from collar to hem with casual impudence and telling her, "Two dopes with lemon, Miss, mine without very much ice in it."

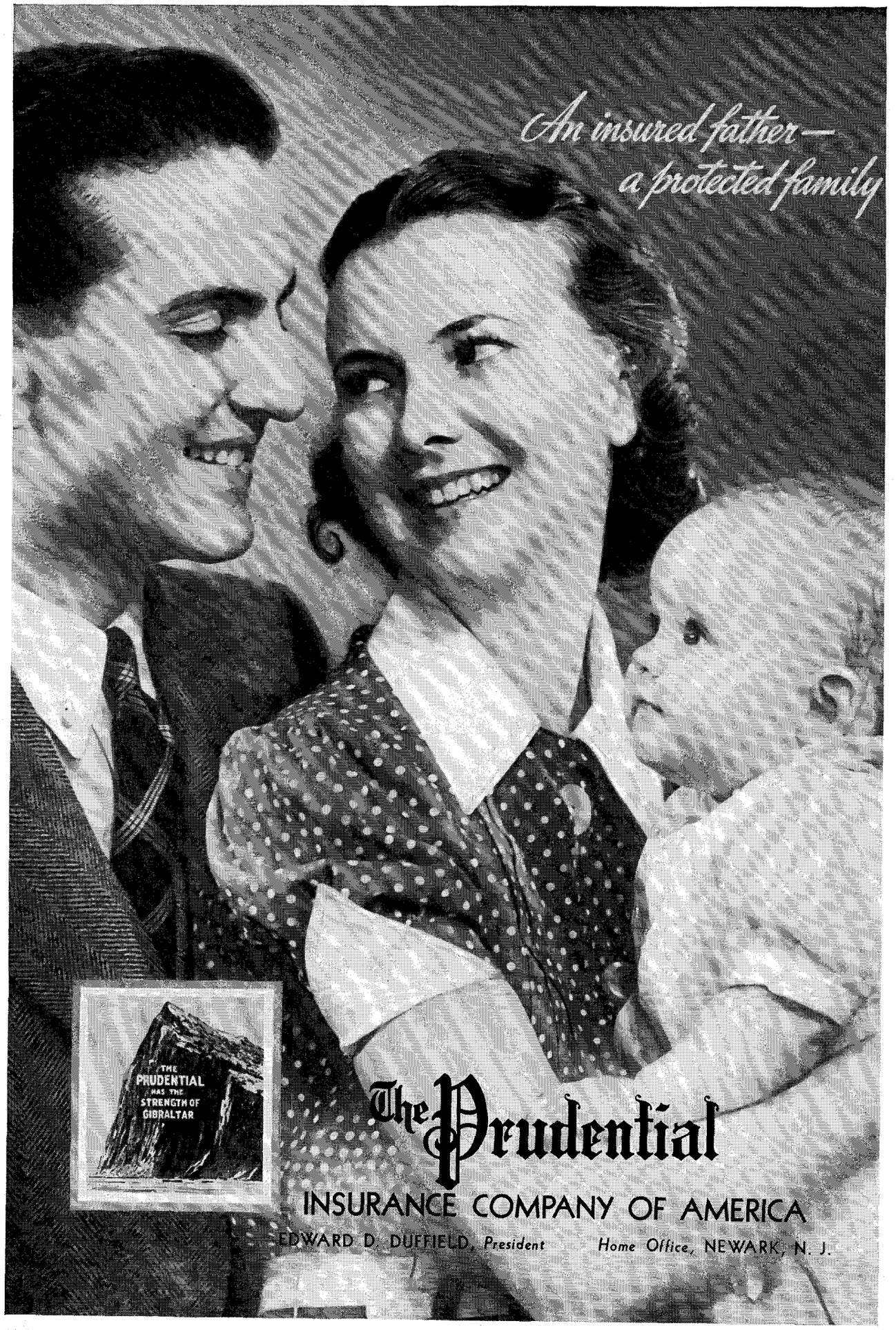
Then he turned back to the table. "Well, Owen," he said, "what you going to do about it? I've been a director in that company since your grandfather died. Peter asked me if I wanted two hundred shares of Major's stock at $125 and I was glad to get it. I loved Peter Woodruff like a brother, and I knew that money was safe with him as in old man Broughton's bank. And I was right; it was safe and it was profitable. But things ain't the same now, with Peter gone, and, Owen, I want out. Gimme one of those straws over there."

Owen handed him a straw and he stirred the ice round in his glass, watching it turn. "Yes, sir, I want out, I think we all do." He looked at Owen.

"Yes, but—"

"But how we going to get out? That's what I've been thinking about for four weeks. We want out. And the best way to get it is to act like we want in. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


An insured father—
a protected family
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
The Prudential
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President
Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there's one sure way of looking like we want in." He glanced at Owen.

"I don't know what you're getting at."

"We'll have a meeting and we'll elect John Carlisle president of the company." He paused to take a long sip through the straw, his brown cheeks sucked in, his eyes studying the ice. "And we'll elect Owen Woodruff vice-president in John Carlisle's place—"

Owen interrupted him with an incredulous laugh, but Mr. Spell didn't even stop to smile.

"You can go in there, hang around, see what it's all about, learn something about your investment. You won't be worth much of a salary for a while, but then we won't vote you much of a salary. At the same time you'll be worth something for the impression of permanence and stability having Peter's son in the office there. Then if somebody wants our little company, they won't think we're ready to close up. They won't think they can have it for nothing."

It was obvious Mr. Spell meant what he said, and it seemed only courteous to answer him seriously. "I'm a painter, Mr. Spell. You don't seem to realize—"

"Listen, Owen. Peter's talked to me; I know. You're a painter by the grace of God and the Planters Fertilizer Company."

"That's true."

"If it wasn't for the company you'd have to take some regular job or you'd have to make the sort of paintings the average man would buy. That might be a good thing. I don't know. I can't understand, myself, why a good painting has to be something nobody wants. It ain't that way with good cotton or good tobacco, or good fertilizer—"

"That's not quite true," Owen said, "of good painting either."

"Well, as I say, I don't understand those things. And it's beside the point, anyhow. The point is the only way you can make the pictures you want to make, and live in any sort of comfort, is to get money from somewhere else. The Planters Fertilizer Company is as important to your pictures as the food you eat."

"I thought I might get enough from a liquidation to live on—"

"The biggest part of that company is your uncollected accounts, and they're practically worthless in a liquidation. A farmer won't pay a company he ain't going to do any more business with."

"I also thought of just letting it run along. They're good men—"

"Owen—you're being offered financial independence for life in exchange for a year or two of your time."

"A year or two?"

"It might take three or four. But I don't know anybody who wouldn't work three or four years to be independent for thirty or forty. Aside from which, Owen, I think you owe it to your father's friends, who put their money in there on account of Peter, to do everything you can to let them get it back."

Owen stared at the white table while Mr. Spell paused, then went on, "You think it over. As the niggers say, just let it set awhile on your mind." He stood up. "I've got one of the finest bird dogs, Owen, in Chisholm County. You never saw a prettier picture in your museums than Old Joe when he points a covey of part'idges. We'll go out sometime and watch him work—"

On the corner Mr. Spell left him with a wave of his hand. He walked to the place where he had parked his father's car. At first, "six months"; now, "two or three years"—"three or four years." That was too much to ask.

XI

A THIN brown man with a stained hat pushed up from his forehead came hesitantly through the screen door, some new floor mops on his shoulder. He stopped in front of the opening in the grill. "How-do, gentlemen?"

Dobey looked up from his pencil point, "Good mornin', sir."

"Gentlemen," said the man, "I don't want to sell you all these mops, I just want to sell you one."

Bartow raised his pen from the yellow page of the ledger and looked round over his spectacles. "Not today."

The man turned round and walked slowly out.

Owen put his elbow on the desk—the desk on which his father had leaned. All this was the element in which his father had lived. The seeds out of which Owen DeLegal Woodruff had grown had been shaped by this element, imperceptibly perhaps, but shaped nevertheless. How could there fail to be in him an affinity for this element? Maybe that was why his pictures had fallen just short—

"Letter for you, Mr. Woodruff. Mr. Sam Vaiden give it to me as I passed his office." He took the envelope from the boy and opened it. He knew what it was; it was the insurance policy on the Ford he had bought.

He opened the policy and looked at it; he had never seen one before. It seemed peculiarly natural to see his name there, *Owen DeLegal Woodruff,* followed by that old address which he hadn't used since he left college: *24 Wheelis Road, Georgetown, Alabama.* The only thing that didn't look quite natural, he thought, was the thing that was most natural to him, the occupation, the "Named Assured's Business." *Artist* didn't seem to fit with that address; when he had used that address, it had been *"Occupation: Student." Artist* seemed a little uncomfortable there. Well, he was an artist, wasn't he? Yes, he was an artist; he hadn't painted very much lately, but that didn't matter—

A tall, thin man in an old and baggy suit opened the outer door of the office and sauntered in, his straw hat on the back of his head, his pink and freckled face somewhat incongruously grave and immobile compared with the gray-blue liveliness of his eyes. Owen couldn't tell whether he was thirty-five or sixty-six.

Dobey glanced up. "Here he is!"

"How do?" he said succinctly to the office in general, walking on to the water cooler and pulling out a paper cup.

Bartow peeped round his spectacles. "Yes, sir; here he is."

Dobey said, "Look like he got on a new blue shirt to me."

A smile flickered at the corners of his thin lips, but he drank in silence.

"A new shirt!" Bartow said, putting down his pen and beginning to thumb the pages of a little green notebook with "Planters Fert. Co." on the front. "I didn't see that in his expense book."

He threw the paper cup into the wastebasket. "Well, it's in there," he said.

They all chuckled.

He didn't know who this man was; he didn't think that he had ever seen him before. If he had an expense book he was probably one of the salesmen; he had probably been out on "the road."

After a while the man came slowly through the door with a lanky stride and without looking at him said, "How do, sir."

Owen got up and held out his hand.

"I'm Jones," the man said. "Ivy Jones."

"I'm glad to meet you. I'm Owen Woodruff—"

"I know, Mr. Woodruff, I know. I'd know you anyhow from your resemblance to Mr. Peter."

Mr. Jones put his hat on the top of the roll-top desk and sat down, flinging one leg heavily over the other. He felt in his coat pocket and took out a crumpled cigarette paper. Owen offered him a package.

"Got one right here, thank you, sir." He smoothed the paper out with his forefingers and deliberately rolled himself a cigarette. "We all feel mighty bad about Mr. Peter," he said, licking an edge of the paper. "When a man goes that you've known for seventeen years, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE! ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING NOVELS OF OUR TIME!

Within those walls—romance and tenderness; without—discovery and certain death!

FOR seven trembling secret weeks they had hidden together in her room, this English officer in a mad daring escape from a German prison camp and this girl of the Berlin streets. Now suspicious police were closing in. "They should have shaken in their shoes, but they made love. They belonged to a generation that got up in the morning and lay down at night with death for its companion . . ."

Finish this breathless story for yourself. Finish it *with our compliments.* For we want to send you FREE this thrilling novel, "Everything is Thunder," by J. L. Hardy, as a demonstration of Mercury Books and the new plan that brings you some of the most exciting novels of recent years at only 25 cents a copy.

How we smashed publishing costs to bring you 60,000-word novels at 25 cents each

When a new book is published, no one knows how many copies will be sold. So a *first* edition of only a few thousand copies is printed. But because of the cost of type, plates, paper, cloth, and binding, the publisher must price the book at $2.50 or more. On most books, the publisher actually loses money. He has to depend on books that have large sales to make up these losses and show any profit on his total business.

Each year more than 2,500 new volumes of fiction are published in the United States. And of these—*only one in ten sells as many as 20,000 copies.*

The Mercury plan smashes this problem of original publishing costs. Each month we select—out of all the thousands of novels published in the past few years—only *one* of such genuine merit, so thrilling and exciting, that it is certain to have a large sale when sold at a low price.

Then we set this book in new, fresh, clean, easy-to-read type, print it on good but not expensive stock, bind it in an attractive sturdy paper cover in the convenient size of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and THE READER'S DIGEST, and publish 100,000 copies! No wonder ordinary publishing costs are knocked into a cocked hat! We bring the cost *per copy* down so *low* that we can offer this book to you *at 25 cents* and still make a small profit on each copy.

Publishers cooperate in this plan

Right here we want to thank publishers of the selected books for their wonderful cooperation in making these low-cost volumes possible. By taking for themselves and the author a small royalty on each copy, they make these books available to an entirely new audience that up to now has had to be content with magazine reading.

You will be so delighted with Mercury Books that you will do as thousands of others have done—spread the news of these amazing book values. That's how Mercury Books, in a few short months, have attained such sales. Already thousands of Mercury fanatics besiege newsdealers day after day for the *next* Mercury Book before its publication date each month.

How to get your FREE copy of "Everything is Thunder"

To introduce Mercury Books to you, we are making this special offer. We have chosen *four* of the greatest Mercury successes of the past year and have put them into a handsome library case. Send us the coupon below with *only $1* and we will ship you these four books and include *with our compliments* a copy of "Everything is Thunder." All *five* books will come in one package—a veritable treat of absorbing fiction.

Money back guarantee

If, when you have read some or all of these books, you are not entirely satisfied, simply return the 4 books in their container within 10 days, and we will promptly refund your dollar. But keep "Everything is Thunder" for your library. Accept this special offer *now,* and all *five* books will be on their way to you by return mail.

THESE 4 GREAT THRILLING BOOKS ONLY $1.00

Here are the 4 Mercury novels included in our special introductory offer to demonstrate this new publishing plan:

"13 STEPS"

by Whitman Chambers. A startling, fast-moving story of metropolitan newspaper life—with a brain-twisting plot, a violent love story, a breathless murder trial, all set against the realistic background of the press room.

"COMPANY K"

by William March. An unforgettable, vibrant, moving, shocking story of the Great War, told with a technique new to fiction and a suspense that never lets down to the last page.

"THIEVES LIKE US"

by Edward Anderson. No story could be more exciting than this thrill-packed novel of a fugitive from justice and the girl who chanced death with him through days and nights of haunting terror.

"DIAMOND JIM BRADY"

by Parker Morrell. Stranger than fiction is this robust, scandalous, fascinating life of a fabulous playboy in a fantastic era—incredible adventures of one of the most bizarre characters in American history.

Mercury Books

570 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y. C.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW

MERCURY BOOKS, 570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me the 4 Mercury Books, boxed, and include a copy of "Everything is Thunder" FREE. I enclose $1 (check or money order). It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied, I may return the 4 books within 10 days, and you will return my dollar. The gift book I am to keep for my library.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Scr. 10

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ain't an easy thing to get over. I've heard him speak of you the odd time."

Owen looked at the little photograph of his mother. "Yes," he said, then added with a spontaneous confidence that surprised him, "I guess he was always a little disappointed I didn't come in the business." He smiled; but Mr. Jones didn't smile.

"Well—I don't know, Mr. Woodruff." He lifted his sandy eyebrows at Owen for a second. "I remember he said one day he always believed in a man's following his own inclinations; we were in a boat down on the Ogeechee River, fishin'. Mr. Peter was a great fisherman. He said he'd left enough worries in that swamp to kill all the trees on the Ogeechee River—yes, sir; enough worries to kill all the trees on the Ogeechee River."

"And I understand the fertilizer business can breed pretty good worries, too."

"It can, Mr. Woodruff. I've heard him say he was glad you didn't have to worry about whether old man Jim Hollis's note was any good. But I don't reckon you been altogether free from things to worry you. I don't know the man that has." He uncrossed his legs and got up, the flat end of his home-made cigarette dangling between his thin lips and wiggling when he said, "I'm going up in your country, Mr. Woodruff."

"Where you going?"

"Up to Bordeaux."

"Bordeaux?"

"Didn't some of your kinfolks come from up there?"

"Well, yes, I guess they did."

Mr. Jones laughed, turning away. "I know doggone well they did. There's some of your kinpeople living up there today. I don't reckon you know old Jack DeLegal."

"I don't reckon I do."

"Well, you ought to meet him, Mr. Woodruff. Kinsman of yours—and buying all his fertilizer from the G. C."

"Why does he do that?"

"Well, if you want to get your hat and coat, Mr. Woodruff, maybe we can find an answer to your question."

XII

It was after twelve when Mr. Jones said to him, "And yonder's Bordeaux."

The rusty rails stood up out of the sand under the sun-washed "X" that marked the crossing; Mr. Jones concentrated and put the car in first speed.

They left the car under a sycamore tree and got out. A Negro came by sitting sideways on a mule, his limp shoulders flopping like a rag doll's.

Mr. Jones put his hands on his hips. "Where Mr. Jack?"

"Who, mule! Mister?"

"Where Mr. Jack?"

"Due to be in the sto'."

He couldn't remember ever being in a country store before, but the place seemed more familiar than strange. And yet it was full of strange things: plows and harness and lanterns, chewing tobacco and snuff and cheap cigars, overalls and stiff shoes, honey and syrup and flour and white bacon. The store seemed to exist, not only on all sides of them, but over their heads, too, and high up the posts, as if they had not so much walked in as tunneled in. Mr. Jones reached affably into a burlap bag hunched up on the floor against a post and handed him a fistful of pecans.

"Mr. Jack, shake hands with Mr. Owen Woodruff."

Mr. Jack DeLegal held out a hard-skinned hand to Owen noncommittally.

His narrow, blue eyes lighted up for a second, but he didn't smile. "Oh, yes," he nodded, and in the same breath: "You gentlemen have a Coca-Cola?"

This looked like some old quarrel of his father's that he was going to fall heir to, along with everything else.

"Yes, sir!" said Mr. DeLegal, putting two wet bottles down on the counter.

"Thank you, sir," said Owen. "Aren't you joining us?"

"Never drink it," said Mr. DeLegal. "Will you gentlemen come back and have a chair by the stove?"

They sat down by a little pink stove glowing like the edges of your fingers held before a light. Owen turned the bottle up and drank out of it. "My name's DeLegal too," he said.

Mr. DeLegal laughed a little, looking at him with some amusement, then glanced at Mr. Jones, saying, as if to him, "I know it is. Yes, sir, your grandpa was Papa's first cousin. I don't know what kin that makes you and me; I never figured it out."

"It's too much for me," Owen said.

"Your grandpa was lucky. If the Yankees hadn't burned his papa's place, you might be running this store instead of me."

Owen smiled at him amiably. "Well, it looks like a good store."

"If they hadn't burned the old place while your grandpa was walkin' up and down the State of Virginia, maybe he wouldn't have gone to Georgetown; maybe he would have stayed here like Papa did."

Owen turned the bottle up again; this wasn't inherited from his father; it was inherited from his grandfather.

"You sort of take after your grandpa, don't you?" Mr. DeLegal went on. "Things don't suit, you just leave 'em."

"He's back with the company now," Mr. Jones said, cracking two pecans against each other in his fist.

"He won't be there long," said Mr. DeLegal, "not if he takes after his grandpa."

"Well," Owen said good-naturedly, "my grandpa was there for twenty years."

"Yes, but before that your grandpa quit being a farmer, then he quit running a grocery store, then he quit running a flour mill—"

"How's your boys getting on, Mr. Jack?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Boys getting on good. The oldest getting through college in May."

"What college does he go to?" Owen asked him.

"Embalming College, sir. Cincinnati Embalming College."

Owen turned the bottle up and drank out of it for as long as he could hold his breath.

"Be nice to have him home again," said Mr. Jones.

"Yes, sir, but he isn't going to locate here. He's figuring on Atlanta. Yes, sir," he added, a little sadly, "for one reason or another the city always gets 'em."

"Well, you can't blame a man too much," said Mr. Jones pointedly, "for trying to make the most of his opportunities. The other boys going to run the farm?"

"Yes, sir, they staying on with me."

"How much cotton you going to put in, Mr. Jack?"

"I'm figuring on about the same as last year."

"Well, we'd like best in the world to ship you up a car of Planters' Special to give you something pretty to look out over the last of July." Mr. Jones got up.

Mr. DeLegal grinned. "When you coming back this way?"

"Oh, I'll be through here next week."

"Sharpen your pencil down real fine and come in to see me."

As they drove off, Mr. Jones said, "Well, it helps a man to get something off his chest, don't it? Yes, sir, I think you've made a sale."

He hadn't thought of his grandfather's moving on like that, abandoning first one thing then the next, looking for something else, something better. It seemed a bad thing to Jack DeLegal. But it didn't to him; his grandfather burned up his canvas when it didn't suit him and started another. And maybe it was time now for him too to burn up a canvas, burn up New York and start again—

"Do you ever get tired of home, Mr. Jones?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What's that, sir!"

"You ever get tired of home, want to get 'way off somewhere?"

"No, sir, I can't say as I do. Where'd I want to get to?"

"Oh—see the world."

"I went to Detroit once to get a Ford car for the company."

"You drove back home?"

"Yes, sir. And I was glad to get here. It's different with you. You been off so long home don't mean anything to you."

"I don't know what it means to me—but I have an idea I'm beginning to find out."

They drove into a mill town, the houses in neat lines along the road, uniform in size and plan, but hardly more uniform, he thought, than the brownstone houses in New York. The great red motherly looking mill sat back on its nest by the dam.

Mr. Jones went on as if he hadn't paused, as if he had timed his words to use this new support of his argument. "These here the only people round here that don't belong anywhere. I bet you there ain't a family in this town been here as much as five years. Once you start movin' it's hard to stop."

"I thought these people stayed here."

"What's to keep 'em! I got a field of winter wheat to look after when I'm not on the road and I got to thrash my peanut crop and I got to gin my cotton. But ain't nothing keeping these people. They ain't got any home. They get tired of it here and they pick up everything they own and go to another mill town. But it ain't so easy to pick up two hundred and fifty acres of good bottom land."

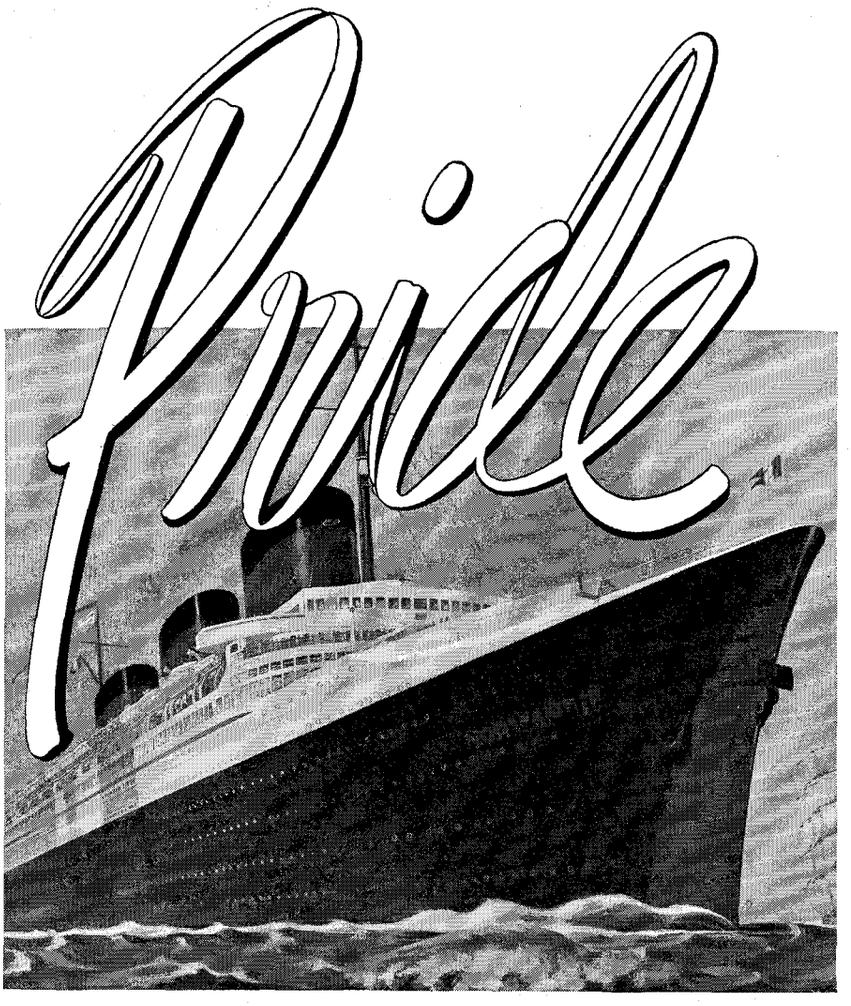
"But they're good people, aren't they?"

Mr. Jones glanced at him, then back at the road. "Triflingest people in the world. Give me a man that's got a piece of ground to tend to; he'll make you a better member of the community. And these people feel the same way about the Government they feel about the mill; they always ready to try another one. A man with a piece of ground to tend to, if it don't suit him he tries to improve it in some way or another. You know, Mr. Woodruff, all the people I know about in history—you'll know more about it than I do and can set me right—the ones that keep moving round all the time they never amount to very much. They don't leave nothing behind them."

"Of course," Owen smiled, "I've been moving round some myself."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jones. "I know you have."

He looked at Mr. Jones a little surprised that he should have stopped at



WITHOUT PREJUDICE

The French Line is rightfully proud of the NORMANDIE, world's largest ship. Her record compels admiration. Since launching, the NORMANDIE has maintained regular, scheduled speed with security . . . not merely for one record crossing, but day in and day out, at every season of the year. Her passenger list testifies to the public's appreciation of the NORMANDIE'S speed, luxury and comfort.

IN EVERY WAY a NORMANDIE crossing is ideal. Her size and speed enable you to make definite engagements for the fifth day (lunch in London or dinner in Paris) . . . the knowledge that Breton and Norman seamen, officers and engineers follow faithfully the French Line tradition of speed with safety . . . a really distinguished cuisine, impeccably served . . . large, delightful staterooms, with generous provision for luggage . . . all these things make the NORMANDIE the choice of smart travelers for their fall and winter crossing.

• New York to England and France, and thus to all Europe: PARIS, Oct. 4, Nov. 5 • ILE DE FRANCE, Oct. 8, 28 • NORMANDIE, Oct. 12, Nov. 12 • CHAMPLAIN, Oct. 22 • *Fly Anywhere in Europe via Air-France*

French Line

610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
(Rockefeller Center)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just that point as if he had been thinking of him all along; but Mr. Jones was blandly watching the road, absent-mindedly pushing out a corner of his mouth with his tongue. In a minute he said, still watching the road, "But your daddy didn't move round very much. And neither did your granddaddy."

"Well, my granddaddy did."

"No, sir! They burnt his house and your granddaddy moved to town. That's all the moving he did."

Owen smiled. "I guess you think I've been moving round too much."

"Look at that yellowhammer! Those things get off like a ball out of a gun."

"You know, New York is a kind of mill town."

But Mr. Jones seemed to feel he had said enough. "I ain't ever been to New York."

"I mean the way people come there, stay awhile, then move on. I guess you'd call them impatient people. Once the anchor's aweigh—"

"I was driving along here one night just after dark in the pourin' rain—"

Owen waited for this to turn back into an illumination of the advantages of staying home, but it went on into a long story with no moral at all.

XIII

Owen walked along under the faded awnings, stained dark in the middle where the rain water had hung in the winter that was gone. He had been down there over a year. And what had he gained? He didn't know. Maybe he had gained something. Maybe he had lost something too—

Somebody inside one of the open doors called him. He turned back and met Sam Vaiden, bareheaded. "Owen, you want to renew your car insurance, I reckon."

"My God, has that run out?"

Sam laughed. "Next week."

Owen told him uncertainly that he supposed he did.

"I would have filled it out and sent it to you, but I didn't know how long you wanted it for. You're not going away any time soon, are you?"

"Well—I don't know."

"You'd be better to take the yearly rate—"

"Oh, I won't be here another year." He thought a minute, then said, "I think I'll just try six months this time."

"Just as you say, Owen. I'll have it made out right now. I'll send it round to your office in a day or two."

"No hurry, Sam."

"Another thing, Owen. The 'Occupation'; I didn't know just how you wanted that filled out—"

"Same as before," Owen said quickly.

"I wasn't sure, you know, seeing you round—"

"No, I—I'm still a painter."

When he came into the office he saw that there was a letter from the Merchants Bank on his desk, marked "personal." He tore the envelope open. "—I have in mind a party who I think may be interested in buying a fertilizer company in this section—"

He stopped reading, gulped, pulled on the green lamp, leaned over the blotter, read the sentence again, and went on. "If you are still disposed to sell and would care to give me an idea of the sort of price you would consider equitable, I might, if you wanted me to, arrange for you to get together—"

He held the stiff white paper in his hand, staring at it. It might not mean anything. But then it might mean—it might mean that what he had been waiting for for a year and a half was going to materialize! It might mean that, if he said the word, one day not very far in the future he would walk out that door that scraped a little on the hollowed stone sill, walk down those steps in front that recalled his father and his grandfather to him like a photograph, walk out of that office never to come back into it—what about it? Up anchor again?

XIV

Owen shook hands with Mr. Innecken, the vice-president in charge of the Atlanta office and the Southern territory. "I knew your father very pleasantly, Mr. Woodruff," he said, smiling at him out of his cool, gray eyes with a peculiar mixture of friendliness and business. "This is Mr. Degnen from our head office in Baltimore."

Owen thought it was possible this might be fun, fun in the way selling a carload of Planters' Special 7-5-5 was fun. The trouble was, though, the stake was too high. It was all right if this developed into a poker game, but the stake looked very much like his own soul; the fact that he didn't know whether a sale meant he had won or lost gave him a certain core of indifference, but it didn't change the stake.

"We are on our way to look at a plant in Montgomery," Mr. Degnen said, "and it seemed like a good time to stop in and talk this thing over with you."

Owen suppressed a smile, leaning back in his chair; that was the first bet: they had another plant in mind too. He still couldn't quite talk their language, but he had learned the answer to that one, if he could just give it the right intonation. "I'm glad you did," he said. "I didn't mean to hurry you when I talked to Mr. Innecken on the phone, but there is a possibility of something developing in another direction and I didn't want to lose that if the propostion didn't interest you anyway." He felt Mr. Innecken's eyes on his face and when he turned to him Mr. Innecken moved and reached for the folder, but he thought there was a glimmer of a smile on his mouth. They were probably all going to have fun.

"Well, Mr. Woodruff—shall I do the talking, Rolly?"

"Yes, you tell him what the situation is. I'll put my oar in from time to time."

He said they had been over the figures very carefully, checked them from all angles. "I might as well tell you frankly what we have found."

Owen nodded.

"For some reason I'm not quite clear on, your production costs run too high. Maybe your machinery is a little obsolete, I don't know. With your water frontage and your equipment for unloading your own vessels you ought to manufacture at a lower figure than we can. But you don't. In fact it costs you more. The company has been well managed; we couldn't manage it any better ourselves. And if you couldn't bring this figure down I doubt very much if we could either. Unless we scrapped all your present bagging machines—"

Owen smiled to himself; Mr. Innecken's ability to express a considerate indifference amounted practically to art.

"Your back accounts," Mr. Innecken went on, after exhausting the subject of manufacturing costs in relation to selling costs, "—well, maybe I'm wrong, Mr. Woodruff, but I wouldn't buy the whole lot of them for twenty-five cents on the dollar."

"I wouldn't sell 'em to you for fifty." Owen laughed.

"You understand, Mr. Woodruff, I'm just telling you how these things strike an outsider. You take your acid chambers—"

He sat back and folded his hands pleasantly in front of him, talking on about the questionable advantage of burning sulphur over pyrites. As he talked on, Owen began to wonder what was behind all this indifference; why take so much trouble establishing their lack of interest, unless it was guarding something? He wondered if they hadn't really come to Georgetown that morning with the determination to buy a fertilizer company—

"Well," said Mr. Degnen after a while, "when I'm in the South this is about the time of day I'm told I need a dope."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Good idea, Rolly. Why didn't you think of that before?"

He got up and rang a bell by the door and when the Negro porter appeared, they sent him for three dopes.

"Bottle-dopes, gen'elmen?"

They told him Yes, and all stood up and walked round the room, talking about golf and golf courses. After a while the porter knocked and brought in a tray with three bottles. Mr. Innecken picked up a bottle and passed it to Owen. Owen turned it up; it was a lot easier to drink out of a bottle now than that day old Jack DeLegal—

Mr. Degnen sat down again, as if the recess had gone on long enough. Owen understood and pulled out his own chair; he crossed his legs and said, "Well, it doesn't look as if the Planters Fertilizer Company were very much of a buy."

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Woodruff. You've got a good company. The only thing is we don't think it's worth quite as much as you do."

"Well, let's get out some brass tacks and—"

Mr. Innecken laughed and pulled up his chair.

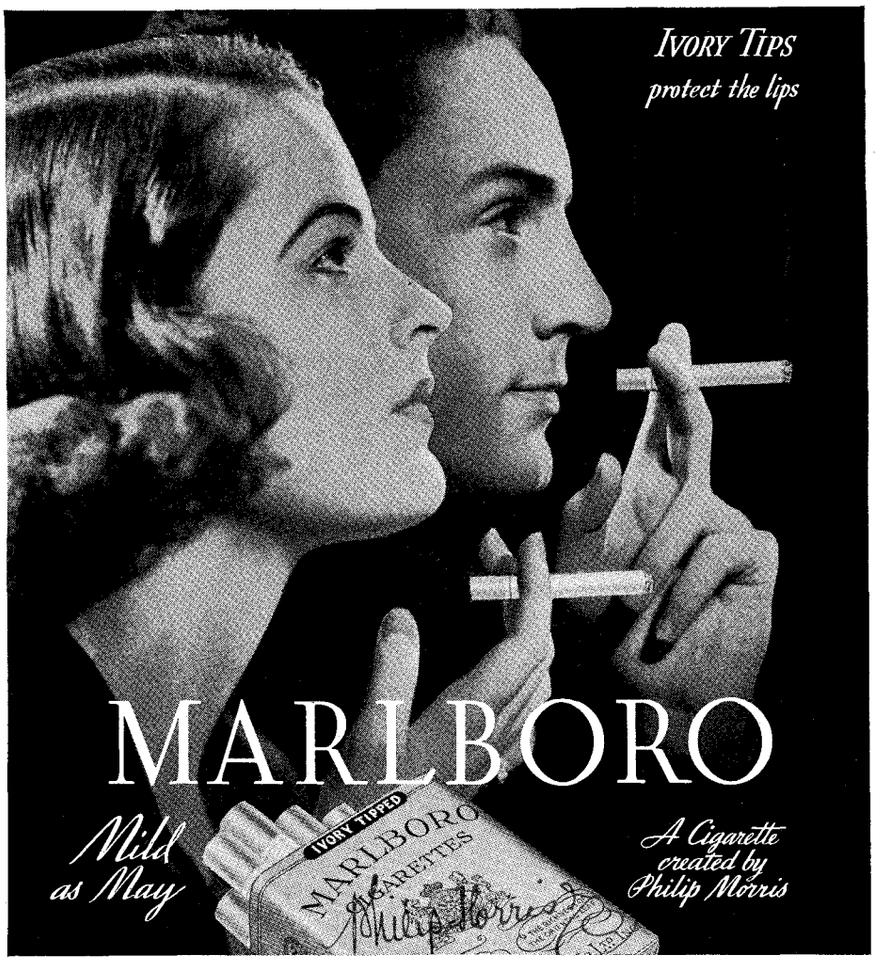
Here it was then. At last, after nearly two years, a price was about to be set on his freedom. How much of a sacrifice would he make for it? How much was it worth to him? He had decided $100 was the very bottom. If this man offered $95, what would he say?

"We've added up your assets at what they would be worth to us," said Mr. Innecken, fondling his pencil again, "deducted your liabilities, which would be our liabilities too, and added to that twenty per cent for intangible assets, good will, a going concern, and all that, and the figure we get," he turned the pad deliberately in front of him, held it gracefully with his thumb and middle finger, and drew two figures, circling them round with a nice oval and pushing them to Owen, "the figure we get is seventy-eight dollars a share."

Owen looked at the little miniature of his future. He laughed, quite sincerely, not as part of the game. There was no answer to that but a heartfelt shake of his head.

Then, in the brief silence, it occurred to him that they were watching him and the aspect of it as a game returned to him; it was his play. They simply took the shake of his head for granted. He thought he might as well play a big card. "Well," he said with a laugh that he more than half meant, "it's been a great pleasure talking to you—"

"We are sorry," Mr. Innecken said. "We'd like to make it more." He began



Hospitality in the tradition of "T.R."

AT the Roosevelt you may live quietly in an atmosphere of thoughtful friendliness, or entertain as the occasion demands.

Here you'll find the Roosevelt's traditional hospitality, every convenience you could wish for, and the perfect, unobtrusive service of a well-ordered home.

☆

Roosevelt Grill, dining and dancing every evening except Sunday.

Dine 'neath the Hendrik Hudson Room's noted Wyeth murals.

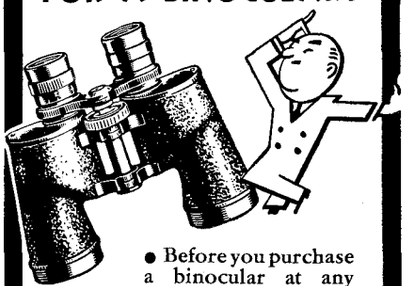
Cocktail in any of half-a-dozen gay, intimate spots.

Red Cap service underground directly from Grand Central.

THE ROOSEVELT

Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director
Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York

HOW MUCH SHOULD I PAY FOR A BINOCULAR?



● Before you purchase a binocular at any price it is well to find out what you are going to get. Factors that make for a *far* view and a *clear* view are high light gathering power, wide field of view, sharp definition of detail in image, sturdiness of construction. Check carefully and you will agree: Nothing less than the Bausch & Lomb is worthy of your use. 40-page catalog, 6c. Bausch & Lomb, 693 Lomb Park, Rochester, N. Y.

Above, 7 power, 35 mm Binocular, $86.

BAUSCH & LOMB Binoculars

THE WORLD'S BEST—BY ANY TEST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to put the papers back in the folder. "We'd like to pay you your price—"

Owen, watching him, wondered if that putting the papers away was a feint; he seemed to be in no hurry, but he did it as if he had simply finished what he had come to say.

"You'll find, Mr. Woodruff," said Mr. Degnen, "that seventy-eight is a very good price—"

There it was in front of him. With a nod of his head he could be free; once more his life would be his. And there might not be another chance even as good as this for ten years. They could live modestly on the income from that, he could paint the pictures he had wanted to paint. There was no use to haggle over the price of your soul—

He almost imperceptibly twisted his upper lip to one side and gave an inaudible sniff. "I ain't going to sell for that."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Mr. Woodruff." Mr. Innecken reached for the pad and tore off the 78. "We'll make it a round figure and call it eighty. That's all we can possibly do. I don't want to seem to bargain about it. I was authorized to offer you eighty and I'd rather just make the offer outright."

Owen said, "I'll buy all the stock you can furnish me at eighty."

Mr. Innecken smiled at him. "What is your price, Mr. Woodruff?"

"I'll be perfectly honest about it, sir," Owen said, picking up his hat. "My sisters and I agreed we would come down to as low as a hundred. We all agreed we wouldn't sell for any less."

"Well," Mr. Innecken laughed. "There are your papers, Rolly. I guess we go home without the Planters Fertilizer Company."

Owen felt the blood receding out of his cheeks. That really had a ring of finality to it. He might be in Georgetown the rest of his life—

"I might be able to persuade my sisters to take ninety-five," he said. "But there's no use asking them to take eighty. I couldn't sincerely advise them to do that."

"Well, why don't you talk it over with them anyhow?"

"There isn't much use in it," he said, hardly knowing what to say. "Would you offer them eighty-five?"

Mr. Innecken laughed. "You're a closer trader than your father! I thought somebody told me you were an artist."

"I am," Owen said. "Or I was."

Mr. Degnen turned away sardonically. "You missed your calling, Mr. Woodruff."

"We'll split the difference," Mr. Innecken said. "We'll pay you eighty-two and a half. I don't know how I'll explain it to my boss, but I'll try." He laughed.

"We don't need until Monday," Owen said. "I'll call you at the hotel first thing this afternoon." He left them on the steps of the bank and drove home. That was all they would pay; take it or leave it. Heads he was an artist, tails he was a businessman.

He wanted home. Home wasn't just a matter of geography; it wasn't where you were raised, it was where your ideas were raised. He wanted home, but he wanted assurance that Bartow and Dobey and Ivy Jones and the rest were going to keep their jobs. And there was probably nobody in the country who would buy a business with such an unbusinesslike understanding as that. Well, he didn't care if they wouldn't. Maybe in wanting such an assurance he was, to all practical purposes, just refusing to sell. In any case, wasn't he leaning a little in the direction of not selling? That was a strange thing for him to be doing, for him, a painter! He wondered if the fact that whatever assurance a buyer might give in regard to the men, he himself would be out of a job—how much difference did that make in the direction he was leaning? He would feel a little lost, wouldn't he—at first? Maybe he had come to rely on the stability of his new life more than he thought—

As he drove into the yard Hugh leaned on the handle of his rake and touched his hat, the dog crawled out from beneath an azalea bush and stretched himself in the quiet sun, Louisa waved a gloved hand at him from the rose garden. He wasn't merely Owen Woodruff; he was a citizen. He was getting in step with life, with the generations.

At two-thirty he drove downtown, went into the office, and telephoned the hotel.

"Mr. Innecken, I have talked to my sisters, and we have decided it wouldn't be to our interest to sell at eighty-two and a half."

"All right, Mr. Woodruff. I honestly think that is a very liberal price. If you want to leave it open until Monday—"

"No. We've decided to stay in business."

"Well, you've got a good company. Good luck to you."

"Thank you, sir. Thanks for all your trouble."

When he hung up, he sat there gazing at the Major's old roll-top desk—Owen DeLegal Woodruff. The "Named Assured." And the "Named Assured's Occupation"—he wouldn't have to tell Sam Vaiden how to fill that in now.

Thirty-six Hours in a Boom Town

(continued from page 19)

Billie said, "My place is for music and dancing."

I said, "What? You don't allow a little crap-shooting?"

Billie said, "You can't keep men from shooting craps."

I said, "There's plenty of woods around here."

Billie said, "My motto is live and let live."

All day I bummed around the town, talking to this one and that one. I listened to the optimistic boosts of the propertied insiders and to the bellyaches of those on the out. Toward evening I met a young fellow coming into town with a heavy suitcase.

"Looks like a load," I said to him.

"I carried this ten miles, from the crossing. I'm nearly dead. You know where the flop house is?"

I'd passed the flop house yesterday when I came up from the bottoms. It was a big tent with a lot of cots pressed up against one another. It had a sign reading, "25¢ a night." I guided the newcomer there. "Come all the way from south Texas," he said. "Left the little girl takin' care of the restaurant. Everything's dead in Texas and I read about the boom up here. I got two dollars and fifty cents. Know any place wants a first-class man? Cook or counter. I got to get work, an' quick. Got to write to the little girl I got a job. It's the first time we ever left each other."

That evening I went to Sam Ben's pie supper. The supper began as an amateur entertainment with the irrepressible Cohen as master of ceremonies. The first of the performers was an old native fiddler named Cunningham, half Irish, half Cherokee. He played *Chicken Reel* and did it well. The crowd applauded and wanted more of him, but Cohen waved him off, to make room for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To EUROPE
England • Ireland
France • Germany
Speed, combined with continental luxury and perfect service, makes a voyage on one of the Swift Lloyd Expresses an ideal introduction to travel in Europe.
SWIFT LLOYD EXPRESSES
BREMEN
EUROPA
COLUMBUS
Your Travel Agent, or
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
57 Broadway, N.Y.
669 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of United States and Canada

3000 ROOMS
WITH BATH
THE
STEVENS
CHICAGO
"AMERICA'S GRAND HOTEL"

Books-the background of the Home

American Booksellers Association

a play about a doctor's office, with a dumb black-up coon giving the wrong medicines. After that a young man and his wife got up and sang *Ride on, Old Paint* and *Strawberry Roan*. All the time Cohen was up and down with bright asides. A woman behind me said, "Why don't that jackass shut up?"

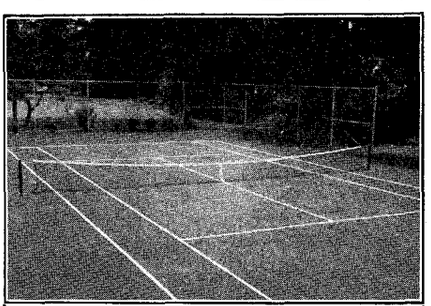
When the time for the pie-auctioning came, I made the first purchase—for sixty-five cents. After all the pies were auctioned off, we sat down to eat with the ladies who had baked them. My pardner wouldn't touch her pie. She said she'd been busy that afternoon and had to get Mrs. So-and-So to bake hers, "an' she don't know how—just look at that crust, thick as a door an' just as hard."

We cut the pie and gave it away to the kids. Sam Ben got up and thanked everybody for helping the baseball team. Cunningham and a guitarist started to play and the folks went to dancing. Billie Baker wasn't there. As hostess of the nearly finished Tia Juana night club, "10 piece orchestra from Okmulgee, Real floor show, Admission 65¢ per couple," she was above this small-time stuff. But she sent a dollar.

I went out on the boardwalk in front of Morgan's and talked and listened to people. I heard a woman say to another, "She taken all the work she kin do. She already lived a full life. It ain't fair fer them to be a-bringin' her down here to lay over a cook stove all day. It's time fer her to rest." A little thin-faced man said, "I wasn't monkeyin' with his wife. And I told the Marshal if that damned Indian made any more passes at me I'd git me a gun and blow his insides out." A woman spoke confidentially to another, "He don't ever do nothin' but gamble. We're only a-keepin' him on account of his wife." A boy said, "That ought to be a pretty good show Sunday," and another, "Yeah, if they git the Injuns drunk enough." A man, "Armstrong spent a lot of his own money tryin' to find the body of that woman that got drowned. Why should he a spent his own money fer the body of a woman he didn' know?" A young man, belligerently, "Don't let 'im git the idea I'm afraid of 'im. Boy, he better not git that idea."

Away from the voice of Disney the tree frogs sang their interminable chorus. I heard them on my way to bed. They were singing that same chorus back in 1907, when Oklahoma became a state. They were singing it in the early 1800's when the Indian tribes of the locality were moved westward to a tune of desolation and death, from the Smoky Mountains of Carolina and Tennessee. They were singing it earlier than that.

To EUROPE
England • Ireland
France • Germany
A charming, continental atmosphere, providing a delightful preview of Europe, flavors the unsurpassed pleasure of crossing on one of the Hapag "Famous Four"
HAPAG "FAMOUS FOUR"
NEW YORK
HAMBURG
DEUTSCHLAND
HANSA
Your Travel Agent, or
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
57 Broadway, N.Y.
669 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of United States and Canada



The True Grass Bounce *plus* No Upkeep Costs

Corkturf tennis court surfaces are similar to grass in play without any of the bad bounces caused by wear or imperfections in grass courts. They are resilient and easy on the feet, and require no daily watering or rolling—in fact, no maintenance costs whatever other than occasional repainting of lines. They can be used almost immediately after rain. This means a greatly increased period of use.

"A Permanent Investment in Beauty and Service"

CORKTURF, INC.
412 Court Street • Utica, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This novel is making **NEWS** *this year*

A little over three months ago America was informed by its favorite book reviewers that a remarkably human and touching novel had appeared. In a few days, early readers began to spread the word that this novel of two fathers and their hopes and dreams for their sons "must be read."

Quick to reach the nation's best-seller lists, the book moved upward as its story and characters became subjects of national enthusiasm. Today, selling nearly 5000 copies weekly, and sweeping to 1st place in the nation's favor, is—

HOWARD SPRING'S superb, satisfying story

My Son, My Son!

649 pages. $2.50. Viking

Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

As Dorothy Thompson says in her *Political Guide* (Stackpole, $1.25), the word "liberal" has become so variously interpreted that few people know what it means. But John Hyde Preston is certain he has a working definition. That definition gives form and movement and climax to a fine, exhilarating novel called *The Liberals* (John Day, $2.50). It also inadvertently raises the question: must the good old word be drummed out of the lexicon of modernism merely because some self-styled liberals act in an illiberal way?

For his own novelistic purposes Mr. Preston makes "liberal" and "waverer" synonymous. His story is one of industrial conflict in a western Connecticut mill village; it is also a story of the embattled generations. The main exhibit of the genus liberal is an American version of England's Sir Edward Grey—a well-meaning, indecisive, yearning soul named Charles Marston. This Marston has a well-defined anxiety neurosis and a compensatory desire to be a good father to his workers and his community; he is, in brief, the paternalist par excellence. And like most paternalists, he provokes his children into an ultimate rejection of his philosophy. Will, the oldest son, works hard at the business of making and marketing the products of the Marston wire mill. But Will considers his father a soft-hearted humanitarian fool, and he thanks God that Sumner, the works manager of Marston & Cooper, is a man who knows how to put labor in its place. Greg, the youngest Marston, reacts to the parental paternalism in a different way: he is a poet and a Communist, and he knows precisely what he wants. Ann, the daughter, is a skeptical girl who has had a bad time with her short first marriage; she is a complicated person, but she distrusts her father because the Marston practices of dealing with labor do not jibe with the Marston principles as laid down in the book of paternalistic "liberalism."

If old Marston were the only "liberal" in the novel, Mr. Preston would have an easy time proving his case. But there is a young liberal, the playwright Philip Whitlock, who comes to visit Will Marston and remains to champion Greg and Ann in their various struggles against the paternalistic idea. Philip has never thought very much about social matters; he has been the Philip Barry sort of playwright, writing clever plays around clever ideas. But life with the Marstons pulls him under. First of all, he falls in love with Ann. (Mr. Preston writes very well about sex, taking it as it comes and giving it its place in the scheme of things even though the Foundations of the Wor-r-old are shaking.) But more important to the theme of the novel, Philip mixes in on behalf of an old workingman in a battle with some hired thugs and gets his skull cracked in the process. This ordeal by war purges Philip of his liberalism; he is convinced that it is a hollow philosophy by the strict logic of events that can be observed in any crisis-dominated community in which there are only two types of people, factory workers and factory owners.

As a novel, *The Liberals* is good in pretty nearly every way. The issues are vital; they are the deep challenging ones that stare every one of us in the face during practically every one of our waking hours. Mr. Preston writes with solid impact; he has learned a great deal about his craft since the publication, nine years ago, of his flashy biography of Mad Anthony Wayne. But for all his courage and aptness and skill I still want to pick a fight with him over his definition of the word liberal. If he is trying to tell me that a "liberal" is one who doesn't mean business and lacks the courage of his convictions, then I can point to people like Jerome Frank and William Douglas of the SEC who most certainly do mean business and who have convictions which they uphold on all occasions. If he is trying to tell me that a liberal is one who backs down in a capital-labor crisis, then I can point to Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan who fought like a tiger some two years ago for a *peaceful* solution of difficulties in the automobile industry. President Benes of Czechoslovakia is a "liberal," but President Benes is not a milk-and-water character. The truth of the matter is that liberals, like other people, can be real or phony, men of real principle who say "Some do not" or men of lip service to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principles who trim and temporize when the going gets tough. Sometimes the liberal may not be up to the demands of "history," but that may be the fault of history. It is frequently said that Kerensky was a faker because he could not ride the whirlwind, but when Kerensky said "I will not be the Marat of the Russian Revolution," he showed a devotion to principle that was wholly admirable. Mr. Preston's Charles Marston is incapable of such devotion; in a pinch he is willing to starve his sit-down striking workers just to get them out of his factory. And this in spite of a philosophy that professedly has no room for force.

In her *Political Guide* Dorothy Thompson tries to define a liberal. The liberal, she says, is one who respects the human personality. He is one who considers the means to be as important as the ends. He is one who believes in the form of government and society that releases "the greatest potential of human energy for good." The ideal liberal society is, to Miss Thompson, a self-regulatory society, and this places her against the collectivist principle and "planning" from the top down.

I happen to like Miss Thompson's definitions as much as I dislike and distrust her application of general principles to specific situations. Like Mr. Preston's Charles Marston, she is a "liberal" who can go conservative on certain subjects in a pinch. But leaving the *ad hominem* element out of it, Miss Thompson's definitions prove that Mr. Preston's Charles Marston is no liberal. A true liberal cannot be a paternalist, for that involves a disrespect for the human personality. If a "liberal" happens to be running a factory, he will pay his men all that is coming to them in cold cash, and not siphon off some of the wage money to finance hypothetical "benefits" that may or may not appeal to the individual workers. "Respect for the personality" means that you trust your employees to dispose of their own incomes and their own time. Old Marston has no such trust; he wants to promote co-operative housing schemes with some of the money he should be paying to his workers. In brief, he wants to play God. The true liberal has a distaste for playing God. Mr. Preston should have placed the word "liberal," as it applies to Marston, in quotation marks.

The main trouble with Miss Thompson's discussion of liberalism is that she fails to explore the conditions which face modern liberals. Albert Jay Nock makes a distinction between social power and State power, regarding the first as wholly

Inflation or Reflation?

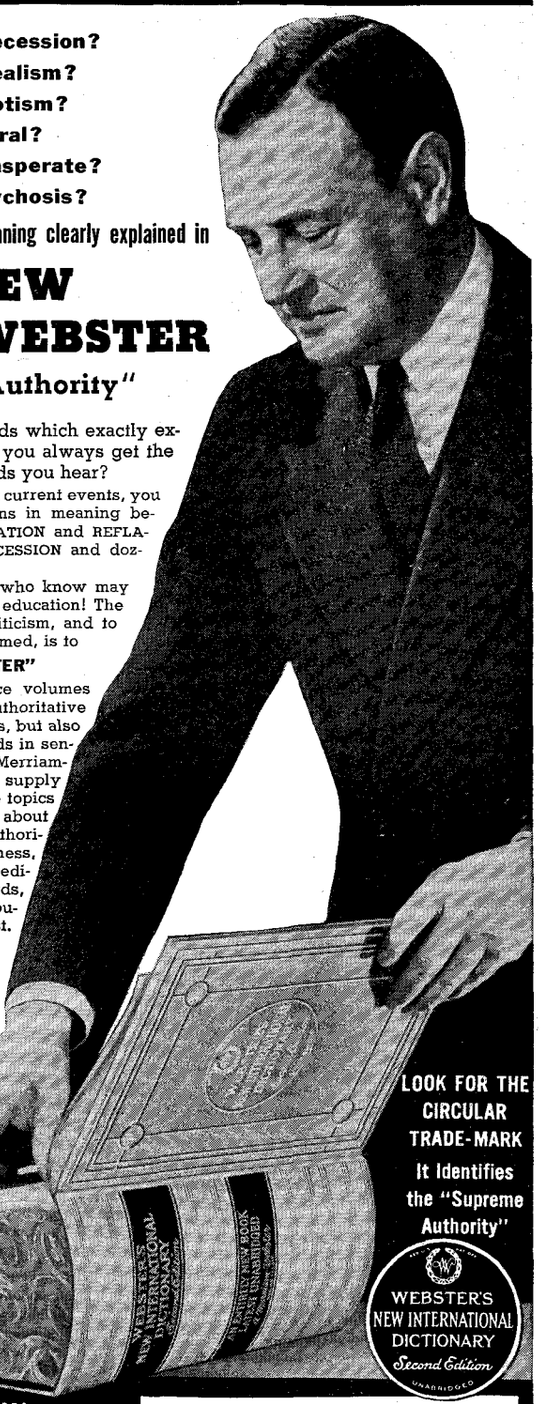
What Is the Difference?

Depression or Recession?
Ideology or Idealism?
Egoism or Egotism?
Verbal or Oral?
Aggravate or Exasperate?
Neurosis or Psychosis?

You'll find every difference of meaning clearly explained in

THE NEW MERRIAM-WEBSTER

"The Supreme Authority"



DO YOU always choose the words which exactly express your meaning? And do you always get the full and exact meaning of the words you hear?

To talk and read intelligently about current events, you must know the important distinctions in meaning between words like INFLATION, DEFLATION and REFLATION—between DEPRESSION and RECESSION and dozens of others frequently misused.

If you use words wrongly, those who know may underestimate your intelligence and education! The easiest way to be safe from this criticism, and to win a reputation for being well-informed, is to

"LOOK IT UP IN WEBSTER"

This greatest of all single reference volumes will give you not only complete, authoritative definitions and correct pronunciations, but also instructive examples of difficult words in sentences. And, in addition, the Merriam-Webster's encyclopedic articles will supply comprehensive information on all the topics that are being talked and written about today. 207 of the world's leading authorities bring you up to date on business, law, architecture, manufacturing, medicine, aviation, radio, gems, coins, birds, insects, plants, color, music and thousands of other subjects of interest. 600,000 entries. 3,350 pages.

Mail Coupon for FREE BOOKLET

The *New* Second Edition of Webster's New International Dictionary (unabridged) is twenty years newer than any similar volume. Any bookdealer will be glad to show it. Mail the coupon for free, illustrated booklet: "The New Merriam-Webster: What It Will Do For You."

G. & C. Merriam Co.,
Dept. 129,
Springfield, Mass.

LOOK FOR THE CIRCULAR TRADE-MARK
It Identifies the "Supreme Authority"

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY *Second Edition* UNABRIDGED

THE NEW MERRIAM-WEBSTER

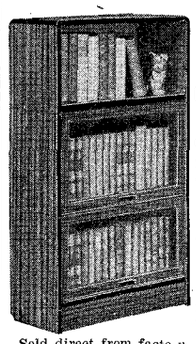
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY • Second Edition

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Dept. 129
Springfield, Mass.
Please send me free illustrated booklet describing Webster's New International Dictionary, *Second Edition*—"The New Merriam-Webster: What It Will Do For You."

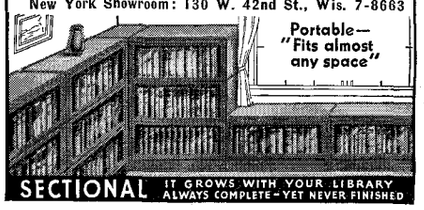
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODERN BOOKCASES for the MODEST BUDGET—only $12.75 FOR A COMPLETE 3 SECTION Lundstrom SECTIONAL BOOKCASE
It Grows with Your Library
(Apartment Model)



DIRECT FROM FACTORY ON 30 DAY APPROVAL
This new "Modern American" design Sectional Bookcase is made of selected hardwood finished Walnut. Upper book section is open for current reading; the lower book sections have *disappearing glass doors.*
Sold direct from factory, assuring you of a permanent source of supply for additional book sections. Send for Catalog No. S-108, giving detailed description of this and other designs, in various grades and finishes.
C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO. LITTLE FALLS, N.Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases for the Better Homes and Offices since 1899
ENDORSED BY OVER 250,000 USERS
New York Showroom: 130 W. 42nd St., Wis. 7-8663



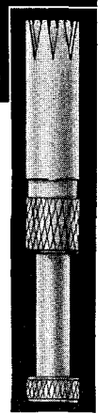
SECTIONAL IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY ALWAYS COMPLETE—YET NEVER FINISHED

GUNS

Stoeger's Catalog & Handbook No. 31
N. Y. 1939 WORLD'S FAIR JUBILEE ISSUE
512 Just Out! World's Greatest
PAGES Catalog of Arms—15,000 ITEMS, 6,000 Pictures, 100 8½"x10¼" Pages of Gun Parts, 70 PAGES of GUNSMITH TOOLS for gunsmith, hobbyist & inventor. All American Guns and best Imported. LATEST PRICES. All Ammunitions, Complete Ballistics, Scopes, Sights, Mounts, Restocking, Repairs, All Revolvers, Air Guns & Pistols. Reloading Tools & Powders. Barrels and Barrel Blanks, Targets, Accessories, Shooting Articles, etc., etc. ★ Send a DOLLAR BILL, check, coin, M.O. or Stamps to cover partial cost of this great 512 page Gun Volume.
STOEGER ARMS CORP.
AMERICA'S GREAT GUN HOUSE
507 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK, N. Y.

plus
$1000 in PRIZES · Open to all purchasers of Catalog No. 31. 124 Awards. Only 50 words to write.

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection
use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

So simple! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.
Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back
Actual Size
$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated.

HOLLIS CO. • 207 Market St., Newark, N. J. • Dept. 123
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
Name_____
Address_____

good and the second as wholly bad. Dorothy Thompson, without ever clearly formulating the distinction to herself, is inclined to agree with Mr. Nock; the liberal, she implies, will be jealous of any increase in State power. But there are times in human history when social power drifts out of the hands of the many and into the hands of the few; and when this occurs the only recourse which the many have is—State power. They must invoke State power or starve. The true test of liberalism, in such a period, is its ability to use State power to redistribute the base of social power. But neither Albert Jay Nock nor Dorothy Thompson shows much pertinacity in applying any such touchstone to the Roosevelt Government, which is faced with the necessity of holding the fort and keeping the many alive while the base of social power is being widened once more. If Dorothy Thompson would only offer a positive program for liberalism one would be more inclined to sympathize with her attacks in the name of liberalism on the New Deal. But lacking that program, her *Political Guide* remains a collection of definitions that will be all things to all men. And such "liberalism" will continue to annoy John Hyde Preston.

In Short

Fiction

THREE GUINEAS, by Virginia Woolf. These essays are in the form of letters on the subjects of education and employment of women and prevention of war. Astute, sophisticated, intellectual, feminist insinuation that woman still lives in a man-made world. Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

TIDES OF MONT ST. MICHEL, by Roger Vercel. Against the medieval fortress and cathedral, a man and wife left penniless by the last depression fight a duel of personality. The spell of the sea and the church give the novel power. Random House, $2.50.

THE MOON IS FEMININE, by Clemence Dane. A woman of the real world, Brighton 1806, struggles for the possession of her lover against a spirit from a borderline realm. Fiction fancy. The book has beauty and wisdom. Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

AND TELL OF TIME, by Laura Krey. Family chronicle; period, post-Civil War to 1890; setting, Virginia to Texas. For those who like a series of satisfying adventures plus romantic and rural scenes, and who do not demand a significant story. Houghton Mifflin, $2.75.

IMAGES IN A MIRROR, by Sigrid Undset. A mother of five, grudging the loss of youth, drifts into an unimportant flirtation. Through renunciation of it, her marriage gains significance and her perception of herself matures. Monotone. Knopf, $2.

GROWTH OF A MAN, by Mazo de la Roche. All about the struggles of a young Canadian boy through school and the beginning years of work, winning over physical and mental obstacles to eventual happiness. Author always safe as a good storyteller. Little, Brown, $2.50.

Nonfiction

GREEN WORLDS, by Maurice Hindus. Author of *Humanity Uprooted* comes to America at the age of thirteen from primitive Russian village and, after two years in New York, goes to live in an American village. Stimulating contrast of different ways of life. Doubleday, Doran, $3.

UNTO CAESAR, by F. A. Voigt. Foreign-affairs editor of the *Manchester Guardian* does fine realistic but philosophic commentary on various types of collectivist ideology. Recommended to all thoughtful readers. Putnam, $3.

SUBMARINE: The Autobiography of Simon Lake, as told to Herbert Corey. The cocky ego that has had more to do with the development of undersea craft than any other man tells in speedy style of his early struggles to have the U. S. Government use his principles, of success in Russia, Germany, Austria, of treasure-hunting on the ocean floor. Appleton-Century, $3.

REFUGEES, by Dorothy Thompson. Brief history of refugee situation since the War, with concrete solution of present problem offered. Important as first simple collection of basic facts. Random House, $1.

Mysteries

The latest Nero Wolfe opus, *Too Many Cooks*, by Rex Stout (Farrar & Rinehart, $2), deserves recognition as Nero's most toothsome case. A famous

*NOTE:—The more cops, the better the mystery.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 41)

1. (e) Toledo.

2. (c) Frederick W. Taylor and Maunsel White. In their laboratory at Bethlehem, Pa., in 1899 they developed a new method of heat treatment which resulted in producing high-speed tool steels of higher quality than had ever been known before. The first public exhibition of the Taylor & White steels was made at the Paris Exposition in 1900, and created a sensation.

3. (b) Wheat flour. Palm oil is used to decrease friction and prevent the tin from oxidizing at high temperatures. Bran absorbs this oil and polishes the tin surface.

4. (c) Blast-furnace operations. When the melted pig iron is poured from the blast furnace, the molten slag which floats on top is poured into another container. On cooling it becomes a light feathery substance known as slag wool. The material may also be processed through compression into insulating boards and similar materials.

5. (c) Wire, used in making springs.

6. (d) Henry Grey, inventor of the Grey Mill. Grey was an Englishman who enlisted the support of Charles M. Schwab, with the consequent construction of the Grey Mills at Bethlehem, Pa., in 1907. Other mills of this type were subsequently licensed in other parts of the country.

7. (a) Employment in the steel industry reached a new peak of 513,000 in 1937, compared with 419,500 in 1929.

8. (b) A series of rolls which produce flat lengths of steel several hundred feet long. The term strip is used because of the ribbon-like appearance of the product. In trade terminology strip applies to such elongated sheets which are less than 24″ in width. Some modern mills of this type are called sheet-strip mills, *rolling great lengths of steel in sheet-width* sizes which may be slit for the making of strip.

9. (b) Billet. This is a semi-finished rolled ingot, approximately rectangular in cross section. The term "billet" is used when the cross section ranges from 4 up to 36 square inches.

10. Bethlehem Steel Company.

Become an expert photographer

Train under world-famous experts. For pleasure or career. Big money-making opportunities! Commercial, News, Portrait, Advertising, Motion Picture and other branches of photography. Personal Attendance and Home Study courses. Free booklet. 28th year.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
10 West 33rd Street (Dept. 45) New York City

The MYLES STANDISH HOTEL

offers superior accommodations, with the added unique feature of a convenient kitchenette in many suites, completely equipped for immediate use. Boston's largest transient-residential hotel, ultra-modern in every respect. You'll especially like the Mandarin Cocktail Lounge and the English Dining Room. Centrally located, too!

RATES:
$3 up SINGLE
$4 up DOUBLE
Housekeeping Suites from $5.50

Nordblom Managed

THE MYLES STANDISH
BEACON ST. at KENMORE SQ., BOSTON

OUT-OF-PRINT *books specialized in;* also pamphlets, periodicals. *All subjects, all languages.* Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report quickly and at lowest prices. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 W. 48th St., Dept. S, NEW YORK CITY.

and much hated chef is fatally quenched at a culinary convention, and Nero solves the murder between courses.

The folks in *A Body Rolled Down Stairs,* by Inez Hayes Irwin (Random House, $2), are all so beautifully mannered and the New England scene is such a museum piece that murder seems unthinkable and is—almost—unsolvable. First class.

Murder à la Stroganoff, by Caryl Brahms and L. J. Simon (Crime Club, $2), is both hilarious and exciting. The scene is the Riviera, and almost all the people are mixed up in some way with the effervescently temperamental Ballet Stroganoff. Adam Quill, ex-Scotland Yard, is the harried detective.

Harcourt, Brace is reissuing some early Dorothy Sayers' novels in double helpings. Peter Wimsey is almost always worth three cops, and *The Dawson Pedigree* plus *Lord Peter Views the Body* is worth $2.

Gerard B. Lambert, who sails J-boats, has written a first-class puzzler in *Murder in Newport* (Scribners, $2). Watch the way the detective, one Vardon, a yachtsman, unravels the case and fathoms the remarkable device on which it hinges. Don't be put off by occasional pompousness.

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic

(*see page* 32)

1. BUCKS COUNTY, by John Mills, Jr., 360 East 55th Street, New York. This Pennsylvania Dutch smoke house was photographed with a Zeiss Contax, Sonnar f1.5 lens. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f5.6.

2. SHARECROPPER BOYS, by Alan S. Hacker, 338 East 15th Street, New York. This photograph of Arkansas field hands was taken with a Zeiss Maximar, 9 x 12 cm., Zeiss Tessar 13.5 cm., f4.5 lens. Exposure 1/50 of a sec. at f8.

3. THE THROW NET, by N. R. Farbman, Honolulu, H. I. Taken against a quartering light with a Speed Graphic, Zeiss f4.5 lens. Exposure 1/135 sec. at f8. Aero 2 filter used to soften harsh light contrasts. Defender X-F Panchromatic film.

4. PECKIN', by Max J. Futterman, 2021 Grand Concourse, New York. Taken in the Savoy Ballroom, Harlem. A Super Ikomat B with a f2.8 lens was used. Exposure 1/100 sec. at f2.8, photoflash.

5. MONOGRAMS, by Ewing Krainin, Black Star Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York. The camera was a Graphic, f4.5 lens. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f12.5, yellow filter.

6. NORTH WIND, by William Rittase, Black Star Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York. Mr. Rittase used a Graflex Voigtl, f4.5 lens. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f9., yellow filter.

by RUTH McKENNEY

My Sister Eileen

The whole country is roaring at and with the McKenneys, wild Irish lassies of *New Yorker* fame. "If sober citizens dance down streets, laughing insanely, blame McKenneyitis . . . The most lovable enfants terribles of modern letters . . . The real literary laugh riot of the summer."

—San Francisco Call Bulletin.

5th printing, $2.00

●

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S

Three Guineas

"Mrs. Woolf's book is required reading for all women of the educated class. If it is marked 'recommended' instead of 'required' reading for their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, that does not mean that the masculine reader will not profit handsomely from it, but merely indicates that 'Three Guineas' is first of all a challenge to thoughtful women."

—Saturday Review.

$2.50

●

Sayers fans . . . **look!**

Early Lord Peter Wimsey novels are now available in new combination, low-priced volumes.

THE DAWSON PEDIGREE and LORD PETER VIEWS THE BODY . $2.00

CLOUDS OF WITNESS and THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE (with Robert Eustace) $2.00

MURDER MUST ADVERTISE and HANGMAN'S HOLIDAY . . . $2.00

Also THE NINE TAILORS . Was $2.00, Now $1.29

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Quit Smoking

(continued from page 15)

less violently than if you had eaten cheese or something sweet. But no garlic in the salad dressing—oniony flavors shriek aloud for smoking to follow. Gum chewing is a standard and highly popular dodge, as Joan Crawford reminded the press this year when she arrived in New York chewing violently and saying she was going crazy trying to cut down on her smoking. I can't endorse it personally, however, because when I tried it I found myself smoking and chewing at the same time—a nauseous combination that put me off gum for life. Odd nibbling, on the other hand, was a great help—peanuts, raisins, and such. Excess may produce a stomach-ache, but that is a distraction too. Some doctors recommend chewing candied ginger or gentian or camomile. Will Irwin, the veteran magazine writer, got some good out of chewing rubber bands. Others chewed bits of paper. Thornton Wilder, Pulitzer Prize novelist and dramatist, went in for candy mints and apples. One celebrity wrote that he took to cornet-playing for distraction which, he says, at least made the neighbors suffer with him.

The terrific problem of what to do with your hands and what to use for momentary sensory distraction has a thousand answers. Many a smoke-hungry female has found comfort in furious knitting or crocheting, which takes care of the fidgety impulse pretty well. Although fooling with an empty pipe or cigarette holder is proverbial, only Burton Rascoe, the critic, and Lee Simonson, the stage designer, reported much comfort from it. Nevertheless, one of the world's most eminent art dealers, long forbidden to smoke, always carries and almost always uses a prop cigarette with so realistic a glowing coal painted on its phony end that few ever realize he is not actually smoking. A company in Cleveland manufactures special cigarette-shaped tubes called Breathers for the use of swearers-offers. Any of those are certainly better than the messy—and psychologically dangerous—trick of hanging an unlighted real cigarette in the face, for the slight flavor of tobacco you get out of that is practically unendurable.

The fraternity of cranks usually maintains that "John Barleycorn must be buried in the same grave as Lady Nicotine." It is true, of course, that alcohol affects the inhibitory centers first of all—which should mean a weakening of the swearer-offer's moral resistance. But it was our experience—and that of a majority of our celebrities—that moderate drinking did not make a swear-off tougher. F. F. Vandewater, the novelist, and John Anderson, the dramatic critic, even found that something bracing to sip could be a tremendous help. Long and cool seems to be the prescription, a weak highball or very cold beer. You cannot be dogmatic on this point, however. "Did drinking . . . weaken your inhibitions about smoking?" asked the questionnaire. "It kicked hell out of 'em," answered Joe Williams, the sports columnist. And several others agreed with fervor.

During the entire six months we kept our cigarette boxes full and even went out of our way to offer people cigarettes. Contrary to expectation, seeing others smoke did not bother us. Here again the pious, who always exhort the reformed smoker to shun smoke-filled rooms, sound off without knowing what they are talking about. We were even irritated when a well-meaning acquaintance would start to light up, then remember we were sworn off and presumably suffering—and put the cigarette back with a kindly smile. Fifty-four per cent of our celebrities agreed with us on these points. George Middleton, the dramatist, even said wistfully that, although permanently sworn off, he actually likes being around where people are smoking.

After our six months of self-blackmailed strong-mindedness, we went back to smoking. We were so eager about it that our dreams about breaking the pledge cropped up again during the last ten days before the law was off. We set alarm clocks for the exact hour, six months to the dot, duly allowing for daylight-saving time. And the moment the alarms sounded, we lighted cigarettes.

The Farm Magazines

(continued from page 29)

dollar. But both these magazines are giving bigger circulation bonuses than *Farm Journal.*

V

THIS completes the roster of the "nationals." But there are two regional magazines, *Successful Farming,* published in Des Moines, and *Capper's Farmer,* of Topeka, Kansas, which are just as important as the nationals in the fields of advertising, circulation, and editorial enterprise. They are literally "regional" because they have stuck fairly close to their original plan of serving farmers in limited areas. Far from holding them back, this restriction has been both an editorial and a business asset. Although like the national magazines they have gone in for four-color covers, fiction, and elaborate women's sections, they have found it easier to follow the original purpose of farm sheets—giving practical advice. Their regionalism also helps them to sell advertising, for they have concentrated their circulation in the richest agricultural sections of the United States.

Successful Farming swears by its "heart states," the sphere of influence selected by its founder, the late Edwin T. Meredith. In 1896 he took a map and pencil and staked his claim. The line swept from Oklahoma to the Canadian border, and east around Michigan and Ohio. The rough diagram looked like a heart, and "heart states" became his slogan. Recently, the magazine absorbed *Dairy Farmer,* and picked up about 180,000 new readers in New York and Pennsylvania, but the bulk of its circulation of 1,108,581 remains within the heart.

Take the Meredith heart diagram and pull it southwest to include Texas and Colorado, leaving out Michigan and Ohio, and you have the section in which *Capper's Farmer* concentrates its efforts. Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, who runs a daily paper and eight magazines, converted a local farm sheet into *Capper's* in 1919, and it is now among the leaders. Last spring it had about 1,120,000 subscribers.

Editor Ray Yarnell of *Capper's* is as practical as they come. He uses the line "Cash Contents," instead of "Table of Contents," and for every entertainment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or homemaking item, there are five pieces about the farming business. Yarnell insists on first-hand material, and if he sends a man out on a story, he'd better come back with dung on his boots. *Successful Farming* is conducted on much the same lines. Both magazines print a higher proportion of farm stuff than the three nationals. In actual linage of farm articles, *Capper's* leads the country, *Country Gentleman* is second, and *Successful* is third.

Since 1929, *Successful,* with its rates based on 1,000,000 subscriptions, has given advertisers huge circulation bonuses ranging from 60,000 to 155,000. Last year, *Successful* led the field in total pages of advertising, and its gross revenue of $1,449,933 was second only to that of *Country Gentleman. Capper's,* with a take of $1,255,418, stood fourth in the field. Both magazines have maintained a yearly subscription rate of fifty cents, twice that of the three nationals.

VI

CIRCULATION problems of farm magazines are totally different from those of higher-priced periodicals. There is a tradition among farmers that twenty-five cents a year is enough, and it's hard to break. So with the farmer paying two cents a copy, and half of that going to the salesman, and with other overhead costs, it is obvious that circulation alone is not an asset, but a liability.

Newsstand sales are unimportant. *Country Gentleman* sells about 150,000 copies over the counter, but the others do not approach that figure, and one, *Country Home,* cannot be bought across the counter. The basis of circulation is the farmer's subscription, and to get his name on the line, each of the three national magazines maintains a crew of from 450 to 500 motorized farm-to-farm salesmen. They all work on commission. A good man may average $40 a week; a star may make $100. So it also becomes obvious that, when competing sales crews are selling a low-priced commodity, the sales totals are whatever the publishers wish to make them. *Country Gentleman,* for instance, which sold about 1,640,000 last year, states in a matter-of-fact way that it will have 2,000,000 circulation next January. At least 170,000 of this increase will be due to the reduction in price, which automatically extends subscriptions already on the books, but no one doubts that the goal will be reached.

Mere farm circulation is not enough. The ultimate goal of each publisher is to prove to advertisers that his readers are the wealthiest farmers in the country, and the work of the sales crews is directed accordingly. *Country Home* concentrates on the counties which, according to government census, contain the greatest number of wealthy farmers, and *Farm Journal* follows the same plan. *Country Gentleman,* which has the highest percentage of urban circulation in the group, believes that the greatest rural buying power is found in counties which contain a city of 10,000 or better, and in the "feeder" counties that surround them. *Country Home* would like "R.F.D." after each name on its list, but *C.G.* promotion men show that there are thousands of R.F.D. boxes within the city limits of Chicago, Minneapolis, Racine, and Peoria, and claim that you could build an R.F.D. circulation of a million without reaching a single farmer.

The editors of these magazines try to show farmers how to make money, and their circulation managers try to sell the magazines to farmers who make it. They order the salesmen to stay out of depressed farming areas. *Country Home,* for instance, arranges a more expensive subscription - premium offer for the Southeast, in order to limit circulation among farmers of low buying power. Of course, if a poor farmer sends in an unsolicited dollar, they have to put him on the list.

Scores of selling methods have been used, many of them paralleling the tricks of magazines not in the farm field. For example, *Farm Journal's* polls of opinion, conducted by its salesmen, fit nicely into circulation campaigns. The salesmen ask such questions as whether the farmers favor a tariff wall against foreign farm products and whether they believe people on relief should be disenfranchised. The farmer who signs up for the *Journal* gets the results of the poll.

Country Gentleman outdoes its rivals in selling through schools, churches, and clubs—Sunday-school children sell the magazine, and their church gets a new carpet or something. *Country Home* uses premiums, *Farm Journal* offers elaborate signed-and-sealed certificates entitling the subscriber to farming advice, and *Successful Farming* employs farm-problem leaflets to get salesmen through screen doors. Some of the salesmen resort to barter, and come home at night loaded down with crates of chickens and eggs. But whatever technique employed to get the right name on the dotted line, this much is a fact: the farm magazines have staged a comeback which parallels the comeback of the farmer himself.

"Rainy Day"—An Original Lithograph by Thomas Benton.

Signed, Original ETCHINGS and LITHOGRAPHS

by 58 Great American ARTISTS

...NOW ONLY $5 EACH!

FIFTY-EIGHT of America's most distinguished artists have contributed one or more of their representative works to a new movement designed to stimulate nation-wide interest in fine art. Lovers of fine etchings and lithographs are thus offered a rare opportunity to obtain genuine, signed originals at a small fraction of their regular price. Among the artists contributing are Grant Wood, Thomas Benton, Eugene Higgins, John Steuart Curry, Doris Lee!

JOHN STEUART CURRY

Whose oils and lithographs are hanging in the world's great galleries and art museums. See Catalogue for biographical data and originals offered.

Every work is in mint condition and guaranteed to be of museum quality. Plate sizes average 8 by 11 inches. Framing sizes never less than 14 by 18 inches. Editions are strictly limited. Included among the current group are many recent prize-winners.

GRANT WOOD

Who enjoys an unique position in international art. His great craftsmanship has gained many honors.

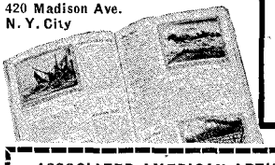
Over 50 prominent museums and art galleries have already obtained additions to their permanent collections from this same group. Each bears the artist's signature and comes matted. Subjects embrace a wide variety of marine, landscape, sporting, nature and character studies—in techniques ranging from the finest of the classics to the most desirable of the moderns.

If not delighted, you may return your selection at any time within 30 days, and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

SEND FOR THIS FREE CATALOGUE

Illustrates every subject offered (over 135) giving biography of artist's career and awards; size of each plate. Explains reasons for new art movement, and why price is kept at only $5 each, regardless of selection. Shows how to order by mail. **Use Coupon Below.**

Associated American Artists
420 Madison Ave.
N. Y. City



SOME OF THE 58 GREAT ARTISTS PARTICIPATING

Peggy Bacon
Thomas Benton
Alexander Brook
George Biddle
John Costigan
John Steuart Curry
Adolf Dehn
Eugene Higgins
Irwin Hoffman
Joe Jones
Doris Lee
Luigi Lucioni
Raphael Soyer
Grant Wood

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Studio 2410, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Catalogue illustrating the signed, original etchings and lithographs offered at only $5.00 each, by 58 distinguished artists, together with plate sizes; artists' biographies, etc. I enclose 10c to cover costs of postage and handling.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITTLE VOICES SOON Grow Up

HOW OFTEN

you look at the pictures you took of your children when they were tots, recalling happy memories of their baby days.

But can you remember how they sounded—the first little words they spoke — the first big ones — their charming struggles with new names and expressions? It's hard to relive those days unless you have phonograph records to complete the picture of their childhood.

Would you like to both see and hear your children years from now? Ask your radio or music dealer to show you the Presto recorder — the amazing instrument that makes a record of your voice, then plays it right back to you. Ask him to make a sample record of your child's voice so that you can hear the clear lifelike tone of Presto records. If your dealer cannot accommodate you, write to us.

PRESTO RECORDING CORP.
149 W. 19 St., N. Y. C.

LANGUAGES Made Easy By LINGUAPHONE

This amazing new Method enables you, *in your own home,* to speak and read any of 23 foreign languages in an incredibly short time. Endorsed by leading university professors and thousands of men and women as the quickest, simplest and most thorough language method. Send for catalogue and FREE Trial Offer.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
62 Rockefeller Center New York City

Come to the Gramophone Shop for Bargains in Records!

Among thousands of others may be had *Bach* Brandenburg Concertos, Preludes & Fugues, Suites, Partitas, *Beethoven* Symphonies & Quartets, *Brahms* Symphonies, Songs and Chamber Music, works of *Debussy,* Franck, Mozart, Ravel, Sibelius, Strauss, Schubert, Stravinsky, Tchaikowsky, Wagner, etc.; Complete Operas, Music of all Nations.

Call or Write for Free Catalog

Prices, 50c, 75c, and $1 per disc

Regularly sold for from $1.00 to $2.00 per record.

The Gramophone Shop INC.
18 EAST 48th ST., NEW YORK
WIckersham 2-1876
We ship records safely around the corner or around the world!

Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

ARTURO TOSCANINI resumes his place at the head of the NBC Symphony Orchestra October 15 for the first broadcast of this organization's second season. One of the most interesting aspects of the new series will be the further development of the Orchestra's tone and balance. Its ultimate emergence as a finished product of Toscanini's unyielding artistic demands cannot be predicted. But the material the conductor has to work with is the finest available, and it should be only a matter of extensive drilling until the perfection he achieved with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in former years is evident here.

It will be interesting to see if anything will be done about the one unfortunate feature of last season's NBC Symphony broadcasts. I refer, of course, to the unfavorable acoustics of the studio from which these programs emanated. The engineers associated with NBC may still maintain that Studio 8H is ideal for broadcasting purposes, and the publicity department may continue to nourish the myth that "Studio 8H was found to be a far better auditorium for transmission of symphonic music than even the most famous concert hall in the country." This is a reckless and unguarded claim, and it would be foolish to advance it again when there is abundant evidence to the contrary.

You can compare the acoustics of Boston's Symphony Hall, New York's Carnegie Hall, and Philadelphia's Academy of Music with those of Radio City's Studio 8H by the simple expedient of listening to Serge Koussevitzky's recording of Prokofieff's *Lieutenant Kije Suite* (Victor set No. M459); John Barbirolli's recording of Debussy's *Iberia* (Victor set No. M460); Eugene Ormandy's recording of orchestral transcriptions of Bach's *Prelude in E* and *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* (Victor No. 14973); and Toscanini's recording of Haydn's *Symphony No. 13 in G* (Victor set No. M454)—all on recent record lists.

These recordings were made with practically identical equipment, and each is a magnificent example of the art of preserving faithfully complex masses of sound.

The recordings of the Boston Symphony, the Philharmonic-Symphony, and the Philadelphia Orchestras are marvels of detail and instrumental balance. The halls in which they were made are famous for fine acoustic properties. In these "live" surroundings the tonal body has spatial depth and roundness, and the natural blending of the reverberant with the direct sound is largely responsible—to repeat what I wrote here on the same subject last May—"for the feeling that one has been transported to the concert hall, rather than the suspicion that a ninety-piece symphony orchestra has been dumped into one's living room."

Debussy's *Iberia* appears for the first time in a high fidelity recording. Barbirolli's interpretation of the somewhat blatant but highly colorful first and last movements is effective, but the languid passages of the beautiful slow movement, *Parfums de la nuit,* could be felt more sensitively. The feature here, as in the Boston Symphony's Prokofieff suite, is the remarkable reproduction of orchestral color, in particular the percussion touches—tambourine, military drum, xylophone, castanets, cymbals, and timpani.

The music for *Lieutenant Kije* is drawn from a score written for a Soviet film of the same name. The picture was shown in this country under the title *The Czar Wants to Sleep.* Given antic subject matter, Serge Prokofieff can be depended upon to supply properly humorous and sardonic music. Scored for a large orchestra, this suite affords the members of the Boston Symphony exceptional opportunity to display their individual talents and their complete mastery of the modern idiom. Not the least attractive of this set's inducements are the excerpts from Prokofieff's opera *The Love for Three Oranges*—the stirring *March* and *Scherzo*—which fill out the odd-record side.

Without discarding reservations about orchestrating works which Bach wrote for solo violin (*Prelude in E*) and as a chorale (*Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*), I find it extremely difficult to resist the tonal splendor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy has kept this organization in the front rank. I am

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not so sure but that I prefer his concept of tone to that of Stokowski, with whom he shares the leadership of this magnificent orchestra.

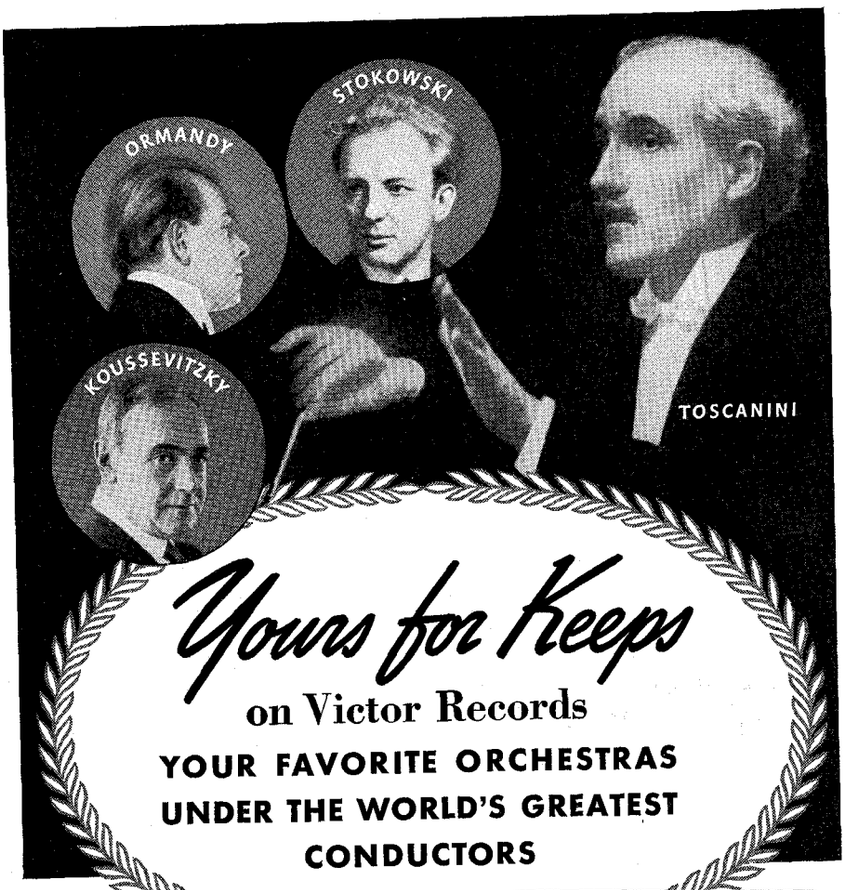
After listening to the four greatest orchestras of the world, recent European recordings of symphonic works disclose rather glaring defects both in sonority and recording technic. However, two works, both conducted by the ubiquitous Sir Thomas Beecham, should be mentioned for interpretative excellence: Mozart's early but singularly appealing *Symphony No. 29 in A (K. 201)* and Haydn's late *Symphony No. 93 in D,* both performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia sets Nos. 333 and 336, respectively).

*

There is really no need for the author of the otherwise commendable booklet which accompanies the recording of Brahms' *Sonata in E-flat, op. 120, No. 2,* to sanction the viola version of this lovely chamber work, originally written for clarinet and piano, as if there might be some question concerning such a transference; or to suggest that "the composer himself might well approve the playing of it by viola and piano as well as by clarinet and piano." In fact, Brahms made the viola an alternative to the clarinet in his two sonatas comprising *op. 120,* and provided arrangements that can be recommended unreservedly.

The arrangement of the E-flat sonata used by William Primrose, first viola of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, and Gerald Moore, piano, is substantially that supplied by Brahms. Whatever technical difficulties Mr. Primrose may encounter—and certain passages that come within easy reach of the clarinetist pose technical feats for the violist—you are never conscious of his instrument's limitations. Throughout the sonata his execution is flawless. The recording projects every nuance of color faithfully, and the balance between the viola and piano is virtually perfect (Victor set No. M422).

Modern composers have explored the viola's possibilities as a solo instrument more extensively than musicians of the nineteenth century. Paul Hindemith's compositions are outstanding, and his own recorded performances of them (*cf.* Columbia catalogue) are valuable if somewhat abstruse examples. But the work which should gain most headway with the public is William Walton's *Concerto for Viola and Orchestra*—recorded by Frederick Riddle and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by the composer (Decca set No. 8). This dark-hued and sinewy work improves with each re-hearing, and there should be no



Yours for Keeps
on Victor Records
YOUR FAVORITE ORCHESTRAS
UNDER THE WORLD'S GREATEST
CONDUCTORS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON VICTOR RECORDS

Victor Records put practically the entire symphonic literature at your command. Toscanini, Ormandy, Stokowski, Koussevitzky, Barbirolli, need be no farther away than the shelves which hold your Victor Albums. With Victor Records you can always enjoy the music you want, when you want it. Hear your favorite Victor recordings on one of the 15 new RCA Victrolas at your dealer's. Prices this year begin as low as $24.50.*

TOSCANINI and the NBC Symphony Orchestra... Haydn Symphony No. 13 in G Major... Victor Album M-454 (AM-454 for automatic operation). 6 sides $6.50

PLAY RECORDS THROUGH YOUR RADIO
Get $25.95 value—in Victor Records and RCA Victrola Attachment—for $14.95

Special offer gives you $14.95† RCA Victrola Attachment, $9.00 in Victor Records of your choice, $2.00 subscription to Victor Record Review, membership in Victor Record Society. RCA Victrola Attachment can be attached to any modern AC set. (†List Price)

RCA VICTROLA U-134-A—*Record and radio entertainment in a distinguished 18th Century Cabinet*

Has Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer... High Fidelity... Magic Voice ... Crystal Pick-up... 16 tubes... 7-band radio... Electric Tuning for 8 stations. $355.00*, including $9.00 in Victor Records, membership in Victor Record Society, RCA Victor Master Antenna. Other automatic Victrolas as low as $185.00.*

FOR FINER RADIO PERFORMANCE . . . RCA VICTOR RADIO TUBES.

Listen to the "Magic Key of RCA" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. S. T., on the NBC Blue Network.

You can buy RCA Victrolas on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Victor Master Antenna. *Prices f.o.b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice.

RCA Victrola
Combines Record and Radio Entertainment
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question concerning its place in the permanent concert repertoire. The performance here is splendid, and its spacious recording allows Walton's brilliant climaxes to come off more effectively than they did during the Primrose-NBC Orchestra broadcast of this work last spring.

An English commentator suggests in a sensible defense of Chopin's *Nocturnes* that these romantic pieces "should be not so much heard as over-heard." For their enjoyment, "One sits occupied with one's own thoughts in an adjoining room and the music comes stealing in to awaken dreams, by turns placid, melancholy, heroic, passionate, but always providing a background of lovely and gently stimulating sound." I admire such frankness. For more than an hour I have been listening to all nineteen *Nocturnes*. My thoughts were pretty much confined to endorsements of Arthur Rubinstein's ability to approach hackneyed material freshly, and his avoidance of the languishing touch. But the Englishman has put the tag on this music. Possibly there is a public which will find in these, for the most part excessively sentimental, night-pieces, the perfect "music of escape." Well, here is the whole lot, both major and minor, as effectively presented, artistically and mechanically, as the dreamiest of dreamers could desire (Victor sets Nos. M461 & M462).

The Greatest Mutiny in History

(*continued from page 12*)

certain objectives and held them until May 15 without shelter and against violent counterattacks. Relieved that day, the men learned, while marching back to rest, that the position had been immediately retaken by the Germans. In the little village of Prouilly the exhausted soldiers fraternized with men of the 120th Infantry and 117th Territorials, exchanged notes on insufficient artillery support and poor aerial observation. One hope remained—rest. But on May 20 came orders to go back into line. The men had been paid, liquor was available in abundance. Replacements, infected by sedition at the depot, joined them. The 120th refused to march. Hotheads in the 128th called for soldiers' councils; men gathered in noisy groups; some refused point-blank to fall in. Soapbox orators urged Russian methods. Quick action by officers squelched the trouble, and the regiment marched, but many rioters were left behind in confinement.

The 128th's story, with few variations, is typical of all the outbreaks. In each case it was not troops in front-line positions who rebelled, but men who had returned from a hopeless fight, were in rest camps, and suddenly found themselves ordered back to fight again. Came liquor, guardhouse lawyers' arguments, little gatherings that swirled almost spontaneously into mass meetings. Here and there officers were threatened, in some few instances, abused. In each case, military control was at least partially restored. The men were not rebelling against France, or their own officers; they were striking against the Government and the high command. This, it would seem, was what misled the German intelligence, which must have had plenty of information from its agents inside the French lines. Had front-line units crumpled, had men deserted to the enemy, one can well believe that the War would have been over in a week.

In rear areas, conditions were worse. As the offensive died down, liberal furloughs had been granted—the primary method to restore morale. However, when the leave trains jolted through stations to the interior, the men, who in many instances had been herded for hours in the torrid sun to await transportation, began to drink. The exhortations of certain malcontents did the rest. Many of the trains became caravans of rioting hoodlums, irresponsive to official restraint. Showers of stones smashed glass in railway stations, raids were made on refreshment booths, entire populations were terrorized. Officers were powerless; police were cowed.

In Paris, at both the Gare du Nord and Gare de l'Est, serious outbreaks occurred, mutinous soldiers and Parisian communists joining forces in the rioting. Local authorities all along the railways called frantically to the Army for troops. Seditious elements did their bit to sow the seeds of revolt. These were no minor disturbances; at big railway depots, such as those in Paris, tens of thousands of men passed through on some days.

In the Loire Basin, heart of industrial France, labor unions began to strike, swelling the tumult as their workmen joined the reign of terror. The Ministry of War was besieged with requests for Senegalese riflemen and cavalry to aid the police and gendarmerie.

IV

Such was the situation confronting not only the new generalissimo, Pétain, but the French Government itself, during the last ten days of May and the first fortnight of June. To few commanders has such a prize package been presented: In his hands a mutinous army, in front an aggressive enemy, behind him a feverish cesspool of dissension and sedition already slopping over. With Foch as Chief of the General Staff behind him, with Painlevé as Minister of War upholding him, Pétain started to clean his Augean Stables. His estimate of the situation was that the French Army must have complete rest. A tentative plan for another joint offensive was discarded June 3 when General Maistre, successor to Mangin in command of the 6th Army, stated that without rest "we risk having the men refuse to leave the trenches." "At that moment," declared Painlevé, "there were no more than two divisions between Soissons and Paris on whom we could count absolutely."

Pétain demanded that the British take up the task of keeping the Germans busy, to give the French time to reorganize and, as he put it, "wait for the Americans and tanks." Haig responded with the Messines offensive. Significant, Pétain's remark, for it determined once and for all the importance and the nature of American participation.

Pétain started on a flying tour of his entire army, visiting ninety-two divisions, letting them feel the soldierly influence of their new commander-in-chief. Foch in the rear installed proper surveillance over furloughed men. In the units themselves, where thousands of men were now in confinement or under arrest for mutiny, commanders were calling for Draconian action. Pétain asked for a free hand, including repeal of the laws permitting appeals from court-martial convictions and of the presidential power of commutation of death sentences. Painlevé, fearing parliamentary discussion would make the Mutiny public, induced the President to relinquish his power of grace, which he could do under the law.

Thus Pétain, on June 9, held in his hand the power of life and death; the news jolted the Army like a cold shower. Then he acted. According to Painlevé,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approximately 150 death sentences had been imposed upon ringleaders in cases of "collective refusal to obey," the French euphemism for mutiny. Twenty-three of these were shot, the remainder commuted by Pétain to imprisonment. But—they were whisked away in strictest secrecy to confinement in Morocco, Algeria, and Indo-China, while thousands of others were simply transferred—again in secrecy—to units in the colonial possessions. What happened, so far as the soldiers knew, was that Jean and Jacques and Gustave, yesterday in local confinement, had today vanished into thin air. Where were they? *"Tonnère de dieu!* Who knows? Shot, perhaps!" Gossip did the rest. Moral: let's not make the same mistake.

Throughout the episode, one remarkable thing remains clear: the steel grip of censorship and counter-espionage maintained by the French authorities. Despite the activities of the German espionage net, despite the efforts of such foreign correspondents as came in contact with some of the events, no definite corroboration of the rumors could be obtained until the information was too old to be of use to the enemy. Pétain frankly told Haig of conditions, but Haig did not inform even his own chief of intelligence, lest some inkling leak out.

According to Von Ludendorff, the German high command was not convinced there was anything seriously wrong with the French Army until the middle of June. On June 5, certain limited-objective local attacks were launched, apparently to feel out the situation, but on June 7, Plumer's 2nd British Army stormed Messines Ridge, giving the Germans something else to think about. By June 20 the German intelligence reports all totted up one way and Von Ludendorff struck, along the Chemin des Dames. The offensive was so warmly received, however, that it was not pushed home. It was too late; the poilu was himself again, pulled out of his hysteria by Pétain, given his second wind through Haig's aggressive tactics.

V

THE French Mutiny of '17 stands as one of the greatest examples of the effect of mass hyteria upon the soul of the soldier. It is easy to toss off on Nivelle's shoulders responsibility for an ill-advised offensive; it is just as easy to criticize the stupidity which permitted French secret documents to fall into German hands. But one must consider that the Nivelle offensive was almost successful; a major portion of the German reserves had been sucked into the battle. Who can say definitely what would have happened if the attack had not been peremptorily halted? As for the captured plans, a similar incident occurred in late October, 1918, when detailed operations orders for the final attack of our own 1st Army in the Meuse-Argonne fell into the German hands; the difference here was that, although warned, the Germans were on their last legs.

The Mutiny was over, we see, by June 15; its immediate repercussions died August 20, when Pétain launched his limited offensive of the Third Battle of Verdun. In six days the French had taken their objectives, had repulsed all German counterattacks. But the effect of the Mutiny on American participation was to last until the Armistice. One must not forget the frantic pressure on Pershing and on Wilson for men, men, and more men—pressure that vitally changed our original plan.

The highlights tell their story. When Pétain's "Americans and tanks" finally arrived, the former were an unknown quantity until Cantigny, May 28, 1918. By that time the great German offensives were once more beating France to her knees. Foch called, Pershing answered. At Château-Thierry, in Belleau Wood, Americans set Germany's high-water mark. Then Foch launched his Aisne-Marne offensive. Once again French soldiers were told their attack would end the War; but Foch could not afford failure. So the spearhead of his attack was composed of the 1st and 2nd American Divisions, with the French Moroccan Division between them. In the Meuse-Argonne operation, when the French 4th Army battered in vain against the Blanc Mont heights, failure could not be tolerated. So the 2nd American Division was called on to do the job.

The Mutiny of '17 was but one incident in the vast canvas of the World War. It is hard to realize that this minor drama—actually on the boards as we so blithely rushed to war, yet of which we in general were ignorant—materially affected the destinies of the United States. It is harder still to realize that an event so momentous to Americans could have been hushed at the time. The very secrecy with which it was blanketed by France's adroit *2e Bureau*—G-2, or Intelligence Department—added to its influence upon American history.

[The seventh in a series of articles in which SCRIBNER'S is reconstructing memorable fragments from our past in the light of their contemporary meaning. The eighth will appear in an early issue.]

You may watch Sydney's crystal blue harbor flecked by hundreds of white dipping sails; or join a hundred thousand frenzied spectators at the Melbourne Cup; or wander in Brisbane's tropic gardens . . . every change of scene adds a new surprise.

Luxurious, low-fare liners take you swiftly across the Pacific, via Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji and New Zealand. Ask your *Travel Agent* for all details of your trip . . . the advantages of favorable exchange . . . specific facts about Australia, and for attractive free literature. Or address:

Arthur H. O'Connor, *Manager*

Australian National Travel Association
(A non-profit Community Organization)
Box D, 510 W. 6th St.,
Los Angeles, California

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THAT TRUE *Tropical* TOUCH!

To achieve the full-bodied flavor and aroma that makes those tropical drinks so downright delicious—

"Mix Them As They Make Them in Jamaica"

WITH

MYERS'S RUM

"Planters' Punch" Brand

100% Fine Old Jamaica
All 8 Years Old—97 Proof

HERE'S HOW!

Ask us for our mixing guide of 60 authentic recipes for delightful rum drinks. Write to R. U. Delapenha, Dept. SR-4, 57 Laight St., N. Y.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
White Cokay
WINE
IF IT'S TAYLOR'S
it's one of
THE FINER WINES
A taste . . . and you'll agree that Taylor Wines do rank with the finest in flavor and quality. . . Wherever choice wines are sold or served.
Alcohol 18% by Vol.
Write for this 36-page Booklet of unusual wine-flavored recipes to—
THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
KITCHEN TESTED RECIPES
TAYLOR
Wines
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

The Hunt Room, Cavalier Hotel, Virginia Beach

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

Miss Peggy Wood, distinguished actress of the legitimate stage, suggested the main topic of this article. At one of the last season's opening nights in New York, she asked me for the recipe for a dish which had delighted her palate and which, she felt quite certain, would likewise appeal to all other lovers of good food.

The dish in which she was so greatly interested is one which has the rare advantage of being equally good when served hot or cold. Known both here and abroad under the name of "Daube," the dish is really not much more than an elaboration of the ordinary American variety of beef stew, but it is truly fit for a king.

There are innumerable recipes for Daube, but here's my favorite. It comes from Joseph Donon, reputedly the highest-paid chef in private service in the United States.

DAUBE

Ingredients:

4 lbs. of round of beef
¼ lb. of larding pork
6 garlic cloves, crushed
1 bouquet of parsley and celery
4 onions and ½ lb. of mushrooms, chopped fine
4 carrots, sliced
¼ lb. of lean salt pork, cut in squares and parboiled
1 calf's foot, cut in two and parboiled
8 tomatoes, peeled and coarsely chopped
24 pitted black olives
1 bay leaf
2 sprigs of thyme
1 bottle of red wine
½ dry orange peel
1 pint good stock

Method: Cut the meat in cubes, about twelve to the pound. Lard thoroughly with salt pork or fat bacon cut in thin strips, season with salt and pepper, add the carrots, onions, mushrooms, bay leaf, thyme, bouquet, red wine, and let marinade for at least three hours, turning the pieces from time to time.

Take a saucepan, put in the olive oil, and set on a hot fire. When the oil starts to smoke, add the meat which has been removed from the marinade and wiped dry. Brown the entire surface of the meat; but avoid piercing with fork, for this would allow the inner juices to escape.

When well browned remove the oil or fat of the pan and add the ingredients of the marinade which has been strained over a bowl, cover the saucepan and let simmer for ten or fifteen minutes, then add the marinade liquor, the tomatoes, the orange peel, the calf's foot, the olives, the lean salt pork, and the stock.

Bring to a boil, cover the saucepan and simmer very gently in the oven until tender—that is, for four or five hours.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEACHER'S *Perfection of Blended* SCOTCH WHISKY

86 PROOF

Teacher's Scotch has evident quality, sure mark of the thoroughbred. Hearty body enriches the mild smoothness of Teacher's taste. There's tang in its *balanced* flavour.

"It's the flavour"

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow · SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before serving, remove the bouquet, and all grease from the gravy. Noodles with butter served separately go very nicely with it.

When the dish is served hot, there is nothing which will quite equal a bottle of good red Burgundy as its liquid accompaniment. There are bargains to be had in excellent vintages, and not more than an average of $2.50 need be paid for some of the 1928's and 1929's, both very great years in Burgundy.

As to cold Daube, I have enjoyed it with many different types of drink, from Piper Heidsieck, 1928, to plain, but delightfully refreshing, beer. And I'm not quite sure which one I like best.

DRINK OF THE MONTH

The drink of the month is the Cobbler, that most delightful potation which Dickens' Martin Chuzzlewit described as "a wonderful invention, Sir. Sherry Cobbler when you call it long, Cobbler when you call it short."

Pound a small quantity of ice quite fine, by wrapping it in a coarse cloth and beating it with a mallet or rolling pin.

Half fill a large tumbler with this powdered ice, add a teaspoonful and a half of powdered sugar, two or three pieces of the outer rind of a lemon, and a wine glass and a half of sherry. Throw in half a dozen strawberries if in season. Fill up with pounded ice. Mix by pouring rapidly from one tumbler to another several times. Drink through a straw.

Ask Mr. Fougner

QUESTION: Recently I received a gift of twelve brandy snifters. Will you please tell the way to use them? How much brandy should be put in the glass? What is the correct way of twirling? Does one put the glass right up to the nose? Does one drink the brandy afterward?

ANSWER: If the "snifter" is of the very large type which appears to have met with so much favor in America, the amount of brandy poured should not exceed what is needed to cover properly the rounded bottom of the glass, or about a quarter of an inch in height. The procedure is to slip the stem through your fingers and grasp the bowl of the glass in the palm of your hand, after which a rotary motion is slowly imparted to the container, thus moistening the inside walls. The heat of the hand, together with the rotary motion, will fully develop the aroma of the brandy in the glass, which you will then bring under the nose. Having "snifted," drink the brandy slowly, holding it against the palate for a moment, in order that the warmth may enhance the flavor.

Westbrook Pegler

(*continued from page 9*)

of submarines, thinking that the non-appearance of the vessels would do more than blatant publicity to undermine German confidence in their underwater offensive. Sims was playing the English game. Pegler sent his stamped duplicate to America to justify the United Press story, and Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, personally ordered Admiral Sims to reinstate him.

Dispatched to France, Pegler got into more difficulties when he attempted to smuggle through the military a personal letter to Roy Howard, exposing the conditions of censorship imposed on the American correspondents. The letter was intercepted, and General Pershing asked the United Press to relieve Pegler.

Back in London, Pegler joined up with the American Navy, and spent the rest of the War in the quiet harbor waters of Liverpool. In 1919 he returned to New York and went to work as a night rewrite man for the United Press. There, turning out reams of copy during the dark watches, he remembered that once in London Floyd Gibbons had given him some practical advice. The first was to stop signing himself "J. W. Pegler" (his first name is James), because a "Pullman-car name like 'Westbrook' will help sell your stuff." Gibbons also advised him to specialize if he continued in newspapering.

Pegler examined the newspaper field. The best general reporters weren't making large incomes, but such sports writers as Damon Runyon, W. O. McGeehan, and Grantland Rice were earning as much (an incredible figure then) as $300 a week. Pegler continued to write the whole night report of the United Press, but he picked sports stories to send out under his own signature. He discovered also that it was not the technical experts but the phrasemakers who garnered the profits in the profession, and that there were two schools of writing among the phrasemakers. One was the poetic, romantic school of Rice and Bob Edgren, then very popular. The other was the tough, amused, what-does-it-matter school of McGeehan and his imitators. Pegler deliberately lined up with the rowdies; there were comparatively few journeymen playing that side of the street.

Pegler prepared his signed stories with loving care, and they attracted attention. In those days the newspapers put a premium on almost moronic simplicity, under the impression that they were achieving clarity, and Pegler soon stood out as a fellow who could throw a phrase like a lariat. Since he usually chose a funny or a fantastic story to tell, the editors of the newspapers let him have his head and shooed away the bilious guillotiners of the copy desk.

In 1925 the Chicago *Tribune* hired Pegler at $250 a week to write one sports story a day from New York. Free of the drudgery of the news desk, he quickly became an outstanding man in his field and was sold successfully as a syndicated feature. He reached a New York audience through the *Evening Post*. The truth is, of course, that Pegler's knowledge of sports was never exactly encyclopedic. He covered football, baseball, fights, and wrestling, but his best stories were always about personalities—preferably eccentrics—Carnera, Babe Herman, the incredible Mushy Jackson, Man Mountain Dean (the bearded wrestler whose tangled foliage, Pegler once said, gave him the appearance of a "burst horsehair sofa").

Pegler's job permitted him great latitude. An assignment to cover a football game in the South might result, not in a column about the football game, but about the oddities of Southern drinking customs. And such columns were delightful indeed. It was while he was still a sports columnist, I believe, that he did his devastating burlesques of Arthur Brisbane, O. O. McIntyre, and Walter Winchell. The first two are preserved in a collection of his columns published in book form under the title of *'Tain't Right,* but the indignant Winchell parody—one of the most savage and telling of his *feuilletons*—is orphaned in yellowing newspaper files.

It was Roy Howard who conceived the idea of moving Pegler from the sports page to the "brains" page, and letting his vitriol spill over matters of general, rather than parochial, import. And so, on a handsome contract, Peg returned home to the Scripps newspapers. He was very nervous about this promotion to the ranks of the "think"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men, first of all because he has a modest opinion of his own talents and, second, because he is haunted always by a self-conscious fear that he will make an ass of himself. In the first column which he wrote under the new persuasion he told the truth:

"I am not very well acquainted among the gold-standard crowd, the NRA crowd, the Governor-do-your-duty crowd, and the whither-are-we-drifting writers, being new around here. But I have a feeling just from the look of them that there will be days over here in the Sacred Heritage of Liberty department when I will pine for good old Primo and the Ol' Bambino."

Pegler is still homesick at times for the Ol' Bambino. In sports, the issue was pretty clearly drawn. Either a guy was honest or he wasn't; either the exhibition was on the square or it was phony. In the sphere of national and world affairs, the issue, unhappily, is not so clearly drawn.

In the beginning, Pegler's column was not entirely a success. He seemed a little at sea. Editors who had purchased him on faith were disappointed; some of them, apparently, had signed up under the impression that they were getting sports comment. Since that time, however, Pegler has more than justified Howard's faith in him as a property. He is printed not only in the twenty Scripps-Howard newspapers—he calls his column "Fair Enough"—but in eighty-nine others. Technically, he is an employee of the New York *World-Telegram*. He telegraphs his copy there every day, and it is handled and edited (and occasionally suppressed) by Lee B. Wood, the *World-Telegram's* executive editor.

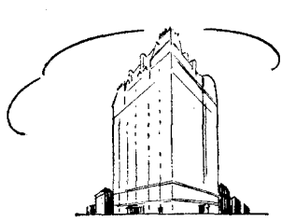
III

PEGLER is now forty-four years old, and his sandy hair is graying over the temples. A gangling kid as a reporter, he has begun to put on a little weight at the middle. He is just under six feet tall, has a sulky Mick mouth (his mother was Irish), a crooked smile, and skeptical, angry eyes. None of his newspaper photographs really looks much like him; perhaps that is the reason the editors are always trying a new one.

Pegler has made a great deal of money in the last few years and can afford nice things like plug hats, electric razors, and two-dollar dinners at places with shaded lamps, but to read some of his columns one would think that he went around with a cap on his head (he once wore one at Buckingham Palace), and a portion of eating tobacco in his jaw. As a matter of fact, this Pegler of the column

COGNAC
MONNET
IT'S SMART TO SAY:
"MAKE MINE MONNET"
Shipped by a house now a century old, Monnet Cognac has always been recognized as a brandy of incomparable goodness—reserved for those who insist on the finest.
15 YEARS OLD
MONNET
J.G. MONNET & Co.
COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
SHAW
SOLE U.S. AGENTS
ALEX. D. SHAW & Co. INC. NEW YORK
IMPORT DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS
For the Select Few
86 Proof -- Copyright 1933, National Distillers Products Corp., Import Division, N. Y. C. *Your Guide to* Good Liquors

One of the Few Famous Hotels in America



All the luxuries and comforts of modern living . . . a gracious hospitality famed the world over—at the very hub of Philadelphia's social and commercial life. Theatres, shops, sports, transportation and your appointments are but a step away.

Rates begin at $3.85

BELLEVUE STRATFORD

In the Heart of Philadelphia

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, GEN. MGR.

America's No. 1 Place to Rest and Recuperate this Winter

BLUE SKIES from morn till night—constant sunshine—out-of-doors living all day *every* day. That is "winter" in Tucson—driest city in the desert sunshine country.

Here you can relax day after day in natural, health-giving ultra-violet rays.

Or you can play with new zest, for there is much to do. Ride, fish, hunt; visit historic missions, primitive ruins and nearby Old Mexico. Find real western ranch life, too.

Accommodations are modern and ample. Costs are moderate.

DISCOVER *Write or send coupon today for free booklet and complete information. This non-profit civic club serves visitors without fee or obligation.*

Sunshine Climate Club, 1814 a Rialto

TUCSON, ARIZONA

★ Send me your new illustrated booklet: "NEW LIFE IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE"

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who seems always on the point of biffing somebody on the jaw is a complete fiction.

In private life, Pegler is kind, generous, unassuming, and long-suffering. He loves dogs and children, and though the racing strophes and acrid slang of his literary style would seem to indicate that he was up to his ears in the smoky whirl of metropolitan living, actually he prefers the seclusion of the country. He has a beautiful thirty-five-acre estate in the hills near Pound Ridge, New York —some two hours' motor ride from New York City. When I saw him he hadn't been in the city for a month. He forces himself to travel around the country for three or four months a year so that he will not get too aloof from the turmoil and shouting, but he resents every moment of it.

Pegler's marriage was one of those storybook romances of journalism. His wife, the former Julia Harpman, was a reporter on the New York *Daily News*. They met on a veranda in West Seventieth Street in 1920, when both of them were covering a celebrated murder story —the murder of Joseph Elwell, the bridge expert. Their marriage was delayed until 1922 because Miss Harpman was gravely injured when a streetcar struck a taxicab in which she was riding. Her back was broken and she spent more than a year in the hospital.

Subsequently, and as a result of her accident, Mrs. Pegler developed heart trouble. One breathless summer when she was particularly ill, Pegler remembered that oxygen tents were used for pneumonia patients and asked her physician why they wouldn't be effective for heart patients, too. The doctor said it would be worth trying—and now there are two or three oxygen tanks always concealed behind the draperies in their home.

Pegler's writing habits conspire to make an agony of many of his waking hours. Those crisp and easy-reading sentences that seem to have been dashed off at white-hot speed actually are produced with the utmost sweat and toil. It often takes him as long as six hours to produce a column of 600 to 900 words, and since he works at night he often sees the dawn. He tears every phrase apart; he polishes, cuts, edits, starts over again. When he was a sports columnist, he was a definite menace to college authorities who wished to be hospitable to reporters. In those days, press boxes in the various stadia had no lights in them—football, after all, is played in the daytime, and most of the sports writers finish their stint and are out and away a half-hour after the game. But not Pegler. Long after Albie Booth had made his touchdown run, long after drunken rooters had begun to pile up in traffic accidents on the way home, Pegler would be tapping away beside his telegraph wire. It was established tradition among the telegraph operators to draw straws to see who would be the unlucky devil to get Pegler and remain shivering in the stadium until 11 P.M. The lighting problem was hard for the student managers to solve. Flashlights and matches were ineffective. Finally, Princeton solved the matter by setting up in its press box one gasoline lamp—put there especially to cast its halo over Pegler, as, slowly as a silkworm, he spun literature.

IV

Anyone who is supposedly read by 6,000,000 people is bound to be, whether he is willing or not, a social force. Pegler is uncomfortable in the position of being a social force. He didn't set out to be one, and he is appalled whenever he reads in some journal of public opinion that he is one. It was his idea all along that a newspaper name-caller carried no great influence, that he was a check rather than a lobby, a sort of admonitory finger that, having writ, moved on —fast.

Pegler does not mean everything he says, and in the old days because of his extravagance of phrase he was taken, and he expected to be taken, with a grain of salt. Exaggeration has always been an integral part of American humor, and it worries Pegler that in these sober-sided days some of his typewritten diatribes are accepted *per se* as dispositions of the Lord, or of the devil. They aren't meant as dispositions; they are meant as burrs under the tail.

"Of all the fantastic fogshapes that have risen off the swamp of confusion since the big war," he wrote recently, "the most futile, and, at the same time, the most pretentious is the deep-thinking hair-trigger columnist or commentator who knows all the answers offhand and can settle great affairs with absolute finality three days or even six days a week."

Pegler regards his trade, when he stops to think about it, as a sort of journalistic vaudeville, "intended to entertain the customer and exert a little circulation pull of a slightly higher turn than that of the comics." And he adds, continuing the mood of honest confession, "It takes gall to sit down to a typewriter at a certain hour every afternoon to confront a long mile of white paper and presume to tell the people what it is all about to the extent of from 500 to 1000 words."

The truth is that Pegler often finds himself out of his depth. On the sports page next to the box scores, his column seemed to have a high cultural content, but in the big-time competition, his general knowledge and social understanding sometimes seem deficient. He has little capacity for thinking a problem through; his friends say he reads nothing more meaty than popular biography; a visit to the halls of Congress provokes in him only a profound boredom.

Pegler has been referred to frequently as a "common garden variety of newspaper reporter raised to commentator." Pegler himself would like to believe that, but it isn't true. He was never a digger; he had plenty of experience at leg work, but I am sure he never liked it. He is primarily a writer, a superb craftsman. He always wanted to write fiction or plays; he did produce one short story about a prize fighter and, if he ever had time, he would try again. He is interested in his material because he is interested in seeing what his typewriter can do with it.

Pegler is singularly uneven in his columns. The best of them are magnificent, whether just plain funny or white-hot with indignation. The worst of them are unfair, unfunny, and in reasonably bad taste. Usually with him it is a matter of material. Because he is trademarked as the man with shrapnel in his pen, he must produce shockers. And the simple fact is that there aren't enough stories going around to furnish him with daily ammunition. The result is that he gets into feuds on such matters as the income tax, or belabors small fry, and becomes, in effect, just a common scold.

His apology for the San Jose lynching is one of his most notorious anti-social columns, but that need not worry us much. The column, really aimed at self-righteousness, appeared to be an endorsement of the quick methods of the California mob, and some seventy or eighty writers joined in a mass protest to the *World-Telegram*. There seems to be pretty good evidence that Pegler wrote that piece to draw fire and comment; he had just joined the *Telegram* and could use a national protest to let the other boys know that he was around —and a distinctly outrageous fellow.

The explanation of Pegler is that he is a complete individualist. He cannot stand the idea of regimentation and compulsion. He hates Fascism, Communism, and governmental pressure. He hates hypocrisy, double-dealing, and bribery.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He hates phonies and, always, the top dog. He hates censorship, but on the matter of the suppression of various of his own columns he is remarkably mild. He is under contract, and the contract provides that the publisher may drop such items as do not please him. For example, the *World-Telegram* and various other papers did not print his column attacking General Franco. The newspapers, frankly, were afraid of challenging the energies of the Catholic Church. Pegler himself, rather naïvely, anticipated no public outcry whatever; in preparing the column, he quoted doctrine from the Rev. Wilfred Parsons, a noted Jesuit father, and, having been raised a Catholic himself, he felt sure that in his denunciation he raised no foam on the sea.

Another curious thing about the worldly wise and cynical commentator is that he is highly moral. Though he plays poker every week, normally losing $37.50, and once proposed a national lottery, he really disapproves of big-time gambling. (He has learned enough not to be afraid of inconsistency.) He disapproves of bathing-suit and leg art in the newspapers, and on one occasion posited a theory that such pictures roused degenerates to their lustful crimes. He dislikes dirty stories and once wrote suggesting that something should be done to silence all the dirty stories which are made up about the President and his family, and told by people with some pretentions to social decency.

Pegler's limitations are obvious to anyone who reads him regularly. He is no first-flight thinker, but he thinks all right when his emotions don't get in the way. Like all skeptics, he is a disillusioned believer. He believed in Mr. Roosevelt and took it as a personal offence when, in his opinion, the President turned out to be a grudge-holder and a devious politician. He had waited a long time in politics for a pure knight, meantime cocking a cynical eye at the sordid scene he knew so well. And then the pure knight failed him.

He was strongly in favor of the Newspaper Guild when it started, and was disillusioned when the Guild espoused the C.I.O. and radical ideologies. He still is a member but unsympathetic, and this disillusionment has changed his whole attitude on the closed shop and the labor movement. It has become with him a personal feud.

V

PEGLER began as a debunker, and the liberals and the freethinkers agreed then that he was wonderful—because he was taking the hides off the crowd they didn't care for. He continues along the same line, but he is no longer the darling of his onetime chums. He is still agin the Government; he still attempts to puncture the arrant hypocrisies of political spokesmen. But the old rooting section has changed its colors, and its captains now are willing to grant, having achieved membership in a political majority, that certain hypocrisies are necessary in popular government. The hypocrisies are justified, they contend, by the ends to be achieved.

Well, Pegler doesn't think so. Nowadays he is frequently described by old admirers as either a Fascist, a Tory, or a Red-baiter. Pegler denies the accuracy of the first two epithets and gladly accepts the third. He not only admits, but maintains in the face of argument, that he is a Red-baiter. As a man who defended the right of Communists to be heard when they were one of the defenseless and put-upon orders, Pegler stakes out a present-day claim as an A-Number-1, first-class enemy of Communism and Communists. Now that the Marxists have achieved a degree of influence through evangelical conversions among the writing and trade-union groups, he is inclined to believe that they show no more regard for fair play than the malevolent princes of privilege they are attacking, and an equal indifference to truth. Moreover, after a quick look around, he is convinced by the obloquy that they seek to heap upon those who disagree with them that they are dangerous enemies of the free speech which has permitted them to exist. Anyway, since the Reds bait him he has concluded that it is quite all right to bait Reds.

So much for Pegler, the hard man from down under, the lethal fellow of the daily barbecue. But now and then in his column the mask drops a little, and his customers in Denver and Dubuque get the shock of their lives. For when Pegler *does* turn sentimental, he writes in a high and lyrical soprano. His column about the motion picture *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* is a case in point. "It seems to me," he began, "that *Snow White* is the happiest thing that has happened in this world since the Armistice. . . . There are no words on my keyboard capable of appreciating, much less exaggerating, the beauty of this great artist's achievement."

This outburst seems to indicate that the big nasty man of the daily newspapers is in reality the little boy who had to take up cussing and fist fighting because he liked to play the violin.

Thirty Days

SCRIBNER'S 2ND LIFE IN THE U. S. CONTEST ENDS NOV. 1

First Prize $1000

THE IDEA

Brief articles of personal experience. The experience may be noble, tragic, funny, or exasperating . . . it may have occurred on Park Avenue or Main Street or R.F.D. No. 1 . . . it may have happened to a murderer, millionaire, or minister.

The articles—*Must be:* True, not fictional, not distorted; contemporary, not historical. *Should be:* Told in the first person (preferably); told straightforwardly, without "*literary*" embellishment; narrated, not described or explained; typical rather than unique. *Must not be:* Essays on quaint cults and customs; observations on how the other half lives.

THE RULES

All entries must be postmarked before noon, November 1, 1938.

Enter manuscripts early, if possible — preferably typewritten and double-spaced.

Address them to Life in the United States Contest, Scribner's Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Enclose stamped and addressed envelope for return—otherwise the manuscript will not be entered in the contest or acknowledged.

Manuscripts should be between 500 and 4000 words in length.

Employees of Scribner's Magazine and members of their family are not eligible.

The Judges will be the Editors of Scribner's Magazine; their decisions will be conclusive and binding on all manuscripts.

THE PRIZES

First Prize	$1000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	250
Ten additional Prizes, each	100

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIRLS — SOUTH

FAIRFAX HALL Standard accredited work 2 years college. 4 years high school. Secretarial, Journalism, Fine Arts. In Shenandoah Valley near Skyline Drive. Attractive buildings, large campus. All sports. Private stable. Indoor and outdoor pools.
WM. B. GATES, President, Box S-10, Park Station
Waynesboro - - - - Virginia

◆ STUART HALL ◆
95th year. Episcopal. Effective preparation for College Boards and for colleges admitting on certificate. General course for non-college girl. Lower school—grades 4 to 8. Music, Art, Dramatics. Secretarial. Riding. Pool. Sports.
OPHELIA S. T. CARR, Principal. Box J-D, Staunton, Va.

GIRLS — WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARTHA WASHINGTON SEMINARY
A Junior College and High School for Girls. Beautifully located in National Capital with country-like surroundings. Liberal Arts, Household and Secretarial Science, Music, Art, Dramatics, Outdoor sports—sightseeing. Catalogue.
Box S, 3640 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

GIRLS — MID-ATLANTIC

HARCUM JUNIOR COLLEGE
2-year Diploma Courses. Credits transferable. Fine and Commercial Arts, Costume Design, Int. Decoration, Dramatics, Music, Journalism, Home Economics, Sec. Science, Golf, Riding, Swimming, Fencing, sports. Catalog.
EDITH HARCUM, PRES., BOX S, BRYN MAWR, PA.

WILDCLIFF A PROGRESSIVE JUNIOR COLLEGE
Country location in beautiful Philadelphia suburb. Two-year courses. Liberal and Fine Arts, Household Arts, Secretaryship. Experimental Theatre and Dramatics Workshop. Large campus. All sports. Golf, riding, swimming. Jan.-Feb. in Bermuda. Catalog.
Mr. & Mrs. H. M. Crist, Prins., Box 1310, Swarthmore, Pa.

GIRLS — MID-WEST

MONTICELLO COLLEGE
Accredited Junior College with preparatory school. Sound liberal academic and social training. Music, Art, the dance, riding, swimming. Distinguished faculty. Limited enrollment. 100 years old. Beautiful buildings. 300 acres near St. Louis. George I. Rohrbough, Pres., Box S, Godfrey, Ill.

CO-EDUCATIONAL

Mrs. Christine Smith's School
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Pre-primary through Grade IV. Excellent preparation for leading schools. Music, dramatics, rhythmic dancing included in curriculum. Emphasis on speech and diction. Afternoon play group.
(RHinelander 4-7250) 21 E. 73d St., N. Y. C.

MERRICOURT Safe, happy, homelike. ● For girls and boys 3 to 12. ● Small select group. ● Country boarding school and home camp. By month or year. ● Reasonable rates.
Mr. and Mrs. JOHN S. KINGSBURY BERLIN, CONN.

SPECIAL

Tutoring and vocational schools for boys and girls with educational or emotional difficulties.
Helena Devereux Fentress, Dir., or John M. Barclay, Reg., Box 110, Berwyn, Pa.
Devereux

THE BANCROFT SCHOOL
Year-round school and home for retarded and problem children. Resident physician. Educational program. 50th year. Summer camp at Owl's Head, on the Maine Coast. Catalogue.
Dana S. Crum, Medical Director, J. C. Cooley, Principal, Box 325, Haddonfield, New Jersey.

TECHNICAL

FRANKLIN School of Medical Technology [*A Dept. of Franklin School of Science and Arts*]
Offers an unusually strong, complete, and well balanced training course in Medical Laboratory Technology in 9 months. X-Ray Technology in 6 months. Franklin Technicians are preferred. Free placement. Coed. Write for Catalog S.
1906 SPRUCE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

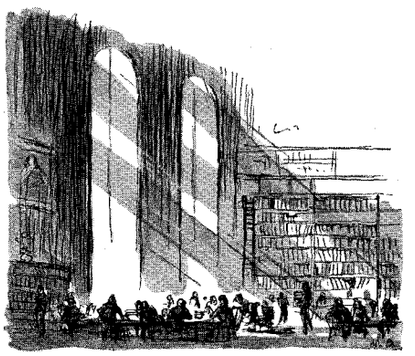
PROFESSIONAL

N.Y. INSTITUTE of DIETETICS
Intensive One Year Course prepares you for well paid and uncrowded profession. Qualify for position in hotels, restaurants, schools, hospitals, institutions, etc. Employment Service. Catalog 9-3. 660 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

VOCATIONAL

EASTERN SCHOOL FOR PHYSICIANS' AIDES
Faculty of Physicians prepare Qualified Students for Massage, Physiotherapy, Technicians, Mechanotherapy, X-Ray & Laboratory Technique, Physicians' Aides, Medical Secretarial Courses. Personal instruction. Booklet SM. 667 MADISON AV. AT 61st, NEW YORK

EDUCATION



Recollections

In his autobiography, Dr. Chevalier Jackson, famed bronchoscopist, describes his early Pennsylvania school days as a sort of nightmare during which he was continually beset by bullies. He came to take it for granted that on his way to and from school he would be waylaid and beaten, his lunch box filled with dirt, his overshoes with slush, his books and papers mutilated. Looking back quite dispassionately, he applies a simple psychological explanation to the conduct of his tormentors, but he cannot understand why he, the victim, bore it with such amazing stoicism. Of one thing he is sure: ". . . all subsequent trials and tribulations seemed as nothing in comparison."

And just as we are beginning to sympathize with the plight of sensitive schoolboys, along comes James Hilton, writing "What Mr. Chips Taught Me," in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*. Product of an English public school, Mr. Hilton wistfully recalls his cloistered days. He, too, was a sensitive lad, but he was never bullied; he never had a fight with anybody. This was during the War, and his school grounds were scarred with training trenches, but all was serene for him. He shunned athletics without persecution from his fellow students. He even wrote revolutionary poetry without censure from his masters. The school was pervaded by a spirit of gentlemanly tolerance—a spirit which Hilton absorbed, loved, and longs for today.

Neither writer pretends that his experience was typical, and it is not neces-

DRAMA

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
FOUNDED IN 1884 BY FRANKLIN H. SARGENT
THE foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America.
The courses of the Academy furnish the essential preparation for Teaching and Directing as well as for Acting.
FALL TERM BEGINS OCTOBER 26
FOR CATALOG ADDRESS SECRETARY, ROOM 174, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

ART

PHOENIX ART INSTITUTE
Outstanding faculty. Courses in illustration, commercial art, sculpture, portrait and decorative painting, drawing, color, perspective, composition. Day and evening classes for beginners and advanced. Personal attention. Enroll now. *Catalog SC sent on request.*
350 Madison Ave. New York

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION
Four months' Practical Training Course commences October 5th—*Send for Catalogue 14R.* Home Study Course starts at once—*Send for Catalogue 14C.*
515 Madison Avenue, New York City

AMERICAN SCHOOL of DESIGN 133 EAST 58th STREET COR. LEXINGTON AVE. N.Y.C.
ALL BRANCHES OF DESIGN & FINE ARTS. DAY & EVE.
Illustration, Advertising. Special Saturday Classes. Individual instruction. Tel. VO. 5-1926. Catalog 'S'

GRAND CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART
Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Illustration, Comparative Anatomy, Cartooning, Advertising Design, Fashions, Interior Decoration. Individual instruction. Day, evening classes.
7048 GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, NEW YORK CITY

School of 400 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.
PROFESSIONAL ARTS
Practical professional courses in Advertising, Interior and Costume Design, Painting. Lectures by professionals. Saturday Courses. Also Children's Classes. Write for catalogue SC-1, or telephone Plaza 5-3839.

RAY SCHOOLS ● CHICAGO
NEW TRENDS IN ART FOR BUSINESS
Photography, Advertising, Commercial Art, Window Display, Dress Design, Interior Decoration
INDIVIDUAL ADVANCEMENT
116 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Dept. SC

INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ADULT EDUCATION
ELIZABETH STUART CLOSE, Director. Prof. Faculty in charge. Surely a course for YOU in Cultural & Commercial Arts! Write for Catalog "S" NOW for Fall enrollment.
CO. 5-5595 CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY

BOYS — MID-ATLANTIC

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY
Graduates in 45 colleges. Fully accredited. Special classes preparing for U. S. Government Academies. Naval, military training. All sports. Band. Moderate rate. *No extras.* Separate Junior School. Rear Admiral S. S. Robison, U.S.N. (Ret.), Supt., *Catalog.* Box SM, Toms River, N. J.

BUSINESS

MOON SCHOOL SECRETARIAL
For 38 years has qualified students from leading Schools and Colleges for the better Executive Secretarial Positions. Co-educational. Intensive Courses 3 months to 1 year. Free placement service. For Catalog or interview 'phone VAnd. 3-3896 or write:
W. S. MOON, Prin., 521 Fifth Ave., (or, 1 East 43d St.) New York City

Good Jobs for the Specialist
FRANKLIN SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
Scientifically equips you to be Private Secretary, Receptionist, Accountant, Executive, and by aptitude tests directs complete training for your field in well-paid industries! Unusual placement free. For catalog address
J. S. BECKER, Prin., Times Bldg., Times Sq., New York

DENTAL NURSING

DENTAL NURSING
A DIGNIFIED CAREER
This profession offers pleasant and profitable employment in an uncrowded field. Easy to learn. Short, practical course. Free placement service. For catalog "8" write
1 West 34th St., N. Y. C. or 121 No. Broad St., Phila., Pa.
DENTAL ASSISTANTS TRAINING INSTITUTE

DRAMA

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
(45th Year) Drama, Dance, Vocal
for Acting, Teaching, Directing, Stage, Screen and Radio. Stock theatre appearances, filming, screening & broadcasting while learning. Graduates: Una Merkel, Fred Astaire, Lee Tracy, etc. (Separate Children's Dept.) Catalog. Sec'y Ripley, 66 West 85th St., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sary to seek profound significance in what they recount. But their school days, widely different in locale and character, will provoke both fond and bitter memories in others. As utterly believable and human stories, they are worth reading.

Post-School Age

More and more often we see experienced, successful men assuming a measure of humility and returning to school for further training.

Practicing Law Institute, an organization formed five years ago, has drawn thousands of lawyers to its summer classes in New York and other large cities, where new developments in jurisprudence are studied with a view to keeping the practice up to date. Recently 105 lawyers from twenty states (three of them were judges) attended the Institute's sessions in New York and knuckled down to the study of such specialties as Income Tax, Real Estate, Bankruptcy, Labor and Corporation law. The lecturers were mostly practicing attorneys, among them being Arthur Garfield Hays, Jerome Frank, and Emil Schlesinger.

Likewise the medical profession sticks to its books. Countless hospitals throughout the country maintain classes for practicing doctors, and the Academy of Medicine estimates that there are easily five or ten large meetings devoted to postgraduate education every day in New York City.

The back-to-school movement has even invaded banks. Both Harvard and Rutgers have initiated summer courses for bankers who wish to adapt their talents to the complexities of modern finance.

There is something encouraging in this, both for those who employ the services of these men and for the young people who wish to enter such professions. On the one hand, clients and patients have some assurance that they are not paying for antiquated methods; on the other, the re-training trend puts a brake on the much-vaunted theory that experience is the best teacher. Today the classroom and laboratory, producing the distillate of wide investigation and scientific analysis, have earned the respect of men well qualified to judge them. Young people, impatient to leave school and get into the race for scarce jobs, may see in this new development a hint to take more seriously the courses now at their disposal.

Quotation of the Month

"The gravest indictment against our colleges is that they are not supplying the type and quality of intellectual development necessary to understand and deal with the practical and theoretical questions on the answer to which the future of American civilization depends. In short, the liberal arts colleges as a whole are not meeting the demand that is made by the much more difficult, subtle and complicated tasks of leadership in a modern society."—John Kelso Bates in *Events*. —R. B.

The Scribner Quiz – Answers

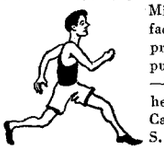
(see page 30)

1. Fans objecting to her acting the part (2)
2. The Hope Diamond (4)
3. Make her husband omit his taxation (5)
4. Bowl-like sieve (2)
5. Arizona (5)
6. Notaries Public (2)
7. Place a lump of camphor in the drawer (1)
8. Storing fodder for his cattle (3)
9. Franklin, III (2)
10. Eyes (4)
11. Rape (3)
12. Eggs fried on one side (3)
13. Danielle Darrieux [movie star] (6)
14. The berry-like fruit of a shrub (1)
15. Finland (5)
16. *The Yearling* (1)
17. 87% (3)
18. A hillbilly band (3)
19. Finally separated (2)
20. Automobiles on public roads (3)
21. Esau (4)
22. Simon Lake (1)
23. Athlete's foot (2)
24. Recreation for workers (4)
25. Nova Scotia (5)
26. Lockheed (4)
27. Just before the beginning of Lent (3)
28. The tibia is a bone in the leg (2)
29. TIZZ-ick (2)
30. Houston (5)
31. Fencing (3)
32. On a canoe trip (1)
33. In which only union members are employed (2)
34. Elastic girdle (5)
35. Schenley (4)
36. Greece (1)
37. Landau (5)
38. Edward T. Sanford (5)
39. Boosting passenger fares ½¢ a mile (2)
40. Minnesota (2)
41. Pertaining to bells or their sounds (4)
42. A stick (1)
43. A police-patrol wagon (1)
44. They've been recalled to Germany (3)
45. "I've always been a coal miner!" (1)
46. Soup [Campbell's] (6)
47. Barkley (2)
48. Gasoline (4)
49. "That floats on high o'er vales and hills" (3)
50. She gave them broth without any bread (1)

BOYS — SOUTH

DANVILLE
MILITARY INSTITUTE
ACCREDITED . . ESTAB. 1890

Highest attainments in scholarship, Christian character and true American citizenship accomplished for 100 boys (Ages 12 to 18) thru humanized Military training and personal faculty comradeship. Fireproof buildings, 25-acre campus, all sports. Non-Sectarian —Moderate cost. In mild, healthful Piedmont climate. Catalog: Address Maj. Thomas S. Wilborn, Danville, Virginia.



AUGUSTA
MILITARY ACADEMY
Fort Defiance, Virginia
THE SOUL—THE MIND—THE BODY
COLLEGE preparatory. Small classes. Experienced faculty. Graduates in 42 colleges. All sports. Troop of 36 riding and cavalry horses. Gym, pool. 700 acres. 73rd year. Reasonable rates. For catalog, address Box S. COL. T. J. ROLLER *or* MAJ. C. S. ROLLER, JR.

FORK UNION
MILITARY ACADEMY
Fully accredited. Prepares for college or business. **Able faculty. Small** classes. **Supervised** study. Lower School for **small boys** in new separate building. **Housemother. R. O. T. C. Fireproof** buildings. *Inside* **swimming pool. All athletics. Best health record.** Students from 27 states and other countries. Catalog 41st year. **Dr. J. J. Wicker, Pres., Box J, Fork Union, Virginia.**

GREENBRIER
MILITARY SCHOOL. 127th year. *Accredited.* Preparation for College. Lower School. Altitude 2300 feet. All sports. Summer Camp. For catalog, write COL. H. B. MOORE, Box S, Lewisburg, W. Va.

BOYS — NEW ENGLAND

ADMIRAL BILLARD
★ ★ ACADEMY
New London, Conn. *Only Naval preparatory school in New England.* Accredited. Prepares for College, Coast Guard Academy, Annapolis, Merchant Marine. Naval drills and Uniforms. Cadets from 16 States. 21 acres on private sea beach. Write for illustrated catalog.

ROXBURY
THE CHESHIRE ACADEMY
Successful preparation for all leading colleges. Flexible organization with individual and small group instruction. Sports and social activities. Junior Dept. Illustrated catalog. **Address A. S. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Connecticut.**

HOME STUDY

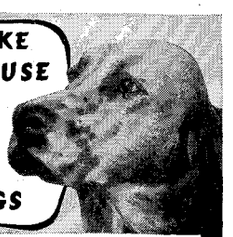
KINDERGARTEN AT HOME
Solves mother's "what-to-do-now" problem—for only a few cents a week! Banishes lonely indoor hours by providing profitable, happy times for little hands and minds. Has prepared thousands of children for school leadership. Complete with 42 educational toys, devices and valuable child training manual. Simple, pleasant daily activities planned for your child by the famous Calvert Child Training experts. Write for catalog today.
CALVERT SCHOOL, 1610 W. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore, Md.

VOCATIONAL

HOTEL TRAINING
—For Better Positions . . . Substantial Salaries—Classes Now Forming
Increasing opportunities for trained men and women in fascinating, nationwide hotel field. Qualify thru short, specialized, intensive courses in America's only exclusive hotel training institute. Come to Washington. Learn in four months on real hotel equipment. Study under expert instructors in $200,000 specially designed institute. Enjoy the attractions of Washington while training. Day classes start Oct., Jan., Feb., Sept. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Hundreds of graduates "making good" in Hotels, Resorts, Clubs, Apartment Hotels, Schools, Restaurants, Hospitals everywhere. Free Catalog gives full details—write for it *now*.
Lewis Hotel Training Schools
Div. RSW-1740 Washington, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T TAKE CHANCES. USE MY PUPPY CAPSULES TO WORM SMALL DOGS



There are 23 tested "Sergeant's" Dog Medicines. Trusted since 1879. Constantly improved. Made of finest drugs. Sold under money-back Guarantee by drug and pet shops. Ask them for a FREE copy of "Sergeant's" Dog Book, or write:

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
7210 W. Broad Street • Richmond, Va.

Copr. 1938, Polk Miller Products Corp.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

DOG CARE SIMPLIFIED and feeding Costs Cut in Half WITH MILLER'S DOG FOODS

You and your dog have real discoveries to make in Miller's Dog Foods. For him — a new taste thrill, plus vitamins and minerals his system may long have hungered for. For you—an easy way to keep him healthier at half the cost. New book tells how. Send for your copy and free samples today. B. C. Dog Food Co., 1062 State St., Battle Creek, Mich.

"BATTLE CREEK HEALTH FOODS for DOGS"

Duplex FILE of proper weight $1.
Duplex CHARTS showing how to trim—12 breeds...each .25
Duplex DOG DRESSER easy to use . . . . . $1.

Simplicity • Efficiency • Durability

DUPLEX DOG DRESSER
MYSTIC, CONN.

Don't Spay and Spoil Your Female Puppy

USE CUPID CHASER

to Keep Dogs Away While Females Are in Season

● Harmless, Simple, Successful. Wash off Before Mating. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. No Red Tape.

Use TOM-SCAT for Female CATS

• Ask Your Dealer, or Send $1 for either product.

PIERPONT PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. T
312 Stuart St. Boston, Massachusetts

FREE to HORSE OWNERS

Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for free catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Contains over 400 bargains in English Saddlery. I ship saddlery on approval. Write today. "little joe," Wiesenfeld Co., Dept. 14, 112 W. North Ave., Baltimore, Md.

New Dog Tests

ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

Perhaps this year's most significant move in the dog-show game was revealed when the Westminster Kennel Club, in announcing its list of judges for next February's blue-ribbon event at Madison Square Garden, published for the first time the fact that it had admitted official obedience-test classes to its program.

About the same time a pointer club was being formed in which all the charter members and officers were pledged to a goal of utility for bench-show dogs; *i.e.*, they decided to champion the theory that no show-ring dog was worth his salt unless he had shown some inclination to hunt in the field. The relationship between these two events suggests a definite trend in the dog game today.

It was recently my pleasure to sit in on a discussion of this matter. There were present two officials of the American Kennel Club, one of the outstanding all-round dog judges of this nation, two Boston-terrier fanciers, and three guests whose interest in the dog game represented that of the lay public.

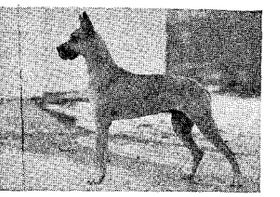
"Why," it was asked, "shouldn't we demand of our American bench champions a certain utility? Why shouldn't our hounds track and course, our gun dogs hunt, our workers herd or guard, our terriers go to ground for rats, our non-sporting breeds prove a certain aptitude for obedience?"

The judge, highly in favor of the suggestions, remarked that our bench-show championships were becoming much too cheap, that many of our breeders, in seeking beauty of lines, were getting away from the real purpose of the breed and, at the same time, from the standard. The kennel officials were more than willing that such rulings be put in effect providing, of course, that they apply to all 100-odd breeds and not just a few, as in England. The three guests representing the public were enthusiastic in agreeing that show beauties should do more than carry a well-set ear or highly powdered coat on parade before a gesticulating judge.

The discussion is reported merely as an example of kennel developments of the day. If you should visit Westminster next February, I am sure you will find the public—and they form the bulk of dog lovers—fully as interested in the obedience and utility trials as in the bench show. This department, in fact, believes those tests will steal the show.

Great Danes

Fawn and brindle puppies from the finest imported championship breeding



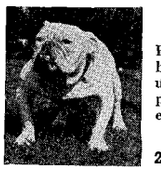
WARRENDANE KENNELS
Kennels: 286 Broadway, Pleasantville, N. Y.
Sales & Business Office: 299 Madison Ave.
Phone: VAnderbilt 3-2121 NEW YORK CITY

Kalmar Great Danes

You will be proud of a Kalmar Dane. Real Dogs—not expensive. Brindles, fawns, blacks and Harlequins.

Write for Pictures

KALMAR GREAT DANE KENNELS
2795 Alston Drive, S. E. Atlanta, Georgia



Buy A "Sourmug"!

Every child deserves an English bulldog puppy. Deep-sea gait, ugly mug, iron jaw, best guardian, playmate, pal. Ours are good enough to show or breed. $50 up.

A. R. FORBUSH
2923 Q St. - Washington, D. C.

Jonedith Kennels
Tel: Fairfax 177.
Fairfax, Virginia

WE KEEP THE STORK BUSY

DACHSHUNDE
Puppies and Grown Stock. Champions at Stud.

COCKER SPANIELS
Chuggy Rockford Kennels
Home of Ch. Chuggy Toberveddy
Puppies for Show, Hunting or Companions
M. L. & E. M. Dashiel, Owners
Phoenix, Maryland

UNUSUAL COLLIE LITTER

Whelped July 6th, sired by Ch. Aalveen Anchor ex Meg O'Moray, daughter of Ch. Honeybrook Big Parade. Registered A. K. C. Beautiful sable and white; sturdy bodies; gorgeous heads; bold but intelligently gentle. This is your opportunity to own a fine specimen of this handsomest of all breeds at a reasonable price.

N. M. Mathews, Box 63, Devon, Pa.

Hollyheath
FOX TERRIERS

Healthy wise wires to bring a wealth of joy in companionship.

Mr. & Mrs.
Duncan Y. Henderson
Box 143
Mystic, Conn.

TAPSCOT KENNELS of CAIRN TERRIERS

The outstanding Kennel of American-bred Cairn Champions.
A few choice puppies and grown dogs for sale. Write or visit.

TAPSCOT KENNELS
Wilton, Conn. Tel. Wilton 75—Ring 2

SEND YOUR DOG FOR TRAINING
where the Summer is Cool
HOUSE-BREAKING ··· OBEDIENCE
PROTECTION ··· TRICK WORK

BENNO STEIN
P. O. BOX 86 ·· CHAMBLEE, GA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

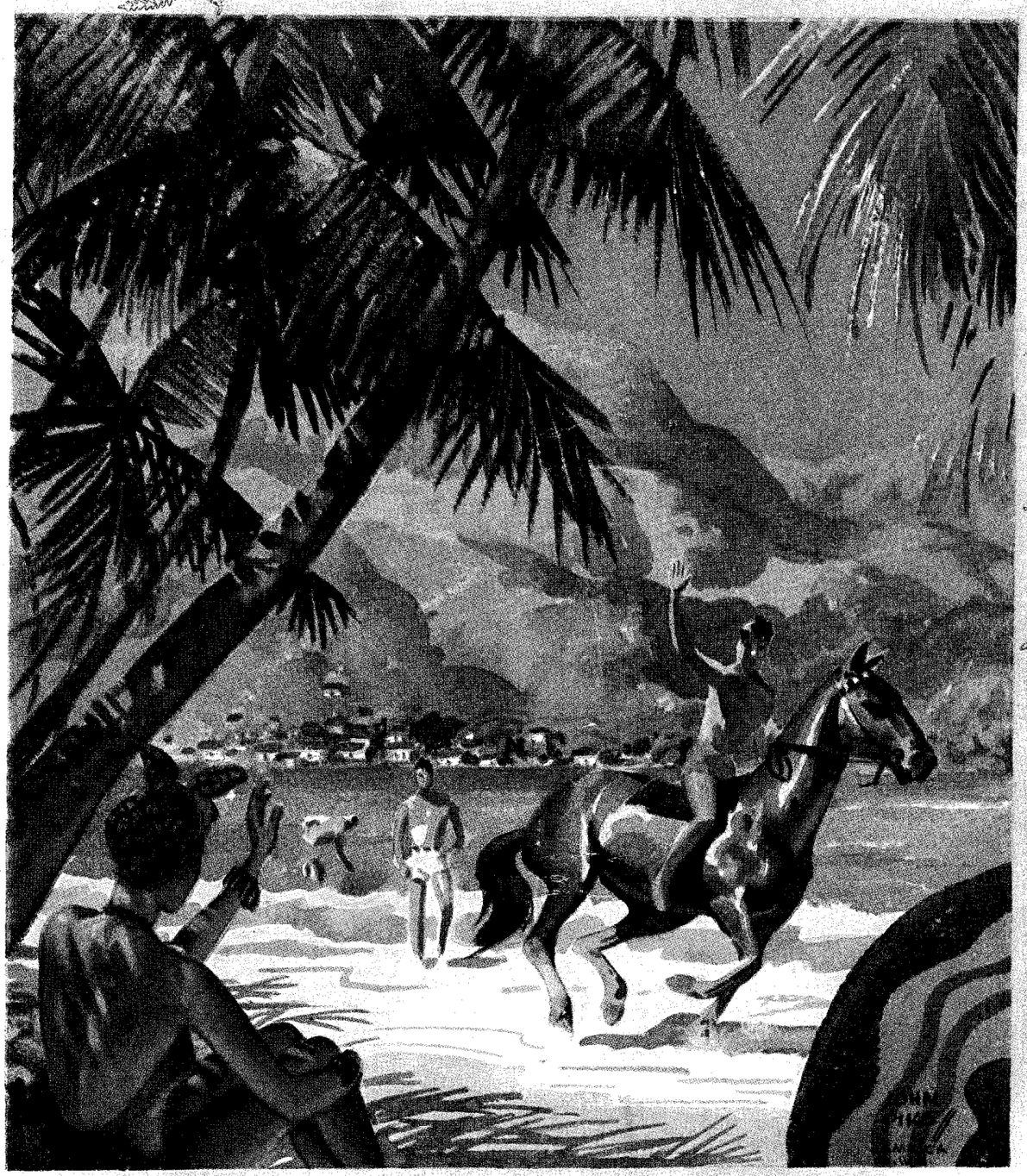
"They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano"

She is no infant prodigy Her chief possession is charm—of the kind feminine enthusiasm pronounces "adorable!" But to the masculine mind the question is, how in the world was it humanly possible for the photographer to catch that chubby little right hand at the precise moment it was emerging from the shadow into the light? The same split-second exposure had also to capture that fortunate turn of the head which fully portrays the cherubic features. Note the importance of showing the bow in the hair and the deep dimple in that left elbow. Indeed, note the perfect composition of the whole picture. What skill and persistence it takes to attempt such results. They deserve sincere appreciation—which is what they get at the Beck Galleries. They challenge us to make reproductions that will excite as much wonder as the originals themselves. This we do—and print them too—when requested, in either letterpress or sheet-fed gravure ▾ ▾ ▾ The Beck Engraving Company, Philadelphia, *7th and Sansom Streets* ▾ New York, 305 *East 45th Street* ▾ Springfield, Mass., 95 *State Street*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

365 Days Like This!

All year 'round you can *depend* on Jamaica's sunshine. Bright, clear days are the rule. The equable temperatures hover constantly around 80° at sea level, and lower in the mountain resorts. . . .This fall and winter, enjoy Jamaica's world-famed beaches, fishing, sailing, golf, tennis, riding, "river rafting," and smart social life in British colonial environment . . . . Hotel rates are amazingly low at all seasons . . . . *Come!*



For booklet S consult your travel agent, United Fruit Co., Canadian National Steamships, or Pan American Airways, Eastern Air Lines, or The Jamaica Tourist Trade Development Board, 230 Park Avenue, New York, or Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. (Cable "Devboard").

JAMAICA

BLUE MOUNTAINS — EMERALD SEA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED